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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS ON THE MISSISSIPPI

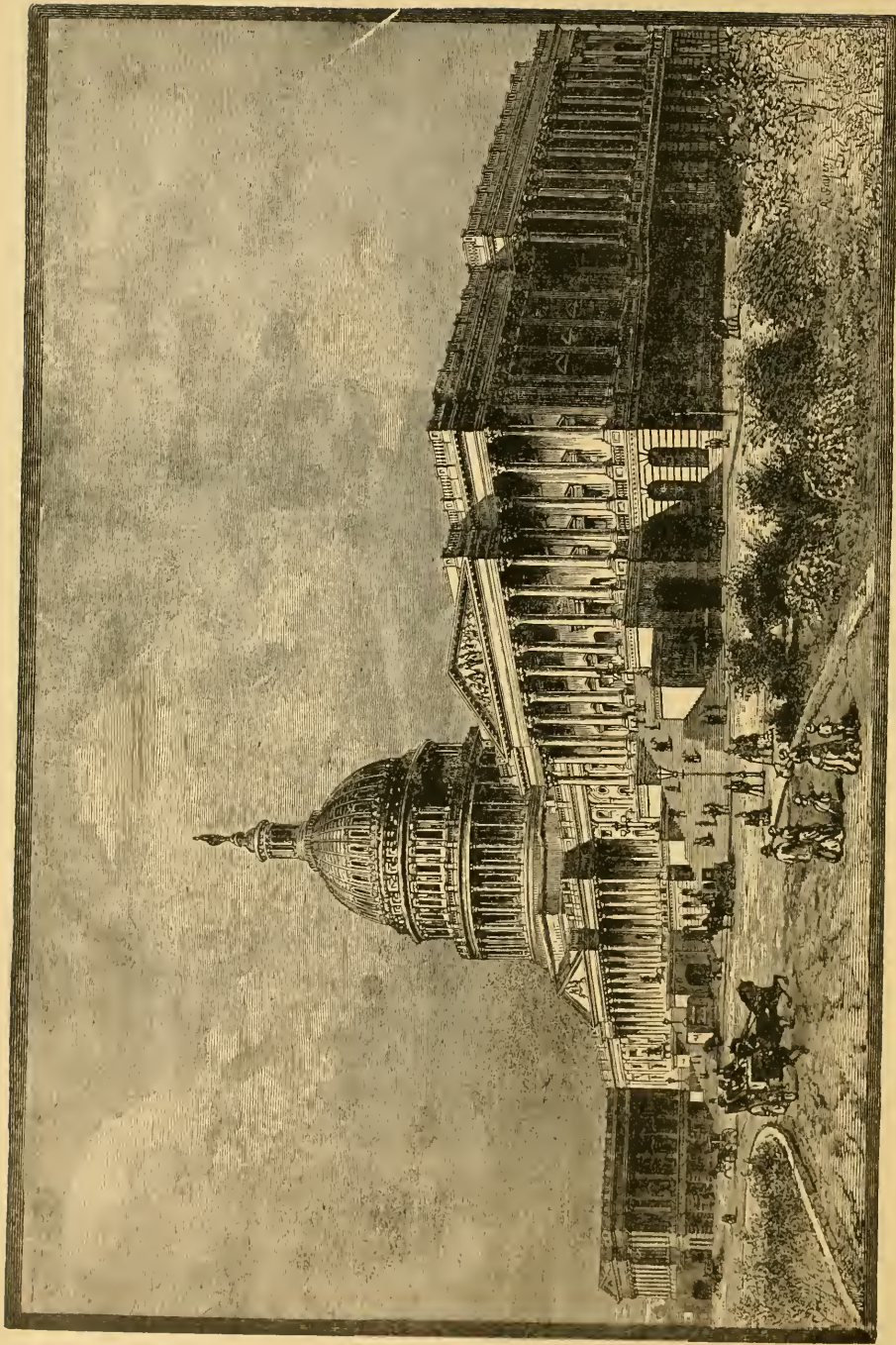
THE ZIGZAG SERIES.

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN EUROPE.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN CLASSIC LANDS.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN THE ORIENT.
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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS IN AUSTRALIA.
ZIGZAG JOURNEYS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

ESTES AND LAURIAT, Publishers,
BOSTON, MASS.



THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

ZIGZAG JOURNEYS

ON

THE MISSISSIPPI

*FROM CHICAGO TO THE ISLANDS OF THE
DISCOVERY*

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

BOSTON
ESTES AND LAURIAT
PUBLISHERS

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PREFACE.



It has been the purpose of the ZIGZAG books to enable young people to talk of the politics of different nations intelligently; it is the aim of this volume to prepare its readers to discuss the meaning of the Great World's Fair of 1893, and the historical progress that the enterprise represents and illustrates. Hence it is a book of stories associated for the most part with the Columbian Discovery, with Chicago, and the Mississippi Valley.

A few years ago the author of this series of books formed a Spanish Class for some young people in his home in Boston. The class was suggested to him by the difficulties that he had met on an excursion to Havana. After a winter of agreeable lessons with the class, he made a visit to the City of Mexico by the way of the Mississippi Valley and Laredo, and found the easy Spanish that he had learned of great service to him. This story-book is intended to suggest the importance of the study of Spanish literature, in view of our new commercial relations with the Republics of Mexico and of South America, as well as to prepare the way for

an intelligent visit by young people to the Columbian Exposition. Like the other books of the series, a light narrative of fiction is made a medium of telling the stories and legends of interesting countries.

The author is indebted to "Harper's Bazar," the "Ladies' Home Journal," and the "Youth's Companion" for permission to republish stories that he had written for those periodicals; and to Mrs. Mary A. Denison, of Washington, for an article, published in the "Youth's Companion," on the "Columbus Doors of the Capitol."

The publishers are indebted to Charles L. Webster and Co. for the use of numerous cuts illustrating the Mississippi Valley.

H. B.

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ZIGZAG JOURNEYS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

CHAPTER I.

THE SPANISH CLASS.



THE Spanish Class had been conjugating the verb *ir*, meaning "to go." One of the members had pronounced the first person plural of the present tense *Varmouse*, which had caused a smile.

"If you pronounce your Spanish in that way," said the teacher, Mr. Green, "you will find yourself

beyond the help of an interpreter in Spanish countries."

"Let me hear you conjugate the verb, and I will do better in my next lesson," said the pupil.

Mr. Green began:—

Ir To go.

Present.

Preterite Definite.

Voy . . . I go (*or* am going).

Fui . . . I went.

Vas . . . Thou goest.

Fuiste . . . Thou wentest.

Va . . . He (*or* she) goes.

Fué . . . He (*or* she) went.

Vamos . . . We go.

Fuimos . . . We went.

Vais . . . You go.

Fuisteis . . . You went.

Van . . . They go.

Fueron . . . They went.

"That sounds like music," said the pupil. "I enjoy hearing you conjugate a Spanish verb as much as listening to a song. The Spanish language is like poetry. I have been told that my French would not

be understood in France, nor my German in Germany. I wonder if my Spanish would be comprehended in Spanish countries, or whether the people whom I met would simply shake their heads and say, 'No comprendo,' or 'No entiendo,' or 'Hableme en Español?'

"They would hardly comprehend 'varmouse,'" said Mr. Green. "But the pronunciation of the Spanish language so closely resembles the Latin, that even a Spanish Class like this would be well understood in Mexico, Cuba, and South America. If you were to say *el pan*¹ at the table, the servant would bring you bread; or *carne*,² he would bring you meat, or *carnero*³ mutton, or *huevos*⁴ eggs, or *queso*⁵ cheese, or *agua*⁶ water. Add to such words *deme*⁷ (give), as *Deme té* (Give tea), or *Deme café* (Give coffee), or *Deme leche*⁸ (Give milk), and you would easily find your wants supplied, though after a rude and childish manner."

"That is very encouraging," said the pupil. "It would be much to be fairly understood."

"Yes," answered Mr. Green, "so far; but —"

"But?"

"Yes, like the man who was willing that his son should see the world, but was reluctant to have the world see his son, the Spanish-speaking people would be likely to understand your Spanish with its hard English accent and flavor; but it is probable that you would make a mortifying exhibition of ignorance when you tried to comprehend *them*. You would talk a Latin-Spanish which would be intelligible, like a parrot; but when your Spanish friends came to reply in melodious phrases, full of elegant expressions of courtesy, in which several words blended as in one, I fear that you would have —"

"To *varmouse*," added the pupil, quickly.

"Or would wish to do so."

"Are Spanish manners better than ours?" asked the pupil.

¹ pahn.

² car'nay.

³ car-nay'roh.

⁴ hoo-ay'vos.

⁵ kay'soh.

⁶ ah'gwah.

⁷ day'may.

⁸ lay'tchay.

“Spanish hearts, in my opinion, are not better than ours. But we poor, money-making Americans have but a poor education in the outward forms of politeness. A Mexican *pcon* with his polite address would be likely to put to shame an American millionaire.”

“How?”

“Let me illustrate. I was in the City of Mexico a few months ago, and was introduced to the wife of an officer in the government service. I was interested in a beautiful Mexican singing-bird, called the Clarina, or Clarine. I had seen some of these birds at the flower-market on the plaza, near the Cathedral, and had heard a few of their clear, bell-like notes. Now, I am, as you know, a member of the Ornithological Society, and I had with me my card of membership. I showed my card to a Mexican friend, and he told me that a lady of rank had some beautiful birds in her *patio*, and among them the fluting clarinas. He said that he would secure me an introduction to her through her husband, and he did so. When the gate of her *casa* flew open to me, and revealed a *patio* of birds and flowers, and *salas* of statues and pictures, what do you think the lady said to me?”

“Howdy?”

“No.”

“Buenas tardes, Señor?”

“No.”

“Are you a book-agent?”

“No. She said, ‘I give you my house, Señor.’”

“She did?”

“Yes; and what would you have said in return?”

“I would have said, ‘Thank you (*gracias*), I will take it. I have been looking for just such a house as this all my life. When will the deeds be ready?’”

“That would have been a characteristic American answer.”

“But what did *you* say?”

"I put my hand on my heart *so*, and bowed *so*, and said, 'You do me great honor, Señora;' and then I bowed again, and she bowed, and began pouring out compliments upon me as sweet as a clarina's song."

"And you did n't get a deed of the house, after all?"

"No. Every Mexican lady says to a well-introduced stranger, 'My house is yours, Señor (or Señora).'"

"And it does n't mean anything, after all?"

"No. I would have been pleased had she said, 'I will give you one of my sweet-singing clarinas.'"

"Did she?"

"Oh, no. I tried to hint to her that such a present would be acceptable."

"What did she say?"

"She said that a very dear friend of hers had clarinas to *sell*, and that she would be pleased to make known to her my wishes. I asked her the price, and she said, 'Ten *pesos* — to an American.'"

"So she was just like an American, after all, with all of her fine words?"

"No, — she really was more hospitable than most Americans. After showing me her birds, she said, 'My *sala* is yours.' I stepped into the *sala*, and was given the place of honor on a sofa. I expressed my love of Spanish music, and she seated herself at the piano and sang 'La Paloma,' and afterward played a *bolero*, and sang the Mexican National Hymn. But let us return to the verb, *Voy* . . . I go."

"Señor Green," said the pupil, "I would like to become a better pupil in Spanish, and to go to Mexico. When nearly one half of the people of the American continent speak Spanish, why is not that language taught in our schools? Why do we not study Spanish instead of the continental languages of Europe?"

"Education has its fashions, as well as society. In view of the reciprocity treaties with Mexico and South America; of the great

railroad that is to connect all of the North and South American Republics, of the subsidized steamers to South American ports, and of the Nicaraguan Canal, the Spanish language must of necessity become a part of our system of education. It will soon be the language of trade, as well as of art, music, and poetry. So you see what an incentive you have to study it well, and not *varmouse* too speedily."

The members of the Spanish Class consisted of Mr. Green, the teacher, Miss Green, Misses Brown and Gray, and Mr. Diaz, who belonged to an American-Spanish family. They were young people, and intimate friends; and the class met twice a week in the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Green, the parents of Miss Green, who often passed an hour with them after a recitation.

It was the usage of the class to have literary exercises in Spanish history, art, or music after each recitation. To these exercises they sometimes invited their friends. Mr. Green often gave recitations from the "Cid" or "Don Quixote." Misses Brown and Gray played the mandolin, and Mr. Diaz the guitar. Readings from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," "Conquest of Mexico," and "Ferdinand and Isabella," from Irving's "Conquest of Granada" and "Columbus," from Barlow's "Columbiad," and Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," and Mrs. Hemans's historical poems of Spain, formed a part of these entertainments.

But the favorite selections of the class, which were asked for again and again by their friends, were a musical rendering of the always popular "Spanish Cavalier," with piano accompaniment to two mandolins, a mandolin solo called "The Spanish Fantasy," and a humorous reading by Miss Brown, entitled "The Spanish Duel."

It may be that some of my young readers will like to form a Spanish Class like the one we are describing, and we may say that this picture is very nearly from real life. So I will present from time to time some of the literary exercises of the class; and we will close this chapter by copying the favorite humorous selection, "The Spanish Duel," of unknown authorship:—

MAGDALENA, OR THE SPANISH DUEL.

NEAR the city of Sevilla,
 Years and years ago,
 Dwelt a lady in a villa,
 Years and years ago ;
 And her hair was black as night,
 And her eyes were starry bright ;
 Olives on her brow were blooming,
 Roses red her lips perfuming,
 And her step was light and airy
 As the tripping of a fairy ;
 When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
 'T was the trilling of a linnnet ;
 When she sang, you heard a gush
 Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush ;
 And she struck from the guitar
 Ringing music, sweeter far
 Than the morning breezes make
 Through the lime-trees when they shake, —
 Than the ocean murmuring o'er
 Pebbles on the foamy shore.
 Orphaned both of sire and mother
 Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
 Absent now her guardian brother
 On a mission from Sevilla.
 Skills it little now the telling
 How I wooed that maiden fair,
 Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
 And obtained an entrance there.
 Ah ! that lady of the villa —
 And I loved her so.
 Near the city of Sevilla.
 Years and years ago.
 Ay de mi ! — Like echoes falling
 Sweet and sad and low.
 Voices come at night, recalling
 Years and years ago

Once again I'm sitting near thee,
 Beautiful and bright ;
 Once again I see and hear thee
 In the autumn night ;
 Once again I'm whispering to thee
 Faltering words of love ;

Once again with song I woo thee
 In the orange grove
 Growing near that lonely villa
 Where the waters flow
 Down to the city of Sevilla —
 Years and years ago.

'T was an autumn eve ; the splendor
 Of the day was gone,
 And the twilight, soft and tender,
 Stole so gently on
 That the eye could scarce discover
 How the shadows, spreading over,
 Like a veil of silver gray,
 Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
 Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
 From the face of heaven away.
 And a dim light, rising slowly,
 O'er the welkin spread,
 Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
 Gleamed above our head ;
 And the thin moon, newly nascent,
 Shone in glory meek and sweet,
 As Murillo paints her crescent
 Underneath Madonna's feet.
 And we sat outside the villa
 Where the waters flow
 Down to the city of Sevilla —
 Years and years ago.

There we sate — the mighty river
 Wound its serpent course along
 Silent, dreamy Guadalquivir,
 Famed in many a song.
 Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
 Yellow with the golden grain,
 Gliding down through deep, rich meadow
 Where the sated cattle rove,
 Stealing underneath the shadows
 Of the verdant olive grove :
 With its plentitude of waters,
 Ever flowing calm and slow,
 Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
 Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower
 Where the languid evening breeze
 Shook out odors in a shower
 From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
 How a Moorish chieftain bold
 Fought a Spanish caballero
 By Sevilla's walls of old ;

How they battled for a lady,
 Fairest of the maids of Spain, —
 How the Christian's lance, so steady,
 Pierced the Moslem through the brain.

Then she ceased ; her black eyes, moving,
 Flashed, as asked she with a smile,
 " Say, are maids as fair and loving,
 Men as faithful, in your isle ? "

" British maids," I said, " are ever
 Counted fairest of the fair ;
 Like the swans on yonder river
 Moving with a stately air.

" Wooed not quickly, won not lightly,
 But when won, forever true ;
 Trial draws the bond more tightly,
 Time can ne'er the knot undo."

" And the men ? " — " Ah ! dearest lady,
 Are — quien sabe ? who can say ?
 To make love they 're ever ready,
 Where they can and where they may ;

" Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
 In a changeful April day —
 Como brisas, como rios,
 No se sabe, sabe Dios."

" Are they faithful ? " — " Ah ! quien sabe ?
 Who can answer that they are ?
 While we may we should be happy." —
 Then I took up her guitar,
 And I sang in sportive strain,
 This song to an old air of Spain.

QUIEN SABE?

I.

“The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That you know not the region from which it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither — who knows?

Who knows?

Hither and thither — but whither — who knows?

II.

“The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends down to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses — who knows?

Who knows?

And away flows the river — but whither — who knows?

III.

“Let *me* be the breeze, love, that wanders along
The river that ever rejoices in song;
Be *thou* to my fancy the orange in bloom,
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them? Who knows?

Who knows?

If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them? Who knows?”

As I sang, the lady listened,
Silent save one gentle sigh:
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
Of that false and heartless strain
Which I sang in words concealing
What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
 Bootless now to think or tell, —
 Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
 By the mighty master spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
 Heard with flushings that reveal,
 Spite of woman's studied coldness,
 Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,
 Meaningless, yet meaning all
 That the lips have left unspoken,
 That we never may recall.

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
 Sighed I, as I seized her hand —
 "Hola! Señor," very near me,
 Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
 Comes upon me with a stride,
 On his head a slouched sombrero,
 A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
 With a stately Spanish air —
 (On the whole, he looked the chap a
 Man to slight would scarcely dare.)

"Will your worship have the goodness
 To release that lady's hand?"
 "Señor," I replied, "this rudeness
 I am not prepared to stand.

"Magdalena, say —" The maiden,
 With a cry of wild surprise,
 As with secret sorrow laden,
 Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
 Bowed with haughty courtesy,
 Solemn as a tragic hero,
 And announced himself to me.

“ Señor, I am Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y —” “ No more, sir,

’T is as good as twenty score, sir,”

Said I to him, with a frown ;

“ Mucha bulla para nada,
 No palabras, draw your ’spada ;
 If you ’re up for a duello
 You will find I ’m just your fellow —
 Señor, I am Peter Brown !”

By the river’s bank that night,
 Foot to foot in strife,
 Fought we in the dubious light
 A fight of death or life.

Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
 With the pain I grew the bolder,
 Close and closer still I pressed ;
 Fortune favored me at last,
 I broke his guard, my weapon passed
 Through the caballero’s breast —
 Down to the earth went Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera
 Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y — One groan,
 And he lay motionless as stone.
 The man of many names went down,
 Pierced by the sword of Peter Brown !

Kneeling down, I raised his head ;
 The caballero faintly said ;
 “ Señor Ingles, fly from Spain
 With all speed, for you have slain
 A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
 Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
 De Xymenes y Ribera
 Y Santallos y Herrera

Y de Rivas y Mendoza
 Y Quintana y de Rosa
 Y Zorilla y — " He swooned
 With the bleeding from his wound.
 If he be living still, or dead, *
 I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
 That night from Spain in haste I fled,
 Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
 Pensive, puffing a cigar,
 In my chamber lone reposing,
 Musing half, and half a-dozing,
 Comes a vision from afar
 Of that lady of the villa
 In her satin, fringed mantilla,
 And that haughty caballero
 With his capa and sombrero.
 Vainly in my mind revolving
 That long, jointed, endless name ; —
 'T is a riddle past my solving,
 Who he was or whence he came.
 Was he that brother home returned ?
 Was he some former lover spurned ?
 Or some family *fiancé*
 That the lady did not fancy ?
 Was he any one of those ?
 Sabe Dios. Ah ! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
 Much I long to know
 How fares the lady of the villa
 That once charmed me so,
 When I visited Sevilla
 Years and years ago.
 Has she married a Hidalgo ?
 Gone the way that ladies all go
 In those drowsy Spanish cities,
 Wasting life — a thousand pities —
 Waking up for a fiesta
 From an afternoon siesta,
 To " Giralda " now repairing,
 Or the Plaza for an airing ;
 At the shaded *reja* flirting,
 At a bull-fight now disporting ;

Does she walk at evenings ever
Through the gardens by the river ?
Guarded by an old duenna
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
With her goggles and her fan,
Warning off each wicked man ?
Is she dead, or is she living ?
Is she for my absence grieving ?
Is she wretched, is she happy ?
Widow, wife, or maid ? Quien sabe ?



CHAPTER II.

THE SPANISH CLASS TALKS OF A JOURNEY.

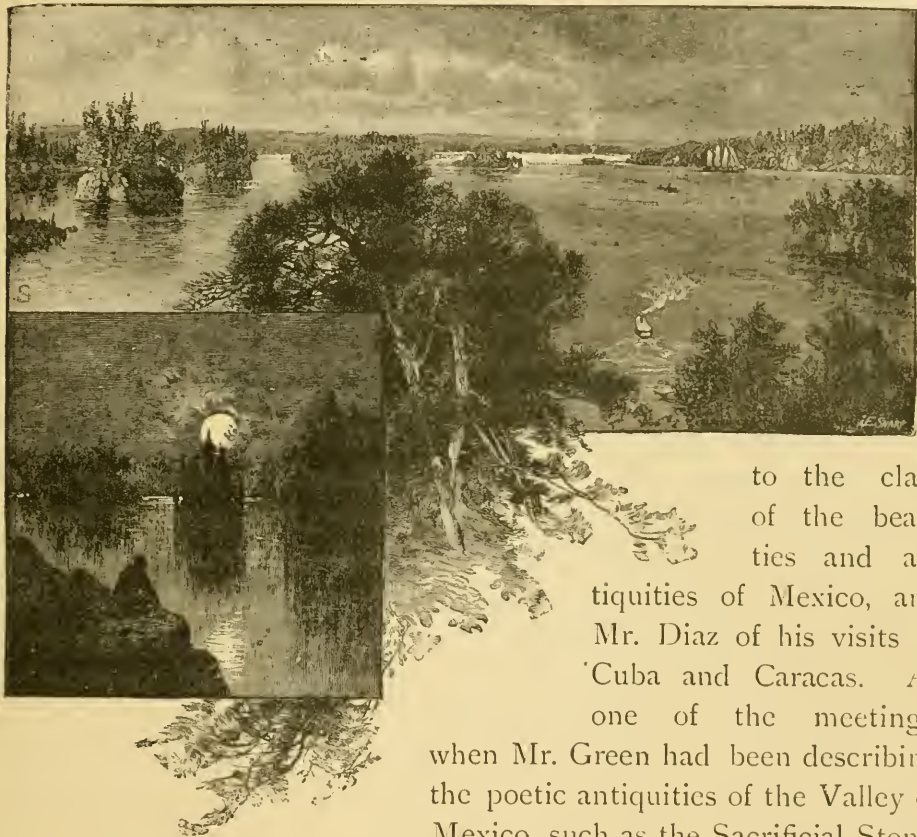


THE reason for the forming of our Spanish Class may be of interest to the reader. Mr. Green was a teacher, and had travelled in Mexico, and Mr. Diaz was a lover of Spanish art; but Misses Brown and Gray originated the class, and called to their instruction the accomplished Mr. Green and Mr. Diaz. The four studied for a time, with only Mr. and Mrs. Green and little Arthur Green to note their progress. Mr. Green and his wife at first accompanied their daughter and son Arthur to the class meetings at the houses of the young ladies and Mr. Diaz, as specially invited guests. They were prosperous people, and soon became so much interested in the class as to invite the meeting to their parlors, and to suggest that entertainments in Spanish music and literature follow the lessons of the class. These entertainments came to be attended by the special friends of the four pupils, and the meetings of the class at last formed quite a social feature of the community.

Misses Brown and Gray had been promised by their fathers a vacation tour in Europe. Among the countries that they had planned to visit was Spain, or Andalusia. They had read Irving's "Alhambra," and had pictured to themselves the beauties of the Valley of the Darro. To prepare for this visit they had taken up the study of colloquial Spanish, and so formed the class.

Little Arthur Green was not a member of the class, but attended the meetings by permission.

Mr. Green, the teacher, a cousin of the Green family, often spoke



AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Museum near the President's Palace, Mr. Green, the father of Miss Green and Arthur, said,—

“Mexico is the American Egypt, and the Gulf of Mexico our Mediterranean. What in all the world can be more interesting than the pyramids of this ancient land? I would rather see the ruins

to the class of the beauties and antiquities of Mexico, and Mr. Diaz of his visits to Cuba and Caracas. At one of the meetings,

when Mr. Green had been describing the poetic antiquities of the Valley of Mexico, such as the Sacrificial Stone, the Shield of Montezuma II., and the mysterious inscriptions in the grand

of the halls of the Montezumas than the temples of the Pharaohs! If I were to travel, I would begin in my own land. I would go to the Great Lakes, to the Thousand Islands, to the Valley of the Mississippi, and to the Gulf and the table-lands of Mexico. I would see the Islands of the Discovery, and the tomb of Columbus in Havana. I would travel first at home, and then abroad."

"There would be but little to surprise an American abroad after he had seen his own lands," said Mr. Diaz. "The Valley of the City of Mexico is more beautiful than Italy. The Sierra Madre is more grand than the Apennines, and Popocatepetl than Vesuvius. Nothing on earth can exceed the beauty of the paseo of the City of Mexico, from the official palace to Chapultepec, with its statues of the Montezumas and ancient and modern heroes. The sky is azure; the air is a living splendor; the mountains which glisten with snow an eternal glory. No birds can sing sweeter than the clarinas; no roses are more luxuriant than the Mexican,—there are said to be a hundred varieties. In Mexico everything seems to live. Romance is there. One dreams of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, the Montezumas, the Viceroy, and the Dons. Here caciques were tortured for gold; here came the Viceroy, and among them the poetic Salvatierra and the romantic Galves. The latter lifted the white pile of Chapultepec into the clear air, and gave the name to the Texan city of Galveston. Here Cortes came, and wept on the sad night near the wonderful walls, under the cypress. At Guadeloupe the angels were believed to have been heard singing in the air. You may not believe the legend, but it shows a poetic mind. The so-called "Halls of the Montezumas" may be airy imaginings, and the pyramids vanishing ruins, but where else can we find such scenic splendors and poetic charms? Mexico only needs education to make her the most lovely country in the world."

"You and Mr. Green would almost make one give up one's purpose of first travelling abroad," said Miss Brown.

“I would rather go to the tomb of Columbus than to the tombs of the old European kings,” said Mr. Green, Senior. “Now I have a proposal to make to the Spanish Class. My wife and I are becoming gray-haired. I have been quite successful in my business, as you well know. If the class will make a tour with my wife and me to Chicago, St. Louis, and down the Mississippi Valley to New Orleans and Tampa, and through the Islands of the Discovery to



CHAPULTEPEC.

the tomb of Columbus, I will pay all of the expenses. I will study Spanish with you on our way, and will take my boy Arthur as my special company. What do you all say?”

“You are very kind, Mr. Green,” said Miss Brown; “but we have our European journey already planned.”

“Go to Europe another year. See our own Rhine Valley, our own Mediterranean first. I have worked hard for many years, and it would make me perfectly happy to go on such a journey with a

party of young people like you. I will treat you all with the generosity, so far as I am able, of a 'fine old English gentleman.' You shall want for nothing that I can supply."

"You will even give us rooms in the old palace hotel of the Iturbide?" said Mr. Green, the teacher.

"Yes, if my purse is deep enough for that."

Miss Brown was silent. She could not forget that *custom* went to Europe. Miss Gray did not speak; but little Arthur Green looked over the back of his mother's chair, and gave a persuasive glance at each of the young ladies, and then pointed down to his mother, who did not see him.

Poor Mrs. Green! How beautiful and patient she looked! Her hair was gray, her face very white. She had struggled with her husband in the days when their means were small. As the family became prosperous, one after another of her children had died, until only one daughter and little Arthur were left.

Her bereavements made her a mother to every one. She worked in the church, the hospital, everywhere that she was needed. She had never sought pleasure at popular resorts. Her heart was always engaged in quiet duties.

The picture of Arthur pointing down from the high chair to his mother's gray hair was persuasive.

"Let us go to the Mississippi Valley and Mexico," said Miss Brown.

"Yes," answered Miss Gray. "Let us go there first, and how grateful we ought to be for such an opportunity! Mr. Green, we thank you."

"Did ever a prince have such subjects?" said Mr. Green, quoting Withington.

"Did ever a subject have such a prince?" said Miss Brown, quoting from the same old story.

"And now," said Mr. Green, "let us hear again the Mexican National Hymn. That shall celebrate our decision."

The Mexican National Hymn is indeed a patriotic inspiration. Seldom has grand national music been wedded to such noble words. The Mexicans themselves are very proud of it. The Government allows it to be played only on patriotic occasions and at presidential receptions. It is always played to announce the coming and reception of the President.

The class were good singers, and the quartette made the parlors ring with the thrilling inspiration.

The words and music must have interest to our readers, and especially to any who are studying Spanish, and have not seen them, or to any about to enter a Spanish class. The song is very effective for concert use, and may be sung in Spanish-Mexican costume.

NATIONAL HYMN.

CORO.

Mexicanos, al grito de guerra
El acero aprestad y el bridón,
Y retiemble en sus centros la tierra,
Al sonoro rugir del cañón.

Cina ¡oh patria! tus sienas de oliva
De la paz el arcángel divino,
Que en el cielo tu eterno destino
Por el dedo de Dios se escribió.

Más si osare un extraño enemigo
Profanar con su planta tu suelo,
Piensa ¡oh patria querida! que el cielo
Un soldado en cada hijo te dió.

CORO.

En sangrientos combates los viste,
Por tu amor palpitando sus senos,
Arrostrar la metralla serenos,
Y la muerte ó la gloria buscar.

Si el recuerdo de antiguas hazanas
De tus hijos inflama la mente,
Los laureles del triunfo tu frente
Volverán inmortales á ornar.

CORO.

CHORUS.

At the loud cry of war all assemble,
Then your swords and your steeds all prepare;
And the earth to its centre shall tremble,
When the cannon's deep roar rends the air.

Oh! my country, entwine on thy temples
Boughs of olive so fresh and so vernal,
When inscribed in the heavens eternal
Blessed peace for all the land thou dost see.
But if stranger and foe in their boldness
Dare to tread on thy soil, they must perish.
Then, oh! my country, this thought only cherish:
Every son is but a soldier for thee.

CHORUS.

Thou hast seen them in deadliest battle,
Love for thee their proud bosoms inflati
Stand serenely, the bullet awaiting,
Even joyful, seeking glory or death.
If the mem'ry of those ancient combats
Fill thy sons with a zeal that is burning,
Will they, with laurels of triumph returning,
Sing thy glory with their last feeble breath.

CHORUS.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST AMERICA.



HE tour that we have planned," said Mr. Green, Senior, after one of the lessons of the Spanish Class, "is really to early First America. Latin America had a hundred years of thrilling history before the coming of the 'Mayflower.' This history is associated with the islands of the

Spanish main, Mexico, and Florida, and later, in the seventeenth century, with the great Mississippi Valley. So we are going to old America.

"Champlain saw Lake Huron in 1615; and Nicollet Lake Michigan in 1634. The first Europeans to see the Illinois were Marquette and Joliet in 1673. They were hailed by the Indians with peace-pipes, as they ascended the Illinois River. Would that the prophecies of those peace-pipes had been fulfilled!

"After them came La Salle and Tonti, zigzagging on the stream towards the Mississippi. La Salle gathered the Indian tribes around a fort called St. Louis, near what is now Starved Rock. Kaskaskia was founded as a mission, and so the evolution of the empire of the great Mississippi Valley began. The country was governed from Quebec and New Orleans.

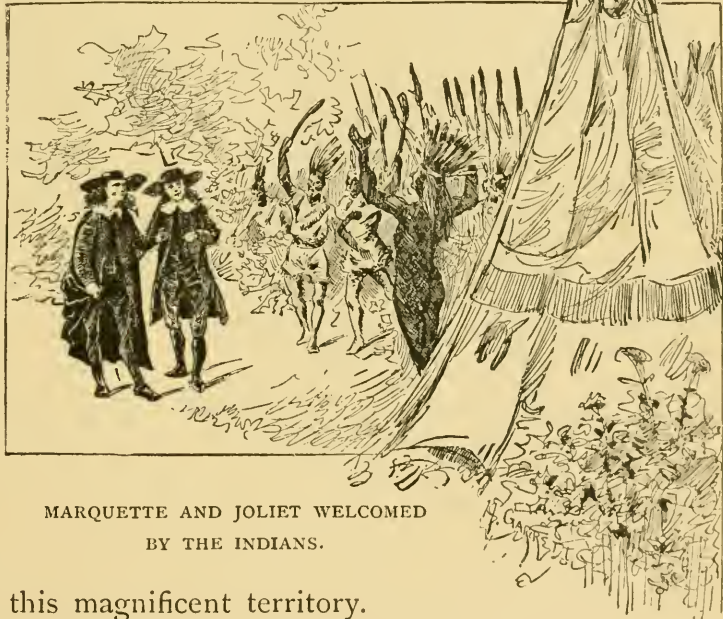
"The great valley saw the French flag, the Spanish flag, and the English flag rise and disappear. It saw the romantic mission of Kaskaskia rise, ring its bells, and vanish. The Illini were starved to

death at old Fort St. Louis, by being surrounded by their enemies, — one of the most dramatic events of any history; for the old tribes perished with thirst and fever, with the lovely Illinois flowing full in view.

“The romances of the great Mississippi Valley remain to be written. No romancer or poet has touched them, no composer sung them.

“If we bound the Valley by the Alleghanies on one side, and the Rocky Mountains on the other, what a stupendous empire it is! Any

of the leading countries of Europe would be lost in it! New France in America was immensely greater than old France, and the new Spain of our Continent than old Spain. England and Scotland would



MARQUETTE AND JOLIET WELCOMED
BY THE INDIANS.

be mere dots on this magnificent territory.

“Narvaez of the expedition of De Soto visited Louisiana in 1542, in his rude brigantines; and earlier by two years Coronado had rested by the Moqui pueblos. So you see we are going through the valleys of the First America. And when travel becomes a part of our system of American education, this is the first tour that the student should make.”

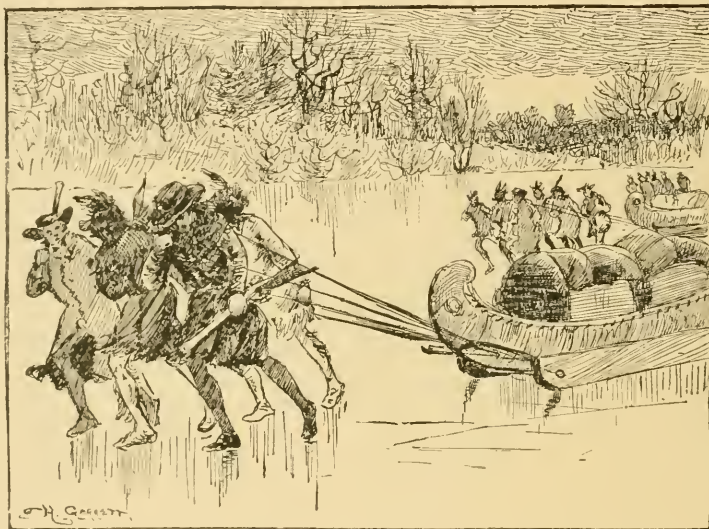
“So we must all study hard,” said Arthur. “Como se llama eso?”

(What do you call this?) he asked of Miss Gray, holding up a railroad ticket.

"No comprendo, Señor," answered Miss Gray.

"Then how do you expect we shall ever get there?" asked Arthur, good-humoredly.

"No comprendo, Señor (I do not understand)."



LA SALLE IN SEARCH OF THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

"Deme usted un cerillo," said Arthur, "and I will retire."

"No comprendo, Señor."

"Adios," said Arthur; and the class in chorus replied, —

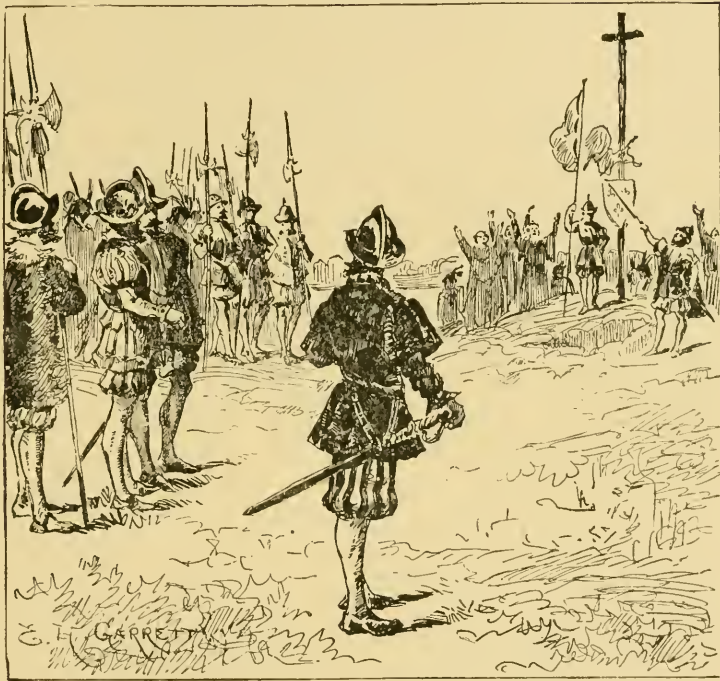
"Buenas noches!"

Although Arthur was not a member of the class, he learned much by listening to the others; and his little jokes often stimulated study. He often asked questions of Mr. Green, the teacher, about the language.

"I would not like to be swindled when I am in Cuba," he said

one day to Mr. Green, after an hour with the class. "What is a dollar in Spanish?"

"Un peso,"¹ said Mr. Green.



LA SALLE TAKING POSSESSION OF THE COUNTRY FOR FRANCE.

"And a quarter of a dollar?"

"A *real* is twelve and a half cents; *dos reales* would be twenty-five cents, and *cuatro reales* fifty cents. A one-cent piece is called *centavo*, six and a quarter cents are called a *medio*, and one dollar in gold, *escudito de oro*."

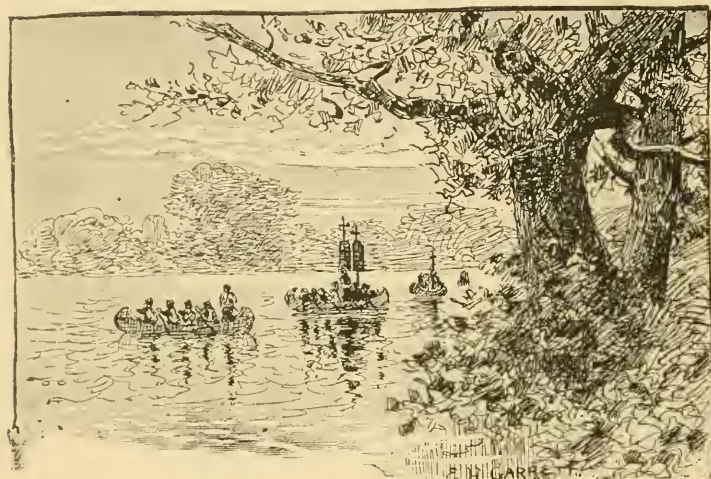
"What are the Spanish words for 'how much'?"

"Simply the word 'quanto.'"

"'Gracias, Señor.' Is *that* right?"

¹ pa'so.

“‘Sí, Señor,’ or more politely, ‘Mil gracias (A thousand thanks), Señor.’”



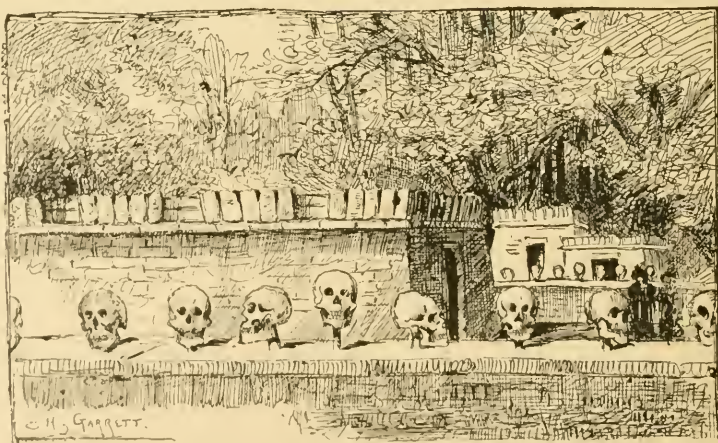
LA SALLE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

In preparation for his visit to the great Mississippi Valley, Arthur read the works of Parkman, and the History of the Civil War. Parkman's "Life of La Salle" and the "Pioneers of France in the New World" opened to him a

vision of wonderful history of which he had never before dreamed.

"I love to travel in imagination," he said one day to his father; "and whether I really go on this journey or not, I have already *been* in anticipation, and have had a *real good time*."

The class had first entertained the plan of taking Mex-



INDIAN TEMPLE VISITED BY LA SALLE.

ico into their journey, but finally decided to go only to those Mexican places that are directly associated with the Columbian Discovery and the World's Fair, Chicago, the Mississippi Valley, and the Spanish Main. Mr. Green *père* gave up the purpose of going to glorious old Mexico reluctantly, but saw that it would be well to follow strictly historical lines in the educational journey, which he hoped to make a useful as well as entertaining outing. He saw the future in the present of all that enters into young people's lives, and so arranged the journey with the historical impression in view.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVER FAITHFUL ISLE.

ROMANCES OF THE COLUMBIAN SEAS. — "CRAZY JANE." — THE GREAT AMERICAN LEGEND.



WHEN Arthur Green saw the prospect of making a tour through the Mississippi Valley to the Columbian Seas and Islands of the Discovery, he became a student of books that pictured the old history of these places. He read Prescott and Janvier. He bought a Spanish phrase-book, and began the study of a Spanish grammar. He read the story of the Cid, and asked that his Christmas present might be a Spanish edition of "Don Quixote." He had read Irving's works on Spanish history before he had thought of the Mexican journey.

He would greet his sister in the morning with a light, happy, bantering jargon of Spanish words, somewhat as follows:—

"Buenos dias, Señorita!"¹ (Good-day!) *Cómo está usted?*² (How are you?) *Qué hora es?*³ (What time is it?)"

To such salutations and interrogations his sister would commonly answer, "Sí, Señor," or "Si, Caballero," without regard to the fitness of the musical words to the question.

His mother, although a quiet home woman, was a reader of the best books. In his historical reading he found in her an interested and intelligent adviser.

¹ Buay'nohs dec'ahs, sain-yo-re'ta. ² Co'moh es-tah' oos-tayth'? ³ Kay oh'rah ess?

He one day heard Mr. Diaz speak of Cuba as "the ever faithful isle." The expression is poetic, and excites curiosity; and he asked his mother its meaning.

"It is a title which the Spanish Court and people were proud to bestow upon Cuba," said Mrs. Green, "because the island has always been faithful to the Spanish Crown. Cuba was not the first name given to the island; Columbus named it Juana."

"After 'Crazy Jane,'" said Mr. Green. "It was a very appropriate name. She was as faithful as the island of Cuba has been."

"Crazy Jane?" The name suggested a story. Who was Juana, or "Crazy Jane," and how had she been so faithful?

STORY OF CRAZY JANE, THE DAUGHTER OF ISABELLA.

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Green, in answer to such inquiries. "Juana, or 'Crazy Jane' as she has been thoughtlessly called, — for it seems to me unkind to refer to the infirmities of such a woman in that way, — was a daughter of Isabella, and the mother of Charles V. You must read Robertson's 'Charles V.' She lost her mind when a young woman, and she watched over the dead body of her husband for nearly half a century, and took no interest in the great history that the world was then making. So you see she was faithful to *him*."

"Who was her husband?" asked Arthur.

"Philip the Handsome, Arch-duke of Austria."

"Was Juana beautiful?"

"No, she was plain, poor woman; and this was one of the causes that overthrew her mind, and made her melancholy."



"But she was great?"

"Yes, as the mother of Charles V."

"I am interested in this woman, whose name was given to Cuba. You say that she was great as the mother of Charles V. Who was Charles V?"

"He was an Emperor of Germany, born at Ghent in 1500, eight years after the discovery of America by Columbus. He was an heir to the Spanish throne; and when he was sixteen years of age he became King of Spain, reigning in place of his mother, Juana, who wished for no kingdom but the tomb of her husband. The famous diplomat Ximenes was the leading mind in the state during the reign of the young king. At the age of nineteen he succeeded to the throne of Germany, and was crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1520, and received from the Pope the title of Emperor of Rome. He was the Emperor of the days of the Reformation. It was in 1521, in the early part of his reign, that the Diet at Worms was called, which may be said to have changed the religious and political events of the world."

"I now begin to see his place in history," said Arthur. "He was the Emperor of the days of Luther. He conquered the world."

"A great part of the European world," said Mrs. Green. "He subdued Castile, overcame the Turks, drove the French from Italy, made Francis I. a prisoner, and while yet a youth became master of continental Europe. At the age of twenty-five the son of unhappy Juana was king among kings, and the greatest emperor in the world."

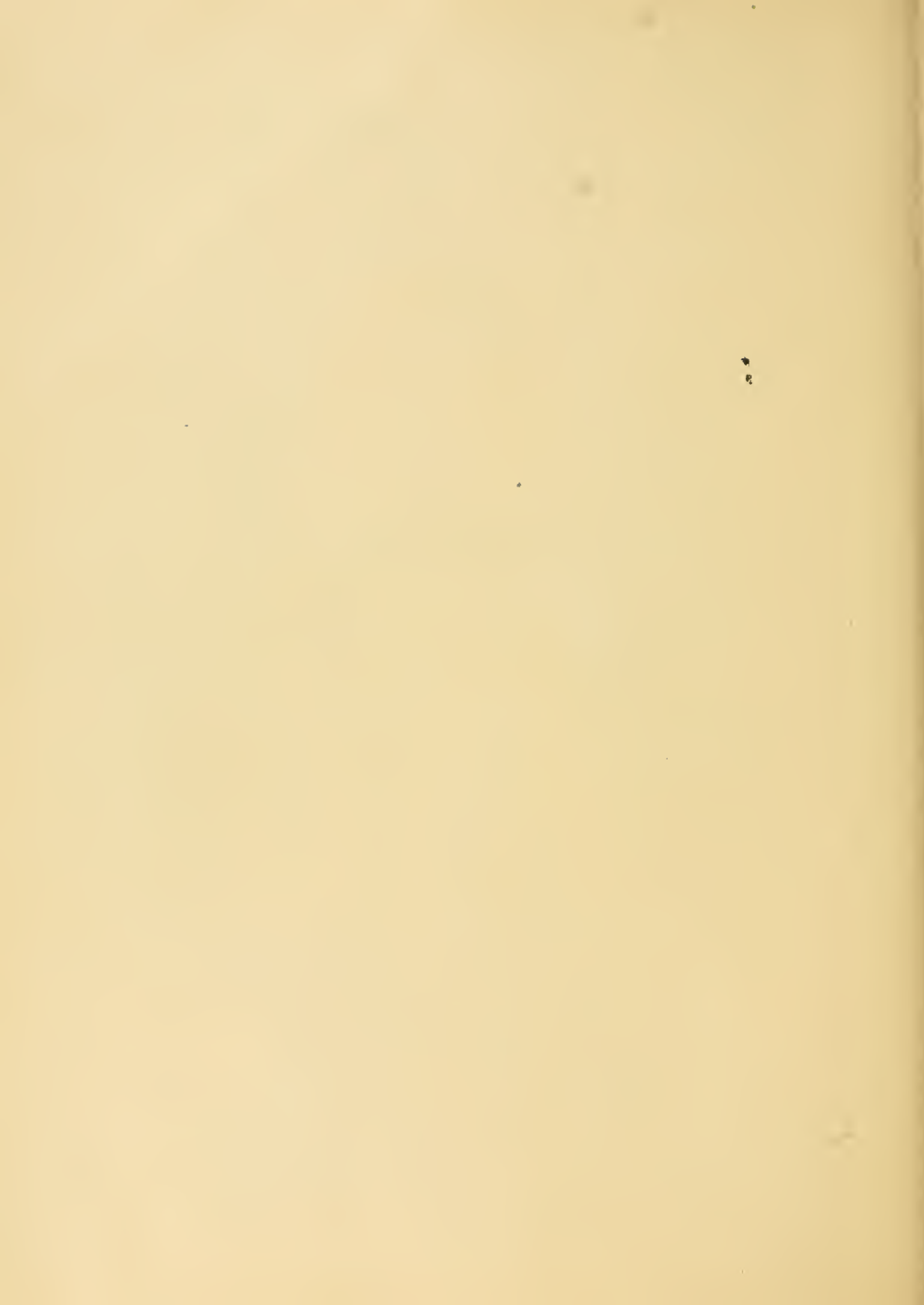
"Did his mother share the glory?" asked Arthur.

"No; only in fame. She took no interest in these events; and the knowledge that she was the mother of the Emperor of the world never brought a smile to her face. Her heart had been crushed in her young years, and it seemed to have become incapable of happiness or affection."

"What became of Charles V.?" asked Arthur.



CARDINAL XIMENES.



“He took Rome by storm, plundered it, and made a prisoner of the Pope. War followed war, in which he was generally successful. But in middle life he became a victim of the melancholy of his mother, gave up his throne to his son, and retired to a monastery, where he



PHILIP II.

passed two years in dejection, gloom, and the renunciation of all things. In this darkness he died. He was the father of Philip II. of Spain.”

“Philip II.?” asked Arthur. “He had a strange history.”

“Brilliant and dark,” said Mrs. Green. “You must read Prescott. Philip was cold, haughty, and politic from his childhood. He inherited the melancholy of his blood, and the shadow was apparent in his early

years. He was not like other boys. His teachers could not mould him. He was the heartless husband of 'Bloody Mary,' or Mary Tudor; and Mexico and Peru and the Spanish main were a part of his vast dominions."



QUEEN ISABELLA.

"He was the king who caused the fitting out of the Invincible Armada?"

"Yes, and the one who set in order the Inquisition. His religious zeal injured the very cause he espoused, and he left a dark name on his age. He was very religious but very cruel, and his character was one of singular contradictions."

"But," said Arthur, "tell me now the story of Juana."

"I know of no story in history that is more pathetic," said Mrs.

Green. "When Columbus visited the Court of Isabella, he must have met there a dark, plain-looking girl, who was interesting only from the position that she would be likely to occupy in the world. But she was the daughter of Isabella, and the hope of the royal family; and these associations must have impressed the mind of Columbus. Of all the islands of the great discovery, Cuba, as it is now called, was the most wonderful and beautiful; and to this crown jewel of the Western seas Columbus gave the name of Juana.

"The unhappiness of the young princess arose from disappointed love. She married while very young, and loved her husband with a passion that consumed her mind and heart. He did not return her love. With him the marriage was merely a political event. He was very handsome; she was homely. Her devotion to him disgusted him, and he neglected her. But notwithstanding his neglect and aversion, her love for him became her life. Fame was nothing, power was nothing, family ties nothing, if she might have the heart of Philip. Her only desire in life was for his love. She was a beggar for his affection, and for that only. In comparison with his love, kingdoms were mere earth to her, and crowns were dust. She followed him everywhere; his smile was her joy, and his neglect her misery.

"He was untrue to her in every way. She knew it, but would not admit it. Whatever he might be or do, she was resolved to be true to him; and she was true.

"She pained Isabella by her want of interest in affairs of state. The Court saw her morbid conduct with anxiety. She was a slave to a passion so absorbing as to unfit her to become a true queen.

"The crisis came: Philip died. Her heart seemed to die with him. She caused his dead body to be kept in her room for a long time, in hope that it would revive. She followed it from one part of the country to another, on its long journey to the tomb, watching over it by night under the moon and stars, and once causing the coffin to be opened in the vain hope that life would return. Mrs. Moulton, in a short poem, thus tells the touching story:—

THE VIGIL OF QUEEN JUANA.

OVER the desert ways,
 The yellow sands of Spain,
 Wandered through weary days
 The mad Queen, " Crazy Jane ; "

Walking beside the bier
 Whereon *he* lay, at last,
 Philippe le Bel, her dear.
 False lord, by Death held fast.

Daughter of noble race,
 Anointed Queen of Spain,
 In her unsheltered face
 Dashed the unpitying rain.

By the fierce sun opprest
 She sought no green, soft nook, —
 She laid her down to rest
 Beside no babbling brook.

Straight on through day and night
She held her lonely way,
 For whom no fresh delight
 Could spring, by night or day.

Through sad Life's loss and pain
She loved, whom Love forgot,
 Till Death restored again
 Her lord who loved her not.

To Tordesillas-height
 She bore her dead so dear,
 And there, by day and night,
 Watched still beside his bier.

Till forty-seven long years
 Of watching and despair,
 Of weariness and tears,
 Had found and left her there ;

And then, grown old and gray,
 Feeble and scant of breath,
 The mad Queen passed away
 To the vast realm of Death.

Found she her own again?
Did he who worked her woe
Reward her life's long pain
With bliss that none can know?

The lips of Death are dumb,
The answer who can tell?
No news shall ever come
If they be ill or well.

“ Juana watched by the dead body of Philippe le Bel (or Philip the Beautiful) for *forty-seven* years. Kingdoms rose and fell; her son ascended the throne of the world; the new world uncovered its wonders: the grandest events of history passed, but she heeded not any event. Her heart was in that one golden coffin, faithful to a heart that had never been faithful to her. Her life fed on the dream of how happy she might have been had this man only loved her. In this dream of what might have been she died, withered and old.

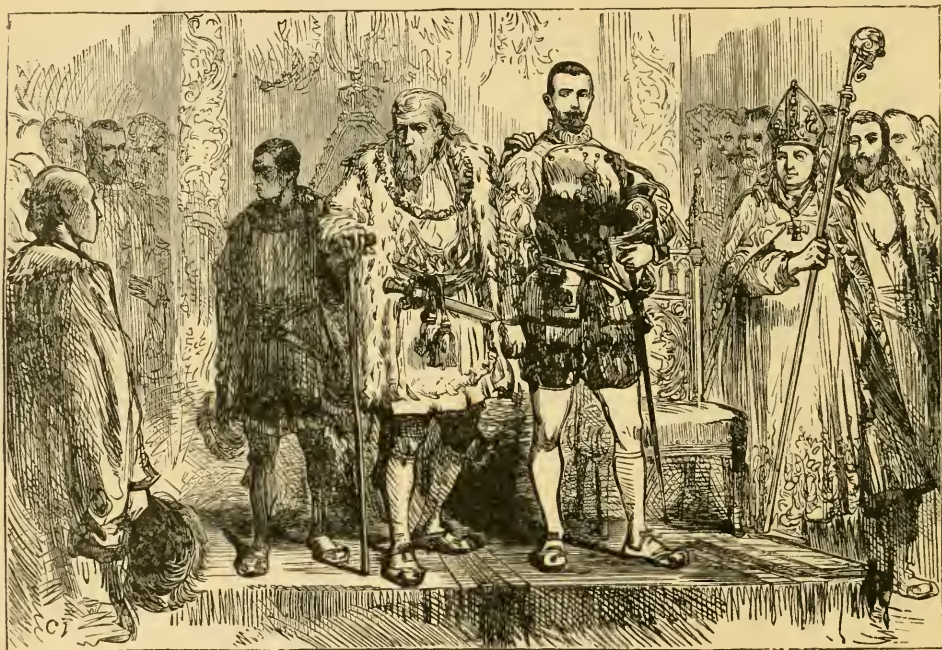
“ There are some events in the life of Juana that are among the most curious in history. In her watch by the dead for nearly fifty years, she was in matters of state a queen, and her name appeared on all great state papers.

“ Again, the Spanish people so loved her as the daughter of Isabella, and as one who had been cruelly wronged in her affections, that they revered her both as a woman and queen, although she seems to have taken little notice of this touching loyalty, and was apparently indifferent to it. She seemed to care only to be known as one whose heart died with her great love, and was buried in the shadows of her sorrow.

“ And again,— what a subject for a poem or for the painter's art! — it was at the time of her death, that Charles V., her son, the great and terrible Emperor, resolved to resign the thrones of the world for a cloister. The two in reality went out of history at nearly the same time, both of them weary of the world and all of its affairs.”

"This is one of the strangest stories I have ever heard," said Arthur. "Did Charles V. sympathize with his mother?"

"She was as if dead to him. He feared her malady, and he used to pray that he might never lose his reason. His last days were full of the bigotry of a misled conscience, of sincere piety, and of most picturesque and dramatic incidents. You may read it all in Robertson's



ABDICATION OF CHARLES V.

Charles V. There are few things more unfortunate in religion than a morbid mind; and the church has had to suffer for the mental clouds of these royal people in such a way as almost to dim the glory of Isabella."

"I am glad that Columbus remembered Juana in the days of triumph," said Arthur.

"I always thought his tribute to Juana was one of the beautiful incidents of life," said Mrs. Green.

"In the royal tombs of Granada," she continued, "sleep Ferdinand and Isabella, and beside them the bodies of Philippe le Bel and poor Juana, his unhappy wife; all beyond the reach of glory or passion or sorrow. I would like to visit these tombs."

"We shall visit the tomb of Columbus at Havana?" said Arthur.

"Yes; we hope to do so."

"I shall think of Juana there. Will you not?"

"Yes, my dear Arthur."

The story of Juana, or Joanna, greatly interested Arthur in the studies of the club. One evening when the romances of Inez de Castro and Bernardo del Carpio had been related in the class, Mr. Green, the teacher, said: "The great Spanish romance, which is likely to become the representative legend of America, is the vision of Ponce de Leon." He added: "All nations have some great legend which represents the spirit of their history. In Germany it is the Rheingold, which Wagner has made eternal by his heroic music; in England it is King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, or the search for the Holy Grail. It was so with Greece in the tale of the Argonauts, and with Rome in the voyages of Æneas. The story of Joseph is the spiritual prophecy of the Jews, and that of Buddha and the Bo-tree, of the Hindus.

"The legend of Ponce de Leon represents the struggle of the soul for larger knowledge and higher attainment, of the dreams of the *ideal* finding the *real*. That is America. It is the most beautiful allegory of America's life and mission.

"Already the legend is beginning to take form. It has been put into solid art in the palace hotel at St. Augustine. Poetry and music will follow in its development as in the legends of old."

“ I hope that we may visit Porto Rico,” said Miss Green. “ That was the scene of Ponce de Leon’s visions, was it not? ”

“ Yes,” said Mr. Diaz; “ and there are many romantic incidents associated with the legend that are not well known. I will try to relate them at some future meeting of the club. If possible we must visit Porto Rico, the most beautiful of the Antilles, a part of our journey.”

Mr. Diaz had interested the class. At a meeting held a few weeks after this introduction of the legend, he related the following story : —

AMERICA’S GREAT LEGEND; OR, THE ROMANCE OF PONCE DE LEON.

PONCE DE LEON¹ was a page in the Court of Spain, in the days of the rise of Ferdinand and Isabella. Among the wonder tales of his youth were the wars of Granada, and later the expulsion of the Moors. The boy page had an active imagination; it is said that he was an attendant of a prince, and afterward a secretary or page of an officer of rank and influence. He was in hearing of all the exciting news of the times as he grew to manhood: he became a soldier, and won fame in the Conquest of Granada; and the triumphs of Columbus filled his soul with a desire to visit the lands beyond the sea.

In the year 1493 he set sail with Columbus from the port of Cadiz for the Western World. The fleet consisted of seventeen ships and fifteen hundred men. The expedition is known as the second voyage of Columbus. It was on this voyage that Columbus discovered Jamaica and the Caribbean Islands, and that the whilom page first saw those green paradises of the purple seas to which he was destined to return as governor, and thence to be led by his poetic and prophetic dreams to find the solid land of the continent of America.

¹ Pronounced Pon’ta da Lay-on’.

Ponce de Leon, although he was a poet, was a brave and valorous man, and excelled in the arts of war as well as of peace. The world has had some imaginative warriors; he was one, and what he saw in his dreams he executed in his active life. He saw the palmy islands about Hispaniola, and obtained permission from Governor Ovando to lead an expedition to them in search of gold.

He sailed away with Spaniards, Indians, and interpreters, his horizon full of golden visions. Nor was he disappointed. The cacique of one of the islands led him to a river whose crystal waters ran over stones and pebbles that were veined with gold, and Ponce returned to Hispaniola a happy man.

Happy? But what would be the use of rivers paved with gold, if death were close at hand? Here were islands like paradises; the air seemed celestial; birds sang all the day, and flowers carpeted the earth. Here the soil supported the inhabitants; bread grew on the trees, and fountains sang in the shadows. Here people lived to love each other. They had an eternal father in the sun which provided them with all things. Why should they die here?

In 1509 Ponce de Leon was appointed Governor of Porto Rico, the land of the golden rivers; and but for the shadow of the thought of death, his happiness would have been complete. An earthly paradise, honors, gold, and everything but a promise of continued existence! He subdued the Indians, and began to rule right royally.

The Indians at first thought that the Spaniards were as immortal as they desired to be. But after a time they began to doubt the fair gods' immortality. One of them resolved to test his doubt by dropping a Spaniard whom he was carrying over a river into the water, and allowing him to drown. He put his plan into execution; and the body of the drowned Spaniard did not revive, although the Indian watched it for three days.

"Mortal like us," said the Indians. Then the caciques combined and waged war against the Spaniards, and the golden realm of Ponce

de Leon was as unquiet as other places of the earth where human passions rule and the law of equal right is disregarded.

The Indians burned his villages, and drove him into a fortress, and held him a virtual prisoner. He was however reinforced from Hispaniola, when the Indians thought that the Spaniards whom they had killed had come to life again, and the belief in the immortality of the people "from the skies" was revived.

In the midst of his troubles and altered fortunes, Ponce de Leon was relieved of his position as Governor, or Adelantado, by the king.

He was now greatly depressed. In this state of mind he one day met some venerable Indians whom he regarded as prophetic messengers. He questioned about other islands of gold.

They pointed to the north.

"The land abounds with gold?"

"The rivers are gold."

"What else is there?"

"Everything that the sun can give." They added: "The people there live forever."

"How?"

"They drink of a river, and the water is life."

Here indeed was the land of all his dreams. He was yet rich, and he would fit out a new expedition, and would set his white sails towards the north.

It is said that the Cavalier, although not old, had begun to lose his early beauty. It is also said that he had met a lovely Italian girl, for whose sake he wished that he might become young again.

He further questioned the prophetic Indians. They told him that there was an island, named Bimini, lying far out in the sea, which also had a wonderful fountain, and that those who drank of this fountain became young again, and remained so forever.

This was all that he could desire. The withering stalk of life would bloom again. His spring of years would be brought back.

He could love again, wed again, and never find his mind clouded again with any fear of disease or death.

And so the happy mariner sailed away, but returned to Porto Rico with more wrinkles and gray hair than before. He had seen Florida, and searched in vain for the fountain. But the dream still haunted him. He repaired to Spain, and was made Governor of Florida, Bimini, and the realms of his imagination when he should find them.

He found them, — beautiful Florida again in this world, and a poisoned arrow there which ended his search, after a brief fever, and gave him immortality in a better world than this.

Nor will his name die here. The world will never forget that beautiful Palm Sunday when he landed in Florida, and praised God under the blooming trees, near the present poetic town of St. Augustine.

America has only one city that is a poem, and that is an eternal monument to the poetic soul of the old Cavalier.

There is a legend that associates Silver Springs, Florida, with the search of Ponce de Leon. A more thrilling legend connects the Waukulla Spring, near the old Magnolia River, with the experiments of the fanciful explorers.

The popular legend of the trial of the rejuvenating waters is so poetic and tragic that I have endeavored to express it in verse.

THE LEGEND OF WAUKULLA.

THROUGH darkening pines the cavaliers marched on their sunset way,
While crimson in the trade-winds rolled far Appalachee Bay,
Above the water-levels rose palmetto crowns like ghosts
Of kings primeval; them behind, the shadowy pines in hosts.

“ O cacique, brave and trusty guide,

Are we not near the spring,

The fountain of eternal youth, that health to age doth bring ?”

The cacique sighed,

And Indian guide,

“ The fount is fair.

Waukulla !

On the old Magnolia River.”

“ But vainly to the blossomed flower will come the autumn rain,
 And never youth's departed days come back to age again ;
 The future in the spirit lies, and earthly life is brief,
 'T is *you* that say the fount hath life,” so said the Indian chief.

“ Nay, Indian king ; nay, Indian king,

Thou knowest well the spring,

And thou shalt die if thou dost fail our feet to it to bring.”

The cacique sighed,

And Indian guide,

“ The spring is bright,

Waukulla !

On the old Magnolia River.”

Then said the guide : “ O men of Spain, a wondrous fountain flows
 From deep abodes of gods below, and health on men bestows.
 Blue are its deeps and green its walls, and from its waters gleam
 The water-stars, and from it runs the pure Waukulla's stream.

But, men of Spain, but, men of Spain.

'T is *you* who say that spring

Eternal youth and happiness to men again will bring.”

The cacique sighed,

And Indian guide,

“ The fount is clear,

Waukulla !

On the old Magnolia River.”

“ March on, the land enchanted is ; march on, ye men of Spain ;
 Who would not taste the bliss of youth and all its hopes again.
 Enchanted is the land ; behold ! enchanted is the air ;
 The very heaven is domed with gold ; there 's beauty everywhere !”

So said De Leon. “ Cavaliers,

We 're marching to the spring,

The fountain of eternal youth, that health to age will bring !”

The cacique sighed,

And Indian guide,

“ The fount is pure,

Waukulla !

By the old Magnolia River.”

Beneath the pines, beneath the yews, the deep magnolia shades,
 The clear Waukulla swift pursues its way through floral glades ;
 Beneath the pines, beneath the yews, beneath night's falling shade,
 Beneath the low and dusky moon still marched the cavalcade.

“ The river widens,” said the men ;

“ Are we not near the spring,

The fountain of eternal youth that health to age doth bring ? ”
 The cacique sighed,
 And Indian guide,
 “ The spring is near,
 Waukulla !
 On the old Magnolia River.”

“ The fount is fair and bright and clear, and pure its waters run ;
 Waukulla, lovely in the moon and beauteous in the sun.
 But vainly to the blossomed flower will come the autumn rain,
 And never youth’s departed days come back to man again.

 O men of Spain ! O men of Spain !
 ’T is you that say the spring
 Eternal youth and happiness to withered years will bring ! ”
 The cacique sighed,
 And Indian guide,
 “ The fount is deep,
 Waukulla !
 On the old Magnolia River.”

The river to a grotto led, as to a god’s abode ;
 There lay the fountain bright with stars ; stars in its waters flowed ;
 The mighty live-oaks round it rose, in ancient mosses clad.
 De Leon’s heart beat high for joy ; the cavaliers were glad,

 “ O men of Spain ! O men of Spain !
 This surely is the spring,
 The fountain fair that health and joy to faces old doth bring ! ”
 The cacique sighed,
 And Indian guide,
 “ The spring is old,
 Waukulla !
 On the old Magnolia River.”

“ Avalla, O my trusty friend, that we this day should see !
 Strip off thy doublet and descend the glowing fount with me ! ”
 “ The saints ! I will,” Avalla said. “ Already young I feel,
 And younger than my sons shall I return to old Castile.”

 Then plunged De Leon in the spring,
 And then Avalla old ;
 Then slowly rose each wrinkled face above the waters cold.
 The cacique sighed,
 And Indian guide,
 “ The fount is yours,
 Waukulla !
 By the old Magnolia River ”

Oh, vainly to the blossomed flower will come the autumn rain,
 And never youth's departed days come back to man again ;
 The crowns Castilian could not bring the withered stalk a leaf ;
 But came a sabre flash that morn, and fell the Indian chief.

Another sabre flash, and then
 The guide beside him lay,
 And red the clear Magnolia ran toward Appalachee Bay.
 Then from the dead
 The Spaniards fled,
 And cursed the spring,
 Waukulla,
 And the old Magnolia River.

“ Like comrades life was left behind, the years shall o'er me roll,
 For all the hope that man can find lies hidden in the soul.
 Ye white sails lift, and drift again across the southern main ;
 There wait for me, there wait us all, the hollow tombs of Spain ! ”

Beneath the liquid stars the sails
 Arose and went their way,
 And bore the gray-haired cavaliers from Appalachee Bay.
 The young chiefs slept,
 And maidens wept,
 Beside the bright
 Waukulla,
 On the old Magnolia River !

This is tradition and fancy. Let us return to some interesting facts associated with this beautiful story.

Puerto Rico, or Porto Rico, is the tomb of Ponce de Leon. The port of Ponce still bears the name of the romantic cavalier.

His tomb bears an heroic inscription : —

“ Here rest the bones of a man who was a Leon by name, and still more by nature.”

“ Mole sub hac fortis requiescat ossa Leon
 Qui vicit factis nomina magna suis.”

Ponce de Leon was a religious man after the crude teachings of the times in which he lived.

In February, 1521, he thus wrote to Charles V., the son of Juana, who was then in the beginning of his reign : —

“I discovered at my own cost and charge the Island of Florida ; and now I return to that island, if it please God’s will, to settle it, that the name of Christ may be praised there.”

The language is a picture of the heart of the man. Like Columbus, he regarded himself as under divine direction. There was much of the prophet as well as the poet in his soul.

The date of his birth is uncertain. It has been placed at 1560. He is said to have been employed as a page to the infant Ferdinand, who was born in 1552. If this be true, and if he was brought up in the Court of Aragon, his boyhood must have been as poetic as his old age. He is spoken of as being old when he went in search of the Fountain of Youth. This is usually done to meet the poetic requirements of the great legend. He was really in the prime of life at the time. He died at about the age of sixty, in the early afternoon of manhood.

If his boyhood was passed in the Court of Ferdinand V., the famous Ferdinand of the years of the Conquest of Granada and the Great Discovery, who in marriage wedded his kingdom to Castile and shared the glory of Isabella, he must have been schooled in the high art of the times, and in the romances of the minstrels and troubadours. The cities of Spain, and especially those of Cordova, Granada, and Barcelona, were devoted to literature, art, and music. Prescott describes the Floral Academy which was endowed by the Kings of Nagon, and which was situated at Barcelona. It was a school of poetry and music.

“The topics of discussion,” says Prescott, “were the praises of the Virgin, love, arms, and other good usages. The performances of the candidates were inscribed on parchments of various colors, richly enamelled with silver and gold, and beautifully illuminated. The poems were publicly recited by the poets, and then referred to a committee, who took a solemn oath to decide upon their merits after the rules of art. On the delivery of their verdict, a wreath of gold was placed upon the victorious poem, and the troubadour was escorted to

the royal palace amid a cortege of minstrelsy and chivalry; thus, according to an old chronicler, "manifesting to the world the superiority which God and Nature have assigned to genius."

Such is a glowing picture of literature and art in Aragon in the young days of Ferdinand, and his boy page, Ponce de Leon.

CHAPTER V.

ARTHUR.



THE Greens lived in one of the beautiful villages in the Berkshire Hills, famous for character and intelligence. Among the neighboring towns was Pittsfield, of literary reputation, and Lenox, the autumn Newport, famous for its scenic beauty at the time of the falling leaves. Greylock is the dome of the hills in this charming region which has produced noble men and women for many generations.

Mr. Green was a graduate of Williams College, and a man of literary tastes, and was connected with a prosperous publishing-house in Boston. Mrs. Green was a woman of culture and quiet, refined tastes, and had a keen sense of humor. She was a good story-teller, for her humor enabled her to present insincerity in its true light, and her high moral sense to make what is good and true appear in its rightful coloring. Mr. and Mrs. Green had taken great pains in the mental training of their son, and had selected his reading with care.

“The young mind feeds on what it reads,” Mr. Green used to say, “and forms its character by it. Tell me what a boy likes most to read and I will give you his true character and forecast his future. And,” he used to add with emphasis, “there is nothing that so forms youthful character as short stories.”

Mr. Green saw the influence of short-story reading as a means of mental and moral education, and used to speak of it often among his friends.

He was a member of the School Board, and used to read papers on literary topics before the High School; and one of these gave his views on the short story as a means of unconscious education. As the short stories of Mr. and Mrs. Green will form a large part of this volume, we give Mr. Green's views as presented in this paper: —

SHORT STORIES AND SHORT-STORY WRITING.

THE short story is the leading literary event of the day; the parable and popular feature of the times. The most acceptable short story is that which in some way interprets the times. This kind of story is criticised as an evidence of literary degeneracy, but wherein does it differ from the best and most lasting models of the past? The stories of Joseph and Ruth and of the Talmud will forever interpret the spirit of the Hebrew race; the "Arabian Nights" stand for the vanished thrones and courts of the Orient; the stories of the Golden Fleece, of Plutarch's heroes, and of the death of Socrates are a spiritual map of Greece; the "Rheingold" interprets Germany in her long struggles of the New against the Old; and the spiritual history of England from Chaucer to Dickens may be best read in short stories and ballads — which are short stories in rhyme — which sympathetic interpretation has made immortal. Short stories are not only the interpreters of history and the soul, but of the spirit of the ages in all their seasons. And is it to be regretted that American writing should have taken this form, amid the progress and activities of the times, when the sun of our history is leaving the horizon?

Before the Christian era, Horace in his "De Arte Poetica" thus gave the secret of the most popular and enduring methods of writing: "He that hath blent the useful with the agreeable hath carried every vote. His book crosses the sea: it will enrich the Socii, and win for him imperishable fame." It is the story that makes what is useful agreeable that best meets the wants of life. "He is a genius," said Emerson, "who gives me back my own thoughts." He who can well say what others think becomes a voice of the times, and a brother to all men. The Great Teacher of life himself made use of these methods. The Gospel of Luke is a book of short stories. The story of the Holy Grail will forever interpret the knighthood of England, and that of Ponce de Leon the spirit of the American student.

America has as yet produced not many short stories that promise to live. Of those that seem likely to become representative, the best are in verse. I

was recently asked by a student what I thought to be the most beautiful short story ever written. I replied, "That of Joseph in the Hebrew Scriptures." I was asked again what I regarded as the best short story in American literature. I answered, "Evangeline;" but received the correction, the "Legend of Sir Launfal." I have heard Baron Fouqué's "Undine" named as the most beautiful of all short stories of the creative imagination. It might be a good exercise for literary societies to debate and analyze these questions, and the answers that they would be likely to receive: What is the most beautiful story in all the world? What is the best in American books?

Among the representative short stories in our literature before the present time of interpretative story-writing we may cite Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," Poe's "Gold Bug," Hawthorne's "Province House Stories," Harriet Prescott Spofford's "Amber Gods," Fitz-James O'Brien's "Diamond Lens," Edward Everett Hale's "Man without a Country," and Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp."

All writers should be familiar with these models, but they seem to have been but early stars in our Western sky. Within a few years short-story writers have appeared in nearly every section of our country as the interpreters of the genius of the places where they lived or of the spirit and progress of the times. Ten years ago a book of short stories could hardly find a publisher; now it is the current reading.

The popular short story takes three leading forms, — that which seeks to interpret the times, which is in some way a parable; the folk-lore picture; and psychological analysis. Of these the form that deals with the spirit and tendencies of current events seems to be the principal in interest, though the most short-lived of all.

The revival of interest in village stories, old neighborhood events, home tales, and the dialect and methods of the old natural story-tellers must be regarded as one of the instructive methods of the times. These stories, which follow the models of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" and Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair," are becoming the conservators of the incidental part of our history. Incidents are the soul-expression of events. Grimm's "Fairy Tales" are the household history of Germany. The soul of a town lives in its popular story. The time has come to collect the best stories of our own land, and to give them permanent form, as has been done in part by Mr. Harris, Mr. Cable, Bret Harte, and Miss Wilkins. Every State in the Union may have its Hans Christian Andersen. Tales of colonial houses and farms, and of Southern plantations; strange Indian fancies; old French legends of the *rencontres*; pioneer cabin lore; yarns of ships and sailors; and the humorous and

remarkable events of neighborhoods and villages, — all this varied material may now well begin to engage the pen, and will be likely to prove historically instructive. Our history is mellowing for such work, for the charm of such stories is the gay in gray garments of the past.

The psychological story, as a rule, is the highest form of art, and, like "Rasselas," "Undine," and "Rip Van Winkle," is likely to prove the most enduring. There are fewer stories of this kind than of the others which are now being produced. This may indicate a material tendency of the age. In the Hebrew Talmud nearly all of the short stories relate to spiritual events, for such thoughts filled the minds of the people. The genius of the nation was spiritual, as that of Germany is metaphysical. But such writers of short stories as Mrs. Phelps-Ward still hold the interest of the best minds, and easily lead all others in dealing in jewels and interpreting what is best in life.

Will the old emotional love-story in the form of the three volumes ever come back again? I hope not. The most enduring parables of life are short, and these models of the past are the best for all time. Read Horace's "De Arte Poetica" for the first principles of literary art, in all of its forms. The old Apulian poet, after giving to the world that brief poem of direction, left but little for any one to say. "He that hath blent the useful with the agreeable hath carried every vote." The most agreeable form of literary teaching in our times and country has become the short story, and we see no reason to criticise it, to disparage its mission, or to regret its advent. We would rather welcome it as the good genius of our hearts, hearths, and homes.

There was a Village Improvement Society in the town, and this had once engaged the activities of our young people of the Spanish Class. The society gave entertainments, beautified old historic places, set out trees in public ways, made a flower-garden of the public-school yard, purchased pictures for the town hall, and caused portraits of worthy citizens to be placed there. The work was patriotic and educational, and the Spanish Class grew out of this progressive training. The members of the class were still members of the Improvement Society.

One of the purposes of the society was the collection of Village Folk Lore. Mrs. Green had been a very useful member in this department of literary work. Every village has traditions and

stories that pass on from one generation to another because of their wit or worth. They are much like Grimm's "Household Tales of Germany." The society collected these tales from the old story-tellers. Mrs. Green supplied a number of such stories, chiefly traditions of the Battle of Bennington, of Elder John Leland, and the marvellous stories of the Great Cheshire Cheese.

There was one story which Mr. Green used to relate that he was often asked to repeat. It had some very curious points and picturings. As an illustration of the stories of this tradition-loving family, we will give this story here:—

THE GHOST OF GREYLOCK.

It was a clear evening late in December. I recall it well, though I was a boy then. A gold star was shining in the fading crimson over the old New England town near Greylock like a lamp in a chapel window. The woodland pastures were purple with gentians, red with cranberries, and yellow with frost-smitten ferns. The still air echoed from the russet hills the call of the chore-boy. The wains were rumbling home on the leafless country-roads. Stacks of corn-husks were rising here and there, after late hours' husking; and now and then a supper-horn was blown from the door of some red farmhouses among the orchards, far and near.

Over the country-road, between the sunset and moonrise, John Ladd, a farmer boy, was driving home a team of pumpkins and shocks of stalks. These stalks were cut late in summer, and gathered into small bundles. The bundles were themselves gathered into shocks, and these shocks were so tied as to form a compact body about five or six feet high. A shock of stalks in the evening resembled the form of a woman, or the old-fashioned costume of a lady in short waist and large hoops.

In bringing home the pumpkins from the fields of corn in which they commonly grew, it was a custom to load a few shocks of stalks upon them, and to cover the pumpkins with them in the barn cellar, or on the barn floor, as a protection from the cold.

Johnny Ladd had learned a new tune, a very popular one at that time, and he was one of those persons who are haunted by the musical ear. Everybody was singing this new tune. The tune was called, "There's a sound going forth

from the mulberry-trees," and the words were very mysterious and sublime, being taken, in part, from the inspirations of the old Hebrew poets.

Johnny made the old woods ring with the new tune, —

"What joyful sound is this I hear,
Fresh from the mulberry tops!"

A new tune turns the head of an impressionist, especially when associated with such grand, poetic images as these; and while Johnny's voice was being echoed by old Greylock, the boy lost his sense of sublunary things, and one of the bundles of stalks tumbled off of the load and landed in the middle of the road without his notice, and stood there upright, looking like the form of a woman at a little distance away in the dark. In slipping from the load the shock had bent a few sheaves upward on one side; so it presented the appearance of a woman with her arm raised as a gesture of warning.

The cart rumbled on with its singing young driver, leaving this ominous figure in the middle of the road at the very top of the hill.

Many of the old towns used to have a poor, homeless dog, — "nobody's dog," or dog vagrant, — a cur that farm-hands "shooed," boys stoned, women avoided, and no one owned or cared to own. Cheshire had such a dog; he used to steal bones from back-yards, and sleep under haystacks and shocks of stalks, and run out of these with his tail curled under him when he heard any one approaching. This dog came trotting along the road, soon after the shock of stalks had been left behind, and thinking that the shock would be a good cover for the night, crawled into it, curled up, and probably went to sleep.

The shock was left on smooth, shelving ground, and could slip about easily; and whenever the dog moved the shock moved, waving its spectral hand in a very mysterious manner.

Now just beyond this animated effigy on the top of the hill, was a graveyard, and in it a year before had been buried an old woman who had been found dead sitting in her chair. Her grave had been visited by a local poet, who had written for her gravestone the following biographical epitaph: —

"As I was sitting in my chair,
Busy about my worldly care,
In one brief moment I fell dead,
And to this place I was conveyed."

Such was the animated corn-shock, and the peculiar condition of affairs on the top of the hill, when a party of philosophical jokers met to pass the evening in the big travellers' room of the "Half-Way Inn."

This inn was kept by Freelove Mason, a buxom hostess whose name was familiar to every traveller between Boston and Albany in the pastoral days of the old New England stage-coach. She was a famous cook, like Julien, of the good-living Boston inn, whose name still lives in soups, and often heads the appetizing list on menus.

The gray-coated old stage-drivers used to toot their horns on approaching the elm-shaded valley of Cheshire, as a signal to Freelove to have the afternoon dinner hot on the table when the coach should stop under the swinging sign between the steeple-like trees.

What stages they were, with their heavy wheels and flexible leather gearing! They were painted green and yellow, with sign letters in red, and the State of Massachusetts coat-of-arms or other seal on the door. The middle seat was supplied with a broad leather band for a back, which was unhooked while the passengers of the back seat found their places. The driver's seat was high and grand, with a black leather boot under which were placed the mail-bags, and a dog that had been well educated in the school of growls, and that was sure to check any impertinent curiosity in the conscientious exercise of his office. A tall whip cut the air above the seat, protruding out of a round pocket near the one high step. A tally-ho horn found a place between the driver's legs; and when it was lifted into the air, its blast caused the dogs to drop their tails, and the hares to prick up their ears, and the partridges to whir away, and the farm hands to take breath amid their work.

It was an important hour in Cheshire when the grand Boston coach dashed up between the two great Lombardy poplars, and stopped at the horse-block in front of the Half-Way Inn. Dogs barked, children ran, and women's faces filled the windows among the morning-glory vines. At the open door stood Freelove always, on these occasions, her face beaming, her cap border bobbing, and her heart overflowing, and seeming to meet in every guest a long-lost sister or brother. She knew how to run a hotel; and nothing but prosperity attended her long and memorable administration.

On this notable evening of which I speak, the principal characters were Judge Smart, Billy Brown — or "Sweet Billy," as he was called, an odd genius. who was the "Sam Lawson" of the Berkshire Hills — Cameralsman, the stage-driver, and Blingo, the blacksmith. I can see the very group now, as when a boy. They were joined by Freelove herself, early in the evening, who brought her knitting, and was eager to discuss the latest marvel of the newspaperless times, and to add the wisdom of her moral reflections upon it. She prefaced the remarks which she wished to make emphatically — and they were frequent — with the word "Lordy," almost profane in its suggestions, but not ill-inten-

tioned by her. It was a common exclamation of surprise in the old county towns.

The short, red twilight had been followed by light gusts of night winds, whirling leaves, passing like an unseen traveller, leaving silence behind. Shutters creaked, and clouds flew hurriedly along the sky over the sparkling courses of the stars.

The conversation of the evening turned on the old topic, — Were there ever haunted places? Judge Smart and Blingo, the blacksmith, were of the opinion that there were no trustworthy evidences of supernatural manifestations to human eyes and ears, and it required great moral courage at this time to call in question the traditional philosophy of the old Colony teachers and wonder tales.

“There is no evidence whatever that there ever was a haunted place in this country or anywhere else, and I do not believe that any one ever knew such a place except in his imagination, not even Cotton Mather himself, or that any one ever will.

“With those who think that there are witches,
There the witches are;
With those who think there are no witches,
Witches are not there.”

So said Blingo, the blacksmith.

Freelove started, but only said, “Lordy!” in a deep contralto voice. Was it possible that such heresy as this had been uttered in the great room of her tavern? A tavern without a haunted room or some like mystery would be just a tavern; no more to be respected than an ordinary! She let down her knitting-work into her lap in a very deliberate way, and sat silent. Then she said most vigorously to Blingo, the blacksmith, —

“So you have become of the opinion of the Judge and the stage-driver? Look here, Blingo, I should think that you would be afraid to doubt such things. I should. I should be afraid that something awful would follow me, and whoop down vengeance on me, like an old-fashioned hurricane, — I should. Mercy me, hear the wind howl! There it comes again. Lordy!”

The great sign creaked, and a loose shutter rattled, and a shutter banged.

“Blingo, you may be an honest-meaning man, but don’t you invite evil upon this house. I —”

“My good woman, don’t you worry. I just want to ask you one question: If ghosts cry and shriek, as you say they do, they can also *talk*, can’t they, now? Say?”

"I suppose so."

"Well, why don't they do it then, and tell what they want, honest-like? There, now!"

There came another rush of wind and leaves, and many rattling noises. Freelove seemed to have an impression that she was called on to vindicate the invisible world in some way so as to sustain the most friendly relations to it.

Sweet Billy Brown, the Cheshire joker, came to her assistance in a very startling and unexpected manner, after one or two more ominous bangs of a shutter. How odd he looked; his face red with the fire, and his eyes full of roguery!

"Freelove," said he, with lifted eyebrows and wide mouth, — "Freelove, these are solemn times for poor, unthinking mortals to make such declarations as these. Winds are blowin', and winders are rattlin', and shutters are bangin', and what not. Hist! Just you listen now."

He gave me a curious wink, as much as to say, "Now watch for a rare joke."

"Did you know that old woman, she what died last year, come November, come the 12th, sitting in her chair, bolt upright — so?" Billy straightened up like a statue. "Did you know what she answered? She answered some boys what was a-whortelberryin' in her graveyard!"

"Answered?" said Freelove, with a bob of her cap-border. "Answered? Lordy! Did you say answered?"

"Mercy me! Yes, answered. 'Twas all mighty curious and mysterious like. Them boys they just hollered right out there, up in that old, briery, burying graveyard on the windy hill, 'Old woman, old woman, what did you die of?' And the old woman answered — nothin' at all."

Billy gave me another peculiar look.

"Lordy! Did she? I always knew it was so. Nothing ailed her; she had just got through."

"But I have n't; that is n't all. I have somethin' more to tell, — somethin' to make your hair stand on end, as Shakspeare says."

Freelove felt of her wig.

"One night in October," continued Sweet Billy, "a certain young man that I might name was passing that place with his girl, and he told the girl, as they were passing, what answer the old woman had made to the whortelberryin' boys in her graveyard. And she says, says she, 'I dast to ask that question;' and she went up to the wall, she did, and says she, says she, mighty pert and chipper-like, says she, 'Old woman, old woman, what did you die of?' and

just as true as I am sittin' here, and the wind is blowin', and the shutters are bangin', the old woman answered, just as she did before — nothin' at all!"

Freelove's cap gave another bob, and she said, "L-o-r-d-y!" when Sweet Billy continued: —

"And I, — yes, I ventured to ask her the same question one night when I was passin', and I, true as preachin', got the same answer myself, — nothin' at all. You may believe it or not, — there, now."

Freelove sat like a pictured woman in a pictured chair.

"I have always heard that that old graveyard was haunted," said she at last. "Now let us be perfectly honest and sincere with each other. You three men say that there is no such thing as the appearance of spirits to living people. That is so. If you, Judge Smart, and you, Cameralsman, and you, Blingo, will go to-night up to the top of that hill and say those identical words, I will give you all a hot supper when you return. It is in the brick oven now. People have seen strange things there for forty years. Here is a test for you. There, now! You've all got ears and eyes. Will you go?"

"I will," said the Judge. "I would n't think any more of doing a thing like that than I would of going to the wood-pile and speaking to the chopping-block."

"Nor I," said Cameralsman.

"Nor I," said Blingo.

"Well, go," said Freelove; "but promise me that if you should see anything all in white, or if the old woman answers you as she did the others, you will believe these ghost stories to be true."

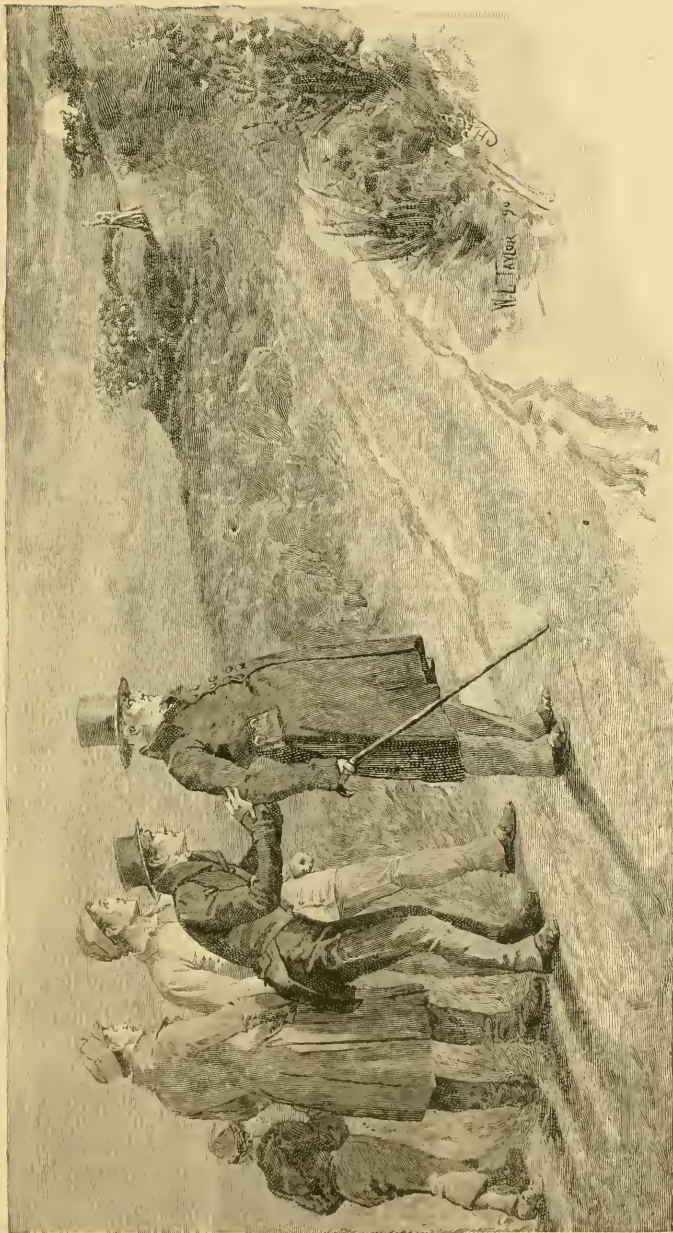
"Yes," said the Judge, the stage-driver, and the blacksmith, all in chorus.

There was a shout of laughter, and a swinging of arms and putting on of overcoats; and the three men banged the door behind them, and turned merrily toward the hill road, thinking only of the hot supper they would have on their return. A December supper out of an old brick oven in the prosperous days of the Cheshire farmers was no common meal.

I followed them. I thought I saw the double sense of Sweet Billy's words, and I was full of wonder at his boldness. The old graveyard had borne a very doubtful reputation for nearly a generation, but Billy's joke furnished a new horror to the place of dark imaginations.

It was a bright, gusty December night. The moon was rising like an evening sun behind the great skeletons of oaks on the high hill. Now and then came a gust of wind breaking the chestnut burrs, and dropping down showers of chestnuts. The frosts were gathering and glimmering over the pastures.

Billy Brown was specially happy over his joke, and the play upon words



THE GHOST OF GREYLOCK.

in the old woman's supposed answer. He had told the story in such a realistic way and tone that no one had seen the point of it, which is at once obvious in print. The Judge had a very strong feeling of self-sufficiency.

"I would not engage in this foolishness but for the supper," said he. "Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl!"

"Nor I," said Cameralsman. "I would hate to be quoted all over the town as having made such scatter-brains of myself. The people would all be laughing at me, and if there is anything that I can't endure it is to be laughed at. There are men who face battles that cannot stand a joke. I have seen stormy weather on the old roads, but my legs would fly like drumsticks in a cannonade, before the giggle of a girl. People are governed by their imaginations, and that makes us all a strange lot of critters."

After these sage remarks we stubbed along the moonlit road, the Judge leading. Once he stopped and said, "What fools we all are!" repeating Puck's view of the human species.

"That's so," said Cameralsman.

"You'll feel as full of wisdom as old King Solomon," said Billy, the joker. "You will, now, when you hear that answer comin' up from the bowels of the earth, without any head or tongue or body, or nothin'."

The three men laughed.

A white rabbit ran across the road. We all stopped. White! Was it a sign? Our imaginations began to be active, and to create strange pictures and resemblances. There followed the white streaks of the rabbit a gust of wind, overturning beds of leaves. I was so excited that my forehead was wet with perspiration.

"Cracky! There's somethin' strange somewhere. I can feel it in the air," said Billy. "My two eyes! What is that?"

We all stopped. The moon was rising over the oaks and pines, and on the top of the hill stood what looked to us all like the figure of a woman with an arm raised, mysterious and silent, as in warning.

Under ordinary circumstances we would have seen there simply a shock of stalks. But our imaginations were excited, and we were in doubt.

"It's the old woman herself," said Cameralsman.

"Come out to meet us," said the Judge, sarcastically.

"Cracky, if I don't believe it is," said Billy, with bending form and staring eyes.

"Judge?"

"What, Billy?"

"That was a joke."

"What?"

"Wot I said about the old woman, and that she would answer nothin' at all. But the graveyard *is* haunted. I've heard so a hundred times."

"Well, that figure is no joke, as you can see. But it is up there that we shall have to go, and you too, Billy."

"Oh, Judge, not now that I told you it was all a joke."

"But you must, Billy."

"Why?"

"Do you want to be laughed at as a coward?"

There was a movement of the figure.

"Oh, Judge, look! I can see her hand move. Oh, heavings and earth! let us try a race back to the tavern."

"No, no; we must investigate. We'd lose our reputations if we did not. A man must stand by his reputation whatever may come."

"Judge, these are soleinn times. Anybody is welcome to my reputation; I'd part with it now if I only could get back to the tavern again," said Billy.

The Judge pressed on. The rest followed unwillingly; Billy lagging behind the others, but led on by force of example.

Our imaginations now made of the object a perfect old woman, with a waving arm.

"Judge," said Billy again.

"Come on, you coward!"

"She is warning us to turn back," said Billy. "Don't you see? *Back* it is. Just look at the moon, Judge. Have n't you any respect for the moon, nor for warnin's, nor for me, nor for nothin'? 'Back,' she says, 'turn *back*.'"

We were now in full view of the object, our nervous fears growing at every step. We all stopped again.

"Cameralsman," said the Judge, "you have muscle; throw a stone at her."

Cameralsman picked up a stone and threw it with great force towards the mysterious image.

The effect was surprising. The figure began to bob up and down, and to move down the hill, turning round and round, and waving its threatening arm. We all stepped back; Billy crying, "The heavings have mercy on mortal man!" All the nervous control we had left vanished. We were now mere children of our fancies, victims of our fears.

The next event paralyzed us all. I can hear it now. A wild, piercing, muffled cry, or shriek, rose from the figure, cutting the air and echoing everywhere a wild, long, piteous howl. It was repeated twice. Then the figure turned round and round again, waving its long arm; then it seemed to bow

over, and, as it did so, a white form leaped into the air. A wild gust of wind swept over the hill; the prostrate figure was borne into the gulch by the way-side, and the white form was gone as though it had vanished. The road was clear. The moon seemed like the head of a giant rising over the hill. We were all dumb with fear. Even the Judge spread his legs apart in terror.

"It is n't in mortal power to stand such a sight as that," said he. "The invisible world is after us. Run!"

We all approved his decision.

Run? We turned at the order, and I never saw nervous energy so applied to the limbs of any human beings as it was then. There came another gust of wind that carried away the Judge's hat. We did n't stop for it. Billy stumbled once and fell headlong, and rose covered with blood. But he only said, "Heavings!" and bounded on again, his legs flying faster than before. In this excited condition we returned to the inn, and tumbled one after another into the door. Freelove met us there, all excitement, with her usual inconsiderate exclamation. The Judge was first to speak after the return.

"There are some things that make one wish for extraction or annihilation," said he; "and the invisible world has come down from the firmament to *terra firma*." This judicial announcement I have always thought a model of its kind. "The wise men are confounded; I never really and truly believed in such things before."

"I would n't stay in this neighborhood," said Cameralsman, "for all the taverns in America. I never really believed that such things happen; now I *know*. I am *sure*."

"Heaving forgive me!" said Blingo, the blacksmith, "I am a humbled man. I have all the evidences of my senses. These things *are* so."

"Your supper is ready," said Freelove, turning round and round, like a top.

"Supper?" said the Judge. "I don't feel as though I would ever eat anything again."

"If I only knew where there was any safe world to go to, I'd go there," said Billy. "I declare I would. This is about the poorest world that I ever got into,—it is, now. Ghosts a-swingin' their arms, an' whirlin' roun', an' shriekin', an' callin' up the moon an' winds, an' disappearin' right before your eyes into the bowels of the earth. Oh, my! Why, anybody who would doubt what we saw would doubt anything. Heaving forgive me! This is my last joke. I've got through."

Freelove flew about, all excitement. We agreed, the Judge and all, that here was a supernatural event. How could we have dreamed of a dog in a shock of stalks?

Here, at last, was a case of real ghost in old Greylock!

CHAPTER VI.

ARTHUR'S HOME MUSEUM AND ITS RELATION TO THE JOURNEY.



THE first step is all the way," said Mr. Green to Arthur one evening, when he had suggested to his son that it was a good plan to have a home museum.

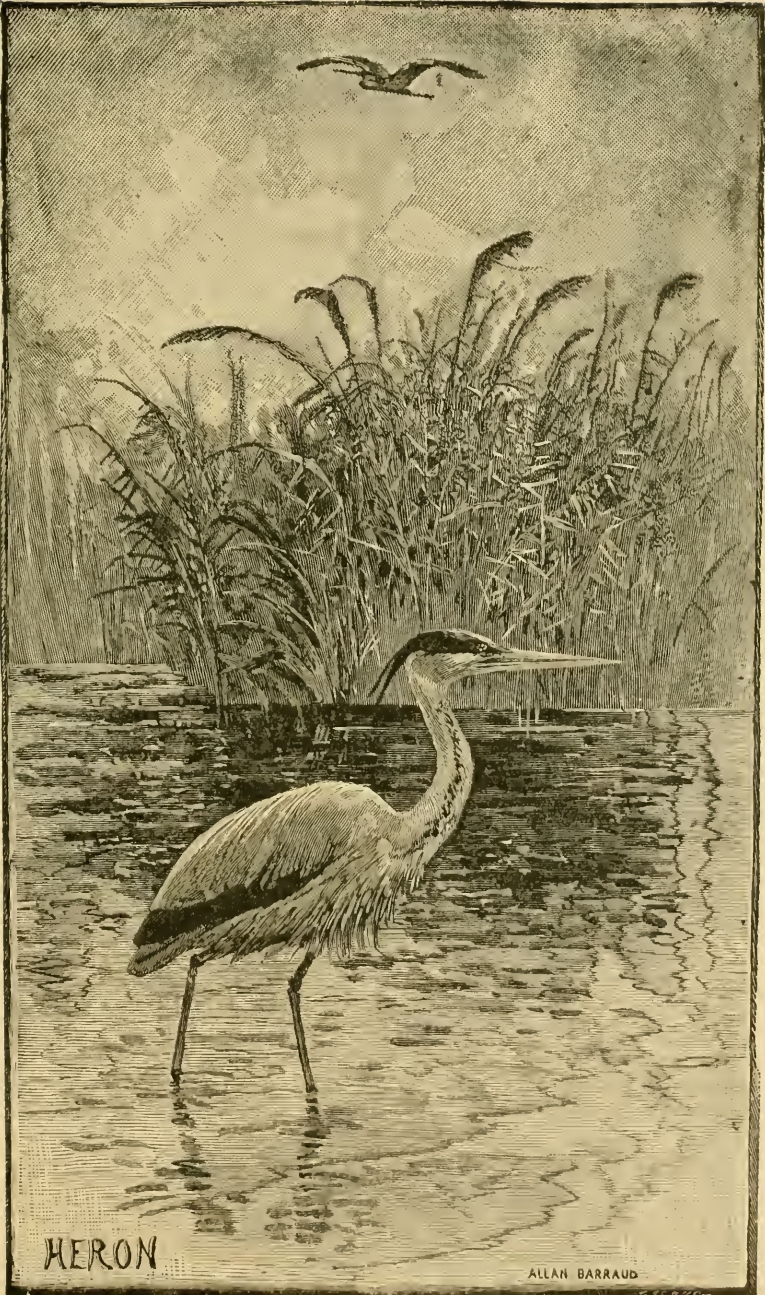
"The subject of home education," said Mr. Green, "is likely to receive much attention in the future, as an essential outgrowth of the Chautauquan Circles; and I think that the time will come when travel will become a part of our educational system. Certain I am that families more and more will seek to make a school in the home, with a library for the young, with apparatus for scientific experiment, and a museum."

"A museum?" said Arthur. "How would you collect a home museum?"

"A home museum," said Mr. Green, "may be made a playhouse of useful study and experiment. Such museums have usually consisted of minerals, coins, shells, stuffed birds and fishes, fossils, postage-stamps, and autographs. These are all interesting collections, and follow the English methods of making a cabinet of curiosities; but in our country an enlargement of the plan may be appropriate, with articles peculiar to our soil and history."

"How would you make the cabinet?" asked Arthur.

"The case or cabinet of such a museum may be very simple and inexpensive. It may consist merely of shelves and curtains, though it would be better to have a case with glass doors, or boxes with glass



HERON

ALLAN BARRAUD

A FLORIDA HERON.

covers. A plaster bust of some representative man, a stuffed eagle or owl, buffalo horns, or some curious fossil may be used to ornament the top of the cabinet, if a case instead of boxes be used."

"And what would you put into a home museum like this?" asked Arthur.

"Indian relics," said Mr. Green. "The passing away of the Indian tribes makes the collection of Indian relics an interesting matter of history. These relics are to be found in all parts of our country. Arrow-heads and wampum are almost everywhere to be found embedded in the soil. Indian axes and flints, and mills where corn was ground by being beaten with a pestle or rolled under a pestle, are common curiosities; and pottery is exhumed in many places in the Southwest.

"Indian beads and pipes are common to all parts of the country.

"In order to make interesting such relics as these, they should be associated with traditions and local wonder-tales, and their associations explained. Nearly every town in America has its Indian stories, and the collection of the romances of primitive life is a most poetic and picturesque study.

"An artist friend of mine visited the old Indian Reservation at Lakeville, Massachusetts, painted a portrait of one of the Wampanoag tribe, and made sketches of the ancient Indian burying-ground, and other scenes of traditions about the lake. He was impelled only by the motive to preserve the historical associations of the few descendants of Massasoit and King Philip.

"Let me map out a plan:—

Heirlooms.

"In the thirteen original States of the Union are many fine oak houses, with great chimneys and fireplaces, broad halls with facing doors, winding stairs, and cavernous garrets. In these garrets are often stored away the old cradles, sticks, clocks, settles, looms, wheels,

fire-dogs, guns, pictures, samplers, warming-pans, and other antique articles of former generations.

“Many families in New England have sold such relics for old brass, iron, or rags; the planters of Virginia and the Carolinas have, as a rule, entertained a larger sentiment of respect for such things, as have the families of Pennsylvania.

“It is an easy matter to change a garret, which still contains such relics as have been mentioned, into an antiquated museum, and to associate many articles with heroic, romantic, amusing, or pathetic traditions of the family,—*our* garret, for example.

“You have visited the antique rooms of the Colonial house of Major Ben: Perley Poore. The Major’s rambling chambers and attics are full of articles associated with stories, and he learned to relate these traditions in a very vivid way. In his home old New England lived again, as the days of Washington still live in the upper rooms at Mount Vernon.

Shells.

“The collection of shells, by the sea and on the land, is one of the simplest ways of training the eye to see beauty in common things. When a collection of shells has been made, sea-ferns and plants and flowers become wonderfully interesting to the museum-maker.

“The salt-water shells, fresh-water shells, and land shells may be so arranged as to present many curious points of comparison; and the beginner may well open his museum with these. The simple study will be likely to lead him on into the wide field of fossils and zoölogy.

Farm Collections.

“Taxidermy requires training and skill beyond the ability of beginners in museum-making; and coin-collecting, to be representative, demands a considerable outlay in money. But each farmer’s boy



CURIOSITIES OF THE SEA.

could make a museum of the curiosities to be found on his own home place. Thoreau says :—

“ If with fancy unfurled
 You leave your abode,
 You may go round the world
 By the old Marlboro' road.”

“ The great number of curiosities that may be gathered from a single farmstead will greatly surprise a visitor, who will not be unlikely to regard the locality as one of the most curious in the country.

“ ‘ Some persons,’ said wise Dr. Johnson, ‘ will see more things in a single ride in a Hempstead stage-coach than others will see in a tour of the world.’

“ The number of flowers that could be collected on a one-hundred-acre farm would in most parts of the country be a revelation to any but a practical botanist. A book of these pressed flowers is a treasure for the farm-museum. So also with the different kinds of woods that may be collected on a farm; and again, feathers.

“ The minerals that may be collected on a single farm are usually numerous. It might be well for a school or a boys' club to offer premiums for the largest collections of pressed flowers and of minerals to be found on any one farm in a township. The search would become a study; the study a taste and habit, and the habit develop a studious character.

Humorous Collections.

“ Among the curiosities in the Philadelphia mint is a ‘ coin made in Philadelphia two thousand years ago.’ This pleasant use of an Asian name leads more people to examine this coin than the thousands of others in the wonderful cabinets. It is often annoying to a serious collector to see his friends turn away from curiosities of worth, to talk over what is merely quaint and humorous.

“ Any young collector can have many oddities. Old toys, pictures,

riddles, sports and games, masks; curious growths of parts of trees, and animal-shaped roots may claim his attention. He must not have a dull museum."

Arthur searched the garret, fields, and farms, and constructed such a museum; but when it was so nearly completed as to become interesting, his ambition suddenly changed into plans for making collections on a larger plan. He had been to Cambridge, Mass., and seen the collection of antique pottery from ancient mounds, in the Peabody Museum; and it was his wish to visit the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, and see the relics of the Cliff Dwellers. The plan of a journey to the Mississippi Valley, Mexico, and the Islands of the Discovery seemed to open to him a fine opportunity to collect interesting material for a large home museum.

"I hope that we shall go by the way of Washington," he said one day to his father.

"Why?" asked Mr. Green.

"So that I may see the Museum of the Smithsonian Institute," said Arthur.

"We can take that route," said his father. "The usual way to Chicago is by Albany and Detroit. It would be a good plan to go by the way of Washington, and so start on our educational journey from the Columbus doors of the Capitol."

"I see," said Arthur, "how I can enlarge my museum, and make it like a picture book of history. We are really going over the scenes of Early America. I want a museum that will mean something and teach something, and I now shall have the opportunity to collect such a one. I am glad, father, you taught me how to form the little home museum. I now can make it evolve and grow, and I have caught the spirit of seeking things that recall the events of the past; and the more I love the study of history, the greater is my wish to illustrate it in the museum."

"One step," repeated Mr. Green, "is all the way."

CHAPTER VII.

THE SPANISH CLASS.— LITERARY AND HUMOROUS ENTERTAINMENTS.



THE evenings of their lessons the Spanish Class gave an hour to the language, and an hour to social entertainments. The entertainment followed the lesson, and to this guests were invited. The entertainment consisted for the most part of reading, tableaux, and music. The topics were often Spanish

and historical, but sometimes miscellaneous and humorous; and on several occasions Mrs. Green entertained the class and guests by relating folk-lore stories and amusing tales of social life. Mrs. Green's stories had so much that was suggestive in them that they were always received with delight, and it came to be the usual question with the class, after the lesson and entertainment, —

“Now, Mrs. Green, will you not give us something *lively*?”

Arthur often gave the class something “lively,” in the form of questions which tested their progress. He once said to Mr. Green, the teacher: “I have been thinking that if I knew only one question in Spanish, I could travel with that through all Spanish countries.”

“What is that question?”

“This, — ‘What do you call *that*?’ How do you ask that question in Spanish?”

“*Cómo se llama eso?*”¹ and the answer would be, “*Eso se llama —*”

“I should only have to be able to ask that question to learn everything.”

¹ Co'moh say lyah'mah ay'soh.

He often asked different members of the class that question, which he thought would prove a key to the language in travelling, but almost invariably received the answer, "No sé" or "No comprendo, Señor."

The class had an evening of Spanish historical tableaux, which were acted history. The history and literature of Spain and Spanish countries offer delightful opportunities for tableaux.

The coming year, which celebrates the American discovery, invites a revival of Spanish historical tableaux and music.

The stringed instruments of the Latin races and the South are growing in popular favor, as the romances of the Great Discovery again become active in the student's experience. Among the scenes that may be effectively presented in tableaux with the music of the cavalier and *bolero*, we may suggest Columbus as a boy on the quay of Genoa, after the manner of the exquisite statuette in the Boston Art Museum, a picture of which many of our readers may have seen; Columbus at the gate of La Rabida; Columbus's first sight of Isabella; Columbus listening to the music of land birds, which music may be imitated; the *Te Deum* of Columbus at San Salvador, which music may be sung by an unseen chorus; Columbus's first interview with Indians; his second meeting with Isabella; his narration to the Spanish sovereigns on the field of Sante Fé; the Viceroy in chains, and his death.

On the field of Sante Fé at Barcelona the chapel choir of Isabella sang a *Te Deum* when Columbus had finished the narrative of the Discovery. Columbus appeared in rich court dress on this occasion, and was attended by Indians with plumes, jewels, and tropic birds. This scene would make a rich historical tableau for music. Any one of the old *Te Deums* might not inappropriately be chanted.

Mr. Diaz had travelled in Spain and in Spanish-American countries. He was a lover of poetry, and often wrote verse. He gave several talks at the entertainments on Spanish music, and on curious scenes that the class would see in the Columbian seas.

Mr. Green suggested the courses of entertaining reading for the

class. He once gave the class an essay on the subject of such readings; and as our young friends often are found asking for such advice, we give a part of this paper here. We hope that other Spanish classes may be formed on the plan in this narrative, and so we present a view of all the methods of the development which this social club employed.

Tennyson says that we are "a part of all that we have met." Books to-day are the models and builders of life. Good readings form as a rule a standard from which there comes no relapse in taste, except from loss of personal character. The memories of evenings that have helped life are long inspirations to young people; harvests that ripen to the end, and shed their good seeds for other soils. The thoughts of youth, Longfellow says, are "long, long thoughts;" and Robert Southey thus speaks of his beautiful experience in the companionship of good books, —

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe,
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of heartfelt gratitude."

Ballads of Genius.

Classical ballads and sympathetic narrative poems are popular features of reading-clubs, and should have a place in home readings. I make a selection of a few ballads that are favorites in the elocutionary schools and reading-circles of Boston: —

1. Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."
2. Rossetti's "Sister Helen," with Delsarte dramatic action.
3. Poe's "Raven," *en tableau*.
4. Mrs. Craik's "Douglas," with music accompaniment.
5. Longfellow's "Old Clock on the Stairs," with voice imitation of the pendulum.
6. Tennyson's "Bugle Song."

Six Wonderful Short Stories.

"What are six short stories that bear the stamp of genius or that are representative?" may be asked by the director of a reading-club. I once met with the following selection as classics with which all should be familiar as a matter of literary intelligence:—

1. Irving's "Rip Van Winkle."
2. Baron Fouqué's "Undine."
3. Poe's "Gold Bug."
4. Dickens's "Christmas Carol."
5. Mrs. Spofford's "Amber Gods."
6. Edward Everett Hale's "Man without a Country."

Readings in Biography.

Biographical reading is one of the strongest influences in the education of character. Innumerable lives have found inspirations for good or sympathetic direction by reading of biography. Young people often find, as it were, themselves in biography, or a character of like tendencies, views, and purposes; and such a character becomes a model for the new sculptor of the marble of life.

Courses of biographical readings in a family may be arranged by selections of the most impressive chapters from classic and popular biography. I suggest six evening readings.

1. The Early Life of Horace. Little Classics.
 2. Selections from Plutarch's Lives.
 3. The chapters in Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" that relate to "Oliver Goldsmith" and "The Vicar of Wakefield."
 4. Selections from Southey's "Life of Nelson."
 5. Selection from "Life of Bishop Patterson," by Charlotte Mary Yonge.
 6. Selections from the "Life of Miss Alcott."
- Lockhart's "Life of Scott" opens a good study to the works of

Scott ; and Samuel Smiles's "Industrial Biography" is full of force and noteworthy directions.

As a rule, an adult reading-club in the home should read the best selections first. I was recently asked to select six masterpieces of the best literature with which intelligent young minds should be familiar, for six readings in the adult home circle. I chose the following :—

1. Plato's "Death of Socrates," and the "Argument for Immortality." In contrast with this read the "Discourse at the Last Supper," as recorded by Saint John.

2. Virgil's "Pollio," translation. In connection with this read Isaiah xi. and lx. ; Horace's "De Arte Poetica."

3. "Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakspeare. In connection, Mendelssohn's music to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," or at least the "Wedding March."

4. Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Abridge this work ; introduce it by the story of its composition, and assign the most vivid and remarkable chapters to sympathetic readers.

5. Browning's "Paracelsus."

6. Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal."

It may be thought that these selections as a whole rise above the popular taste and appreciation ; but they represent a part of the highest spiritual teaching and the best intellectual and literary achievements. The Discourse of Socrates before drinking the hemlock, and the "Pollio" (IV. Eclogue) may look uninteresting on a list of topics, but an intense interest is awakened when the study of them begins. They open wide doors of history, and stimulate the best thought, and fix a standard and leave an impression of literary character.

Carlyle's "French Revolution," which is a moral analysis of thrilling and dramatic events, Macaulay's "Essays," and Thackeray's "Henry Esmond" are excellent selections for a course of home readings. They are character education.

Where a selection for an evening's readings may seem heavy to young minds unused to stimulating thoughts, let the exercise be followed by music, or light character recitations. Discussion of the topic is far better, if a lively interest be awakened in the readings. But recreation is desirable after sustained mental effort, and the recreative arts should have their full share in household experiences.

In most reading-clubs music should be introduced. This may be made educational. The historic ballad is a picture of the past; and this kind of ballad, which is so much esteemed in other countries, needs to become a part of the educational influences of our own homes. Historical ballad concerts are becoming a popular feature of New York life, as they are of the social life of all European cities. Our country, which is patriotic in its literature, should be more patriotic in its music.

I select six patriotic ballads that voice American life, and that are well adapted to the reading-circle:—

1. The Vacant Chair.
2. Keller's American Hymn.
3. Ben Bolt.
4. My Old Kentucky Home.
5. The Sword of Bunker Hill.
6. The Bridge.

Mr. Green suggested much reading in preparation for the planned journey. Among the popular books were "Wau-ban," or "Early Days in the Northwest," by Mrs. John Kinzie; and "Cuba with Pen and Pencil," by Hazard.

At these entertainments the interpolated stories by Mrs. Green were favorites, and afforded a relief to the more formal exercises. They had a certain humor about them which the young people found in their afterthought was employed to teach them the lessons of right conduct in life.

One of the stories which she was asked to repeat touched several

points of social life in which there is need of correction. 'Arthur liked it, — it "hit off" the girls, he said, — and we give it here, and leave the reader to see how it applied to the ambitious little society.

MRS. PARRISH'S SURPRISE-PARTY.¹

"NOW I will tell you just how it will be," said Mrs. Parrish to her cousin Miss Flora Parrish, confidentially. "Are we alone in the room? Just let me shut the door, for I would not allow so much as a breath of the secret to escape.

"Well, husband and I have been married twenty-five years to-day, but our wedding was celebrated two weeks after our marriage, on Christmas night. My plan is to have a silver-wedding surprise-party next Christmas night."

"Yes; I see, but not very clearly. How would it be a surprise-party, if you arranged it yourself?"

"It is to be a surprise-party to husband, and not to myself. I want you to help me on the occasion, and so to manage to receive the guests that he will not know of their coming until he enters the parlors. He usually goes to his room in the third story after ten, to read and smoke. The cards of invitation shall read, 'Do not ring.' After the guests have arrived, which must be before eight o'clock, as stated in the printed invitations, I will say to husband: 'Henry dear, do you remember that to-night is the twenty-fifth anniversary of our wedding-party? Would you not like to go down into the parlor with me, and have me sing to you some of the old songs that you loved to hear in those days when we were so hopeful and happy?' He of course will be ready to go, — he has no musical taste or culture, but he has a kind of passion for old songs like Moore's.

"The parlors shall be quite dark, and I will take down the dark lamp-lighter with me, and as we enter the room I will say, handing him the lamp-lighter: 'Here, light the chandelier, dear. I wish I had invited a few old friends to meet us here to-night, — the Van Burens, the Hudsons, the Dexters, and the Pinks.' Then he will light the chandelier, and they *will* all be there.

"What a surprise it will be! Do you see? I am going to ask Miss Willemine Pink to play, and her elder sister, Miss Marian, to read an original poem. Do you see?"

"Don't you think the plan excellent? My plans always succeed, as you know, and end so happily. I think I was born to make other people happy: some folks are sent into the world just for that: 't is my mission."

¹ By permission of Harper Brothers.

“Yes; but —”

“But what? Why hesitate to give your full approval? why qualify?”

“Mr. Parrish is not a very warm friend of some of the people whom you propose to invite; certainly not of the Pinks. I fear Miss Willemine’s playing and Miss Marian’s poem would hardly be to his taste, and a wedding anniversary should be a very happy occasion every way, — harmonious not only with the event, but with the personal feelings of both the wife and husband. You remember the musical?”

Mrs. Parrish was silent a moment, and lay back in her chair. She *did* recall the musical: it was *the* terrible recollection of her married life, and the great public humiliation of her long and reputedly brilliant social career.

Not that she had not experienced keen regret at times at her good husband’s lack of the highest appreciation of literature and art. At her Browning party, for example, when an ancient literary friend of once conspicuous and worthy Mrs. Sigourney had asked him, not knowing what else to say, if he “liked Browning,” he had answered, “Yes, what I can understand.” And when the same ancient lady of such commendable literary traditions had put her ear-trumpet to the side of her cap, curls, and ear-ring, and had further asked, “What poems of his do you best understand?” he had answered, “‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin’ and —” The whole brilliant literary company were listening with intense interest. There was an embarrassing silence. Mr. Parrish again gasped. “And —”

And all the rest of them, he means,” added Mrs. Parrish. “He appreciates the beautiful, and *all* that is beautiful, of course.”

Mr. Parrish’s usually pale face took on a youthful tinge, and he played with the spoons, and seemed about to fan himself with a dinner-plate.

After the party Mrs. Parrish was reproachful. “Think,” she said, before retiring, to humiliate Mr. Parrish, “what a confession you made — ‘The Pied Piper of Hamelin’ and —’ Suppose I had not been present, Mr. Parrish?”

The musical, — *that*, as I have intimated, was a more serious affair. Mr. Parrish on that occasion had not only shown a lack of the highest love for the fine arts, but had made an exhibition of a want of self-control that was unworthy of such a gentleman.

The social life of Mrs. Parrish had been an evolution. It began at a church fair, where she had assumed the part of “Rebekah at the Well,” in the interest of benevolence, and in the same interest had sold lemonade in Oriental adornments at ten cents a glass, out of a very unscriptural well. In “Mrs. Jarley” she proved a great success financially. This led her to a more ambitious

effort, — a coffee-party for the “benefit of the common people” (her own people had lived on a milk-farm in New Hampshire, and were contented and happy in the pastoral pursuits of such a life). After a visit to Florida she gave an orange-party, which was really unique and useful as well as popular. Her rooms on this occasion were festooned with orange colors, mingled with Spanish moss and mistletoe, which she had ordered from a plantation on the St. John’s. The guests were dressed in orange, the table was set in cloths and furnishings of the same color, and on the great orange cake was the bough of an orange-tree, on which were stuffed Baltimore birds. Oranges of all kinds covered the tables; grape-fruit, mandarin and navel oranges, tangerines, muscatines, and all the more common varieties of the usual Florida grove.

The popularity of this party was not owing wholly to its uniqueness. A barrel or more of choice oranges were left after the feast; and these were sent in baskets to the sick of the place, to the aged, and the children. For the sake of originality, a negro with a banjo was brought in to sing and play at the tables the songs of the cotton-fields; and Mr. Parrish, to use his wife’s not over-complimentary words, “really acted as though he enjoyed it more than a nocturne by Chopin or a fugue by Bach.”

Successful as the leading lady in church theatricals, Mrs. Parrish began to hold receptions, musicals, and Browning readings in her rather elegant parlors. She grew ambitious to make her receptions particularly notable by the presence of people of genius. Young poets, and musicians, and visitors from abroad who boasted the blood of titled families, were especially welcome. A poem in a newspaper or the publication of a song made the author a child of the immortal gods in the appreciative eyes of Mrs. Parrish. On finding a spirit so touched with the divine fire, her cards of invitation would read, “To meet John Johnson, the new poet,” or “Jacques Jackson, the new composer,” or “Mr. Garland, cousin of the Earl of Flowers.”

The cousins of the earls had given some trouble to Mrs. Parrish on account of their old royal want of ready money; and her loans for board bills, that they might honor her receptions, had never, in three distinct cases, been repaid. Her trouble came, however, more from Mr. Parrish than from a sense of her own loss. His reprovals were very mild, but uncomfortable. “My old gray goose keeps a kind of flying-school,” he once said in her hearing. And again, “Arline does not seem to know that time always speaks the truth about everybody and everything; she thinks that a cat in a fog is as big as a tiger.” But after some such philosophical lesson he paid all Mrs. Parrish’s benevolent bills, and was rewarded by the charitable aside, “My husband does not understand these things, you know.”

The humiliating musical, — it happened in this wise. Mrs. Parrish had invited the pupils of the Laurel Hill Seminary to enjoy an evening's hospitality, and they had accepted. In the midst of the festivity Mr. Parrish had returned from the store, tired and nervous. He stopped in the hall, and glanced in upon the scene of pink cheeks and blazing astrals.

"Husband, you must come in: I am sure you will be so happy to meet these delightful young people. We shall have some music soon."

Mr. Parrish thought of walses by Moszkowski, of scherzos and scherzettos, of a fearful bang at each end of the piano, and runs up and down the keys, "after Scatterbrains." It had all become a horror to him, expressive of no sentiment whatever,—a mere mechanical display that was a torture to his untrained ears.

"Do join us, dear," urged Mrs. Parrish. "Miss Lacombe is going to favor us with an estudiantino."

Just what *that* could be, poor Mr. Parrish failed to comprehend; but it sounded musical in name, and with some misgivings he joined the happy company of young musical divinities.

The piano was at last opened, and a hush fell on the flower-perfumed room. The bright colors of silk and jewels ceased to mingle; and Mrs. Parrish, in black velvet and diamonds, and with the air of an old society duchess, said, "*Now* shall we have some music?"

There was a dead silence.

"Perhaps Miss Lacombe will now favor us with an estudiantino?"

"I would be pleased to give you some Spanish music, but I never play without my notes."

"Did you not bring your notes with you? I hoped you would. Give us a gavotte or capriccio, — something light, as an introduction."

"I assure you that I would be glad to do so, my dear Mrs. Parrish, but I *never* play without my notes."

"Mr. Carmen, I am sure you will favor us — perhaps with one of your great Wagnerian rôles."

Mr. Carmen bowed (low vest, roses, hair *à la Pompadour*). "I assure you, Mrs. Parrish, that it would give me great pleasure to sing, if some one would play my accompaniments."

But no one was found to play an accompaniment to a "great Wagnerian rôle" without notes, and poor Mrs. Parrish could find no music of any "great Wagnerian rôle" for a male voice; and so Mr. Carmen had to be excused, having made for himself a great reputation by what happy circumstances had forbidden him to attempt, like Mr. Parrish's simile of the "cat in the fog."

"I am sure that Miss Emory will now sing Gounod's always enchanting song, 'Sing, smile, slumber.'"

To the relief of all, Miss Emory said: "I will do the best that I can to serve you. English words or French?"

"Oh, French," said Mrs. Parrish. "I have the French words here;" and she laid the sheet music on the piano.

Even unmusical Mr. Parrish liked that song. "There is real poetry in it," he said. He was now glad that he had been allured into the flying-school.

There was a light silvery ripple along the keys, charming the ear at once, bringing the mind into perfect harmony with the airy serenade, and then there came a pause.

"I have never sung it in this key," was the awful explanation. "I would have to transpose it."

"Oh, please do so!" said Mrs. Parrish.

"Yes, do," said Mr. Parrish. "Transpose it any way, but sing it. That is one of my favorites."

There followed a strange mingling of the keys, a disagreeable thump, thump, thumping, here, there, and yonder. It became as interesting as a five-year-old pupil's first music-lesson. Mr. Parrish moved about impatiently, and at last asked, —

"Cannot some of you play that accompaniment? What is a musical education for?"

All could play that accompaniment, but no one could play a transposition of it, or was willing to attempt it at sight; and so the Gounod serenade seemed about to fail.

Mr. Parrish's face began to wear a business-like look. "Cannot some one sing 'Sweet Geneviève'?" he asked.

"A simple American ballad," added Mrs. Parrish. She asked three undergraduates, but each one had a "cold," and "ought not to have been out."

"Well, I declare, this is too bad," said Mr. Parrish. "Wife, where's our French table-girl, Arletta? Send for Arletta!" and Mr. Parrish seized the silver handle of a bell-knob over the shelf, and a sharp ringing was heard in and from the kitchen below.

A servant appeared.

"Send up Arletta."

Arletta appeared; bright, *petite*, all smiles.

"Well, Monsieur."

"Have you your notes?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Where?"

"Here, Monsieur," pointing to her white little throat.

"Can you play an accompaniment?"

"Oui, Monsieur."

"In what key?"

"Any key, — make them up."

"How?"

"Out of my head."

"A skylark has indeed come to the flying-school. Can you sing that song of Gounod, — that serenade, 'Chanté, chanté' — that one?"

"Yes."

"Have you a cold?"

"No."

"Well, sing."

Arletta sat down at the piano, and after a most graceful and rippling introduction sang the serenade in pure French, with a delicacy and vivacity that would have charmed the ear of any popular audience.

"Thank you," said Mr. Parrish. "Now I think I will be excused;" and without so much as saying good-by to any one, he retired to his room.

"My husband is so peculiar!" said Mrs. Parrish. "I hope that you will excuse him."

The musical came to an end at an early hour, and never was called together again. But it came to be a matter of common report that Mrs. Parrish had given a musical, and that Mr. Parrish had called in the table-girl to sing and play. The table-girl and Mr. Parrish were the only people present that seemed to be quite satisfied with the evening's performance. The matter became a part of the witty gossip of the society papers, and so a temporary eclipse came over Mrs. Parrish's social sun.

The plans for the Christmas night surprise-party on the practical Mr. Parrish grew. Miss Pink the elder began her poem for the occasion; and as the greatness of the event, with its boundary of twenty-five years, grew upon her, the poem also grew. She slipped over to Mrs. Parrish's private room on several mornings, when she was sure that Mr. Parrish would be at the store, to inform the delighted lady of the growth of the poem under the enlightenments of successive inspirations. The poem had a solemn title for a festival, "The Flight of Time." It recalled to Mrs. Parrish the muses of good Robert Pollock and Dr. Young.

"What do you think of the introduction?" asked Miss Pink, on her first stolen visit.

“Whene’er I lift my eyes from things that are,
 And fix them on things that are not,
 Then the things that are not are
 The things that are.”

“As mysterious as it is majestic,” answered Mrs. Parrish.

“Then follows an apostrophe to Chronos,” said Miss Pink; “and then an apostrophe to Eros.”

“A grand conception; but—”

“A suggestion?”

“I’m afraid husband, you know, don’t know, you know, or might not know, Chronos from Eros. His mind is peculiar; it can only reach *so* high, or go *so* far,— does not rise above the old English poets in poetry, or above the ‘Messiah’ or ‘Stabat Mater’ or ‘Trovatore’ in music. Some minds cannot. They can master simple arithmetic, but are lost in the Rule of Three.”

It was arranged that the younger Miss Pink should play the “Wedding March” from “Lohengrin” as soon as Mr. Parrish should light the chandelier on the anniversary night, and at the first touch of the music the whole company should exclaim, “A merry silver wedding!” three times. Congratulations were to follow, during which Miss Pink was to play the “Swedish Wedding March,” and the musical programme was to end with Mendelssohn’s “Wedding March.” After the congratulations Mr. Elvi Sylver was to present Mr. Parrish with a silver coin from Mrs. Parrish (paid for out of the aforesaid Mr. Parrish’s own accounts). Then Miss Pink the elder was to read the address to Chronos and Eros, and recall the vicissitudes of twenty-five married years.

“I can hardly sleep for thinking of it,” said Mrs. Parrish to the Misses Pink. “I never dreamed in my simple girlhood that I would ever become a rich man’s wife and a society woman, and a source of inspiration to young and gifted minds. I stand amazed when I recall what twenty-five years have wrought.”

Mrs. Parrish had influenced local politics, and she felt that the aristocratic suburb owed much to her influence in public affairs, as well as in the development of the fine arts. When it was proposed by the Van Burens to make “Lissory,” as the suburb where these important people lived was called, a very select community, from which the “common people” should be excluded by selling no land at less than five thousand dollars per lot, she had favored the scheme, even against the views and principles of her very democratic husband. Mr. Parrish was very liberal in his political views, and had once shocked the Common Council by saying that he did not believe that William the Conqueror had had any more royal blood in him than a hod-carrier, or that any other

king had ever had, and that it was only personal worth that made any crown really royal. The Hudsons, Dexters, and Pinks — families who had grown rich by impoverishing other people by sharp speculations — had joined the Van Burens in creating a suburb that was to exclude the common people for the sake of living “in accordance with the higher social standards.” Mr. Parrish was an honest man, and had become prosperous by the profits of an honest business. He had yielded much to his wife’s influence in the selection of a home, but he had never thoroughly liked his pretentious neighbors, and he especially disliked the Van Burens, the Hudsons, the Dexters, and the Pinks, — people whom Mrs. Parrish was particularly desirous that he should regard as his confidential friends.

The short dark days of December moved on in a hurrying procession toward the gladness of the holidays. The last robins sought the covers of the frosty woods, and the snow-birds came to the door-yard trees with their single note. The evening lamps were early lighted under a steel gray sky. The gentians died, the red berries lined the wayside walls, children gathered creeping-jenny, and the markets began to grow green with the usual decorations for the church and fireside.

“I shall decorate my parlors this year with silver,” said Mrs. Parrish to her housekeeper. “I have a particular reason for it. I am going to buy new curtains with silver thread, the lamp-shades must be of silver paper, the silver ornaments must take the place of the marble ones, and the silver vases must be got ready for white roses. When the lamps are lighted, the rooms must *glimmer*, — do you see?”

The well-trained housekeeper *saw*. She was used to these things. She had prepared the house for a pink tea, a crazy reception, and the famous orange-party; and her fancy’s eye saw just the effect that her mistress wished to produce. So the rooms were prepared to *glimmer* like silver waves when the lamps should be lighted on the evenings of the holidays.

The good housekeeper added some novel effects of her own invention. She “set” the evergreen decorations in a solution of alum and water, and thus tipped them with silvery crystals. When the good woman’s work of decoration was complete, and the rooms were lighted as an experiment, they looked, as Mrs. Parrish enthusiastically expressed it, like “the palace halls of the moon.”

“I always had a genius for such things,” she said. “Some people do. It is not every one that writes poetry with the pen; many do it by creating expressions. Those rooms are a poem. They express sentiment. Everything beautiful that expresses sentiment is a poem. Cleopatra’s barge was a poem, Marie Antoinette’s Trianon, and all the masks of Madame de Pompadour; and *I* am a poet.”

Silver cake was made in abundance, and a set of silver goblets was hired. Miss Pink added to her poem some stanzas on the "silver tide of life." Then a new idea took possession of Mrs. Parrish's poetic mind.

The good lady had done one really unique and useful thing in her social career besides the famous orange-party. It took the form of "Readings with Musical Accompaniments." The village organist was famous for improvising in musical moods, and he had been at Mrs. Parrish's service in these very charming entertainments. Mrs. Parrish had once heard Bellevue's musical readings, and she came away from the gifted young Englishman's performances with a discovery which she thought would make even a series of parlor readings interesting to young people. So she and the organist arranged "Twelfth Night" for an experiment, assigning the parts to certain young students of the Music School, and helping them to appear in costume. The organist was a genius, and well instructed in the old English music and their recent collections; and "Twelfth Night" proving a great success, it was followed by reading all of the plays of Shakspeare which offer a field for music.

She would have Miss Pink's poem read to music, — *silvery* music. True, she had not been able to quite comprehend the introductory lines, which made the "things are not" appear the "things that are;" yet they vaguely recalled to her the fact that memory is the "resurrection of the lost years," as she expressed her understanding of the very obscure passage to Miss Pink herself.

The snow fell one long dark night. The sleigh-bells jingled in the morning. The trees were a harvest of icicles. People hurried in the street. The stores were lighted by four o'clock. The stars had a cold look. The sleigh-bills jingled everywhere, and Christmas came.

Mrs. Parrish's invitations had multiplied. All was ready, even to the dark lamp-lighter and the muffler for the door-bell.

The Christmas dinner was unusually quiet, which fact did not seem to have any depressing effect on the usually philosophical Mr. Parrish.

After a good dinner the quiet gentleman went to his own room "upstairs," as he was always glad to do. He was secretly thankful that there were no guests in the house, and that he could get a few hours in his dressing-gown, with his magazines and reviews, by the open fire.

"Now I am going to read and take a nap. I'm tired."

This was said to Mrs. Parrish on leaving the table, and was intended as a gentle reminder that he did not wish to be disturbed.

Two or more blissful hours passed. Then just as he was deep in an article on "The Future of English-speaking Nations," there came a nervous tap on the door.

Silence.

Another tap, a little louder.

Mr. Parrish said reluctantly, "Come in." He did not leave his easy-chair. Why should he? He had invited no one to his room; and as to Mrs. Parrish, he had politely told her that he wished to be alone.

Mrs. Parrish opened the door, and came in, still and stately, in velvet and silver lace.

"I am sorry to disturb you," she said; "but do you remember, husband, what night this is?"

"Yes, Christmas night."

"But another?"

"Two nights in one?"

"Yes."

She opened an enormous silver fan, and began moving it to and fro.

"Husband, do you remember what happened twenty-five years ago to-night?"

"No. What?"

"Our wedding-party. To-night should be our silver wedding."

"Ah, yes, if you reckon in that way. Don't seem as though we had been married twenty-five years."

"Yes, twenty-five long years."

"Well, Arline, you have been a good wife, a pretty good wife, or used to be before your head became unsettled by society. I ought to have made you a present of a silver something."

Mrs. Parrish waved her silver fan uneasily. Mr. Parrish was not talking in a susceptible way.

"Husband, do you remember our early life in the little red house among the New Hampshire hills?"

"Yes."

"And the sheep?"

"We have a different kind of sheep around us now."

"And the cool spring that ran from the mountain-side, to which you used to go for water?"

"Yes."

"And the old dairy-house?"

"Yes." Mr. Parrish dropped the review, and ran his hands through his hair. "Yes, Arline; yes, Arline. And one cannot find the lost years of youth even among the springs of Florida." Mr. Parrish began to hum the tune of the "Old Oaken Bucket."

"I used to sing that song when we were young," continued Mrs. Parrish.

"Would you not like to go down into the parlor and hear me play it and sing it again?"

"Yes, I would, Arline. It would seem like the old days, whose true happiness I shall never know again, — a fine house is not happiness."

The hills of New Hampshire seemed to rise before him and haunt him; the old red house, the school-house, and the mountain springs.

"Arline, I am glad that for once we are alone. I am so weary of all this false life, in which selfish people are seeking pleasure, pleasure, and not the happiness of others. Happiness never comes to those who seek it, Arline. You said that your Florida orange-party made you happy because it made others happy. Your show parties do not make you happy. I wish you would leave off being a waiter at Vanity Fair. I want you to sing to-night *all* of your old songs, — Tom Moore's 'The Light-House,' 'Twilight Dews,' 'Thou sweet gliding Kedron,' and 'Home, sweet Home.' Oh, I am so glad that I am at home, and I am glad that every one else is! I never want to see any more of society, unless it be to help somebody or to subserve some good purpose. Why, I'd rather hear old Parson Bellamy preach Calvinism; that did at least set one to thinking vigorously, if it were only to think one's self out of it."

Mrs. Parrish waved her fan. She went to the door, opened it. Silence. She was sure that all was ready. The organist was there; Miss Pink, she fancied, was at the piano; the elder Miss Pink was waiting with her long poem; and the whole company were standing in full dress in the darkened parlors, ready to shout, "A happy silver wedding!" She felt sure that that was the condition of affairs below stairs, and she was right.

"Husband," said the lady in velvet and silver lace, "I have been unselfish this Christmas. I have given my whole thought and time to a plan to make happy a single poor unhappy man who lives beneath his privileges. When you come to know how charitable I have been, you will better appreciate your wife of twenty-five years." Mrs. Parrish swung her fan.

"But why, Arline, did you put on that party dress, all in spangles like a circus-rider's; and what possible use can you have for that fan? Why, it is large enough to raise a blizzard."

"You will understand me better some day," returned Mrs. Parrish, with an air of mystery. "We must not quarrel to-night, dear, of all the nights of our lives. Now will you go down with me?"

Mr. Parrish rose slowly; Mrs. Parrish brushed his hair, and rearranged his wrapper. Then she took the lamp-lighter from the shelf where she had placed it, lighted it from her husband's match-box, covered the flame with the metal cap, fixed the non-conducting chain that was wound around the long igniting-tube, and opened the door.

The way down was easy. The hall lamp burned dim, the halls were silent, and Mrs. Parrish made a mysterious-looking figure, like a stage Lady Macbeth, with her dark lamp, velvet trail, jewels, and silver bangles.

It was a part of Mrs. Parrish's plan to make Mr. Parrish say something, unwitting, pleasant about the guests in the opaque room, before the chandeliers were lighted. But in view of Mr. Parrish's expressions of gratitude at being for once able to be alone, this plan looked to her hazardous, even perilous. But she was a very politic woman, and equal to any trifling emergency; and her bright mind was studying during her descent how to form her words, on opening the parlor door, so as to elicit only the most flattering answers.

The foot of the stairs was reached. Dead silence.

Mrs. Parrish now timidly opened the parlor door. Darkness. The capped lamp-lighter did not add a ray except perpendicularly downward.

There was an odor of roses and pine, a balmy air, like Tampa Bay or the Indian River.

The two stood in the doorway.

"I almost wish, husband, that we *had* invited a few of our old friends tonight. I know that you would have been glad to have met the Van Burens —"

"Ahem!"

This was encouraging.

"And the Hudsons —"

"Ahem! ahem!"

Admirable.

"And the Dexters?"

"I tell you, Arline —"

"Yes, yes; I knew you would, and we might have had an anniversary poem from some delightful poetess, like Marian, you know; and some better music than I can give you, — something brilliant on the piano, from a professional player, or an inspirational one, like Willemine."

"How the cold shivers do run down my back!"

"I fear you have taken cold, dear."

"Well, well; don't let's stand talking here in the dark; light the chandelier."

"Here is the lamp-lighter, dear."

"Did n't you bring down any matches?"

"No; here is the lamp-lighter; take it."

Mr. Parrish had never used the patent contrivance. He did not know that the metal cap was to be lifted from the bit of light at the top of the slender tube by the little chain; he thought it was to be pulled off like a red-cap raspberry.

Now the metal cap, although it covered but a bit of spirit flame, was in a condition to awaken very lively and decisive thoughts if touched.

Mr. Parrish took hold of this bright and fiery particle with his usual deliberation, pressing it between his thumb and finger. The result was electrical. There were strange, quick motions in the darkness.

"Oh-o-o — all ye gods! *What* have I done? Now I have burnt my fingers, both of them too, with that pesky, rattle-trap contrivance. Oh-o! Oh, my —"

Here the lamp-lighter dropped suddenly and sightless to the floor.

"Oh, never, never mind, husband; never mind. I'll go and get some matches. There, there, never mind."

"Never mind! get into a hornets' nest, and 'never mind;' put your foot on a blistering stove, and 'never mind.' I wish you had *my* fingers for just one minute. Call the servants, — bring a dish of cold water. Quick! I shall have a fit!"

"Yes, yes. Don't get so excited; you are usually cool. A little burn is n't anything. You should have removed the cap with the chain. There, there; you be perfectly still and quiet, and I will go and get some matches and some water."

"Well, do; for mercy sake, hurry. I sha'n't get over this all night. What are you waiting there for? Hurry!"

Mrs. Parrish reluctantly disappeared.

But Mr. Parrish could not obey his wife's wise counsel and "be still;" he *had* to talk to help relieve the pain. And he did.

"I thought I was going to have one day of quiet, — I did, — and not to be bothered by calls from people who have nothing to do, — I *did*. A pretty plan that would have been to have invited that old stock-gambler Van Buren, and that real-estate fraud Hudson, and those shoddy Dexters, and had a great long string of senseless poetry by that empty-headed Marian Pink, and one of those awful piano solos by —"

"There, there," said Mrs. Parrish, hastily returning. "Do be calm, love. Here's a match."

But Mr. Parrish was skeptical about his wife's lamp-lighters in the dark.

"Light it yourself."

"Now, husband dear, be prepared for a surprise."

"A surprise! I guess if you had undertaken to light the room with a coal of fire, there would n't have been much left to surprise you in this world — nor any other."

Mrs. Parrish touched the lighted match to the chandelier. The room was transformed, transfigured. It *glimmered*. But the piano was not played. The

company that stood like statues did not shout "A merry silver wedding!" so much as once. Miss Marian Pink did not unroll her poem.

"I knew that you would be surprised," said Mrs. Parrish.

"I am," said Mr. Parrish.

"I think that we all are," said Mr. Van Buren.

"I am," said Mr. Hudson.

"And I," said Mr. Dexter.

"And I am *not*," said Miss Marian, the poetess. "I always knew that the man was just such an awful fool."

The poem in her hand certainly contradicted the plain prose statement. Did it not say, —

"He stands a tower among earth's grandest peers,
The *Solon wise* of five-and-twenty years"?

There was a silence, a motionless silence, broken only by the unfortunate Mr. Parrish as he rubbed his fingers on his dressing-gown. The room glimmered with silvery lustres, and was full of subtle perfumes.

Then followed a light buzzing that grew into audible whispers: "He did say it;" "He meant *you*;" "He meant *me*;" "He did not know what he said!" "Yes, he did; — he knew;" "He was not accountable;" "A party like this invites such things."

The reserve, amid all the preparation, brightness, and splendor, was quite unaccountable to poor Mrs. Parrish. She tried to have the programme carried forward, but was told that the "late unfortunate circumstance" had made it impossible.

No one spoke to Mr. Parrish, who continued rubbing his fingers, except the sympathetic organist.

"Are you not very much surprised?"

"Very," rubbing his fingers vigorously.

Jingle, jingle, jingle! The sleighs came early for the guests. The drivers that night did not have to wait long out in the cold. The guests departed early. Their tongues were unloosed when once in the frosty air.

Practical Mr. Parrish never dared to tell his wife the whole truth, but he was allowed to pass the next Christmas holiday in the quiet of his own room.

But he never felt quite at ease at the recollection of the event, for another cause than his own loss to local polite society. His wife's intentions had really been very kind, as they often were, despite a little vanity, and he had some misgivings that he had not quite regarded these as a model husband should. However this might be, he never was heard to speak of his silver wedding.

To the readings, music, and stories of the literary exercises of the class, Mr. Diaz sometimes added an original poem; and with one of these we close this chapter, which gives a view of the working of a class study at home: —

THE FLAG THAT THE EMIGRANTS CHEERED.

GIBRALTAR rose dark, and the sun's disk burned low,
 Like a far gate of heaven with banners aglow;
 And red o'er the Pillars of Hercules blazed
 The Star of the Pilots of old, as we gazed.
 And swift the breeze freshened, and deep boomed the gun,
 And the ships of the nations swept by, one by one, —
 The Red Cross of England, the Tricolor proud,
 And the dark German Eagles in billows of cloud.
 Then the Flag of the Stars from the Western waves came,
 And passed in review by the old flags of fame.
 "Why are the ships shouting?" Our feet forward pressed. —
 "'Tis the emigrants cheering." — "Which flag?" — "Of the West."
 The Cross of Saint George
 Floated free o'er the main,
 The black German Eagles,
 The Lions of Spain,
 And the flags of all seas
 In the bright Straits appeared;
 But, oh, 't was my own flag
 The emigrants cheered!

The emigrant mothers their gladdened eyes raised,
 And memories wove of the past as they gazed;
 And their thin hands they waved 'neath the lone Afric Star,
 And greeted the flag of the new lands afar.
 Then the emigrant children laughed out with the rest.
 As their eyes caught the light of the Flag of the West.
 Laugh on, little ones, in your star-lighted way,
 To the Lakes of the States and the Georgian Bay!
 Round the flag of your birthright the sea-birds are veering;
 'T is for you, not themselves, the old mothers are cheering.
 The Red Cross of Saint George
 Waves free o'er the main,
 The Gallic Tricolor,
 The Lions of Spain,

And the flags of all seas
 In the bright Straits appear ;
 But oh ! 't is my own flag
 The children's hands cheer !

Young Romans were there, of the Eagles of old ;
 Strong Charlemagne's sons, of the helmets of gold,
 The heirs of the heroes of world-making wars,
 Passed outward that hour in the night march of stars.
 All thought of the friends to their bosoms most true,
 Of the hearts of the Old World that beat in the New,
 Of the world-weary struggles of peoples oppressed,
 Of the Kingdom of God in the Suns of the West.

The Cross of Saint George
 Passed them by on the main,
 The dark German Eagles,
 The Lions of Spain.
 Off Trafalgar's waters
 The last flag appeared ;
 But mine was the last flag
 That the emigrants cheered.

That scene at Gibraltar in mind lingers yet ;
 That eve Andalusian what heart could forget ?
 And where'er I may roam through the nightfall of years,
 My heart will re-echo the emigrant's cheers.
 Can the soldier forget the last roll of the drum,
 Or the wanderer the song of his mother at home,
 Or the patriot his vision of duty sublime,
 As seen on the towers of the summit of Time ?

I still see the Eagles
 That swept o'er the main,
 The leonine banners
 Of England and Spain,
 The African starlight,
 The gray fortress-crest,
 And the emigrants cheering
 Their flag of the West.

No voice of the bugle, no war-rolling drum.
 Disturbs the sweet peace of my roof-tree of home.
 But the Anthem of Liberty gladdens the main.
 And the chorus of hills wakes the patriot's strain.
 O flag of my own land, Hope's bow in the air,
 O'er my home let me lift thee, my altar of prayer !

Many flags have the people that grand deeds recall,
But my own flag of faith is the pride of them all.

 The Red Cross of England

 Waves free o'er the main.

 The dark German Eagles,

 The Lions of Spain ;

 But ever while stars

 For all men shall appear.

 Our flag of all peoples

 The pilgrims will cheer.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COLUMBIAN DOORS OF THE CAPITOL. — “CÓMO SE LLAMA ESO?”

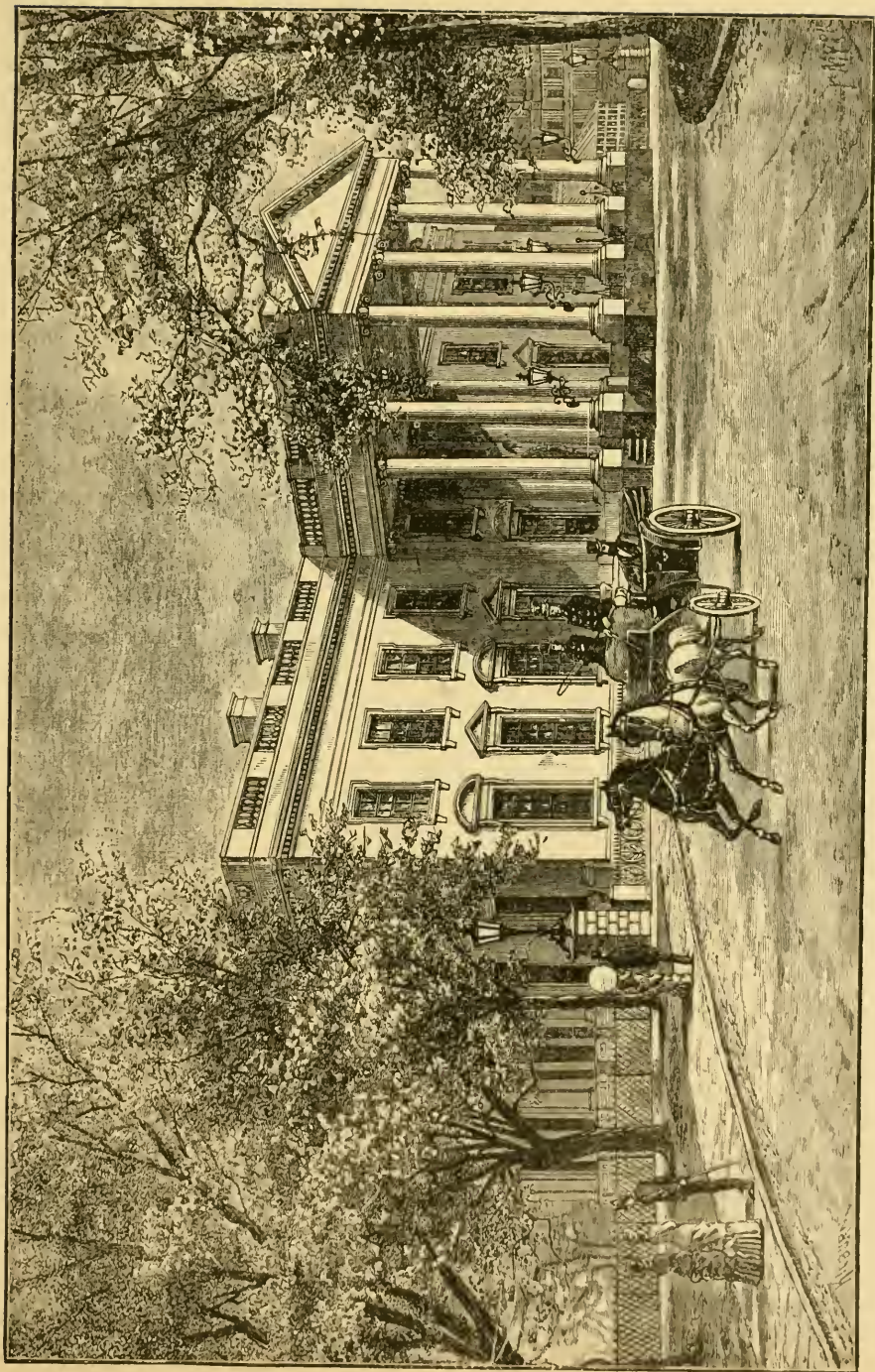


ARTHUR had a curious plan in mind. In his view “Cómo se llama eso” was a key that would unlock all doors in Spanish-speaking countries, and next to it in value, “Traígame” (Bring me) would prove a willing servant. He would begin asking questions of Cuban boys and girls as soon as he should meet Spanish-speaking people; and he would commit to memory the answers that he received, and the pronunciation of them, and he hoped one day to surprise the class by the way in which he would talk the language. If he had an apple, for example, he would ask a Cuban boy, “Cómo se llama eso?” He would be answered “Una manzana,”¹ and he would be careful to watch the lips of the speaker and repeat the word after him, and remember it as spoken. So with words like “una pera” (a pear), “una nuez” (a nut), “una rosa” (a rose), “una violeta” (a violet), “el melon” (a Melon).

“I have a tongue,” he said, “and a boy can ask questions; and I will get Cuba to teach me, and it will be done correctly.”

The thought occurred to him that to receive polite and willing answers he must learn some polite and pleasing phrases. So “Le doy á usted muchas gracias” (I give you much or many thanks), “Con mucho gusto” (With much pleasure), “Con mil amores” (With a thousand loves), “A´ mas ver” (Till I see you more — good-by),

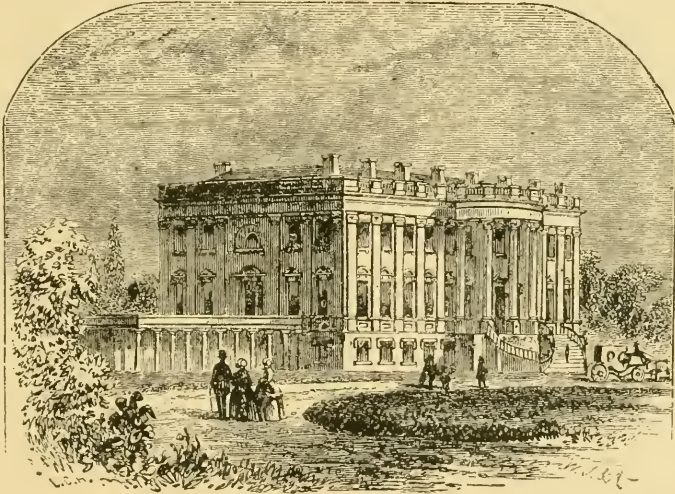
¹ Mahn-thah'nah.



THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON.

“*Cómo está usted*” (How are you?), “*Muy bien, gracias*” (Very well, thanks), and “*Perdone usted*” (Pardon me), were added to his growing vocabulary. He still continued to study the Spanish grammar and phrase-book by himself.

The class under the lead of their generous friends began their journey by going to Washington. Here Arthur found especial de-



THE WHITE HOUSE, REAR ENTRANCE.

light in the models of the dwellings of the Cliff-dwellers in the Smithsonian Institution.

After visiting the monument, good Mrs. Green took the class to see the little cottage of Marcia Burns, in the half-ruined grounds of the old Van Ness mansion, near the monument and the White House. Marcia Burns was the daughter of David Burns, a rugged old Scotchman, who was compelled by the Government to sell a part of his great plantation for the site of the Capitol. He disliked to part with his land, and once said to Washington, who was commissioned to buy it, “Who would you have been, had you not married the Widow Custis?”

The cottage is small and old, but picturesque. Here Thomas

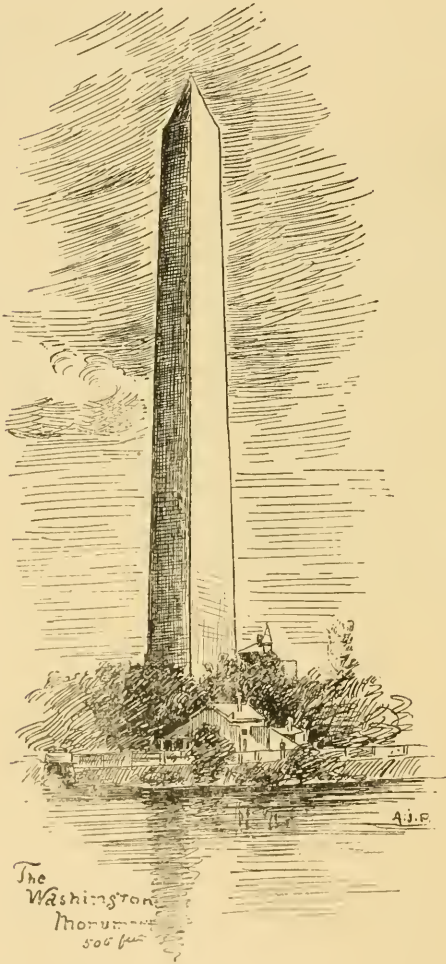
Moore, the poet, was entertained in Jefferson's days. It was about this time that Moore visited Virginia, and wrote the once famous ballad, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." Marcia Burns married,

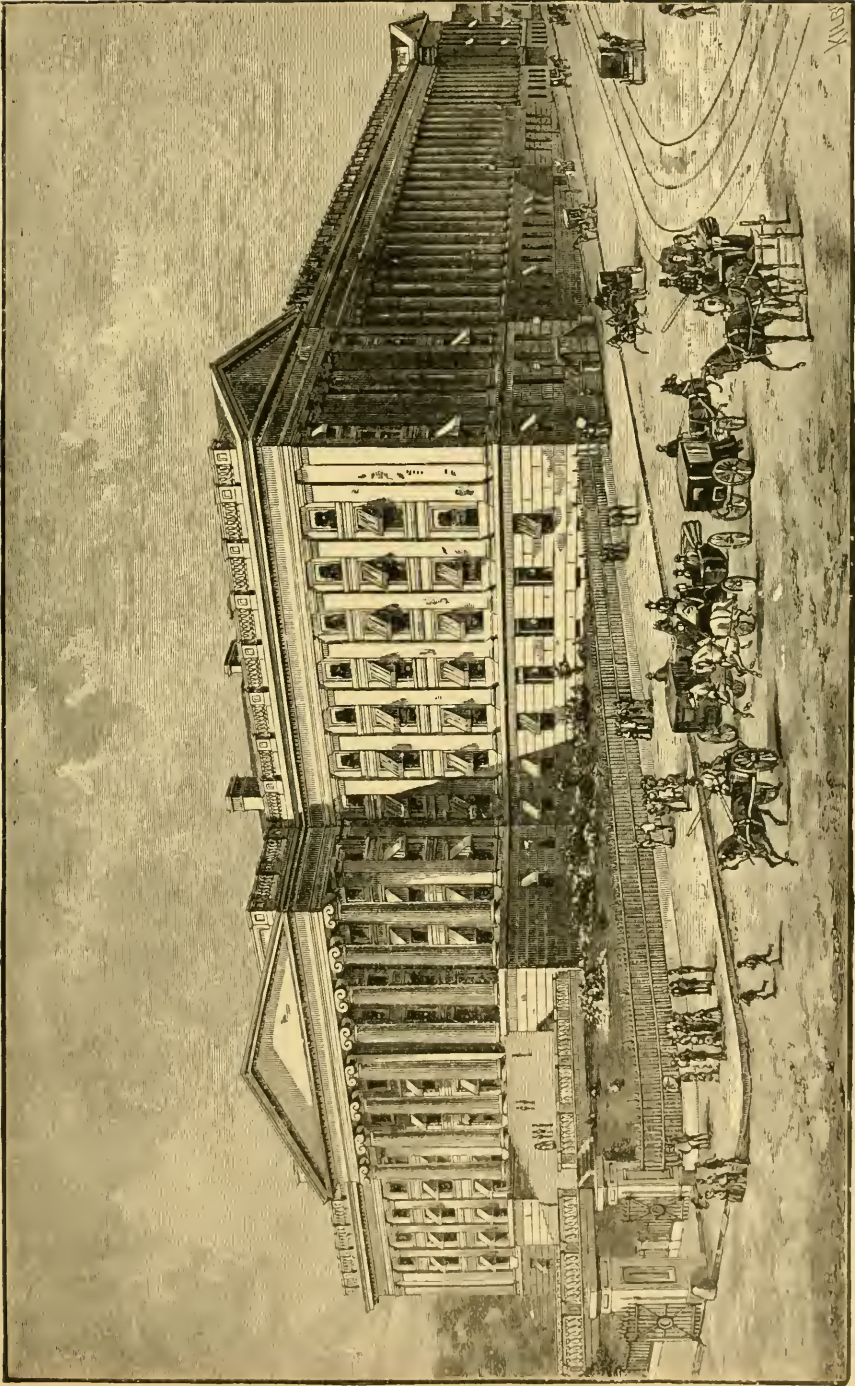
but died young, leaving much of her great fortune to the Washington Orphan Asylum, where her beautiful portrait may still be seen. The old Van Ness mansion is a poetic ruin. Here all the Presidents and statesmen of a generation used to be entertained, and here six headless white horses are said to haunt the place on the return of old anniversary evenings.

The Government stopped on the day Marcia Burns (Van Ness) was buried. She sleeps in the Temple of Vesta, not far from the resting-place of the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

There were two scenes in Washington that impressed themselves upon the class, more than the monument or the grand government offices. They were the Columbian Doors of the Capitol, and the indescribably beautiful effect of moonlight on the Capitol building.

We give a description of the Columbian Doors, from the pen of a Washington lady who has made them a study : —





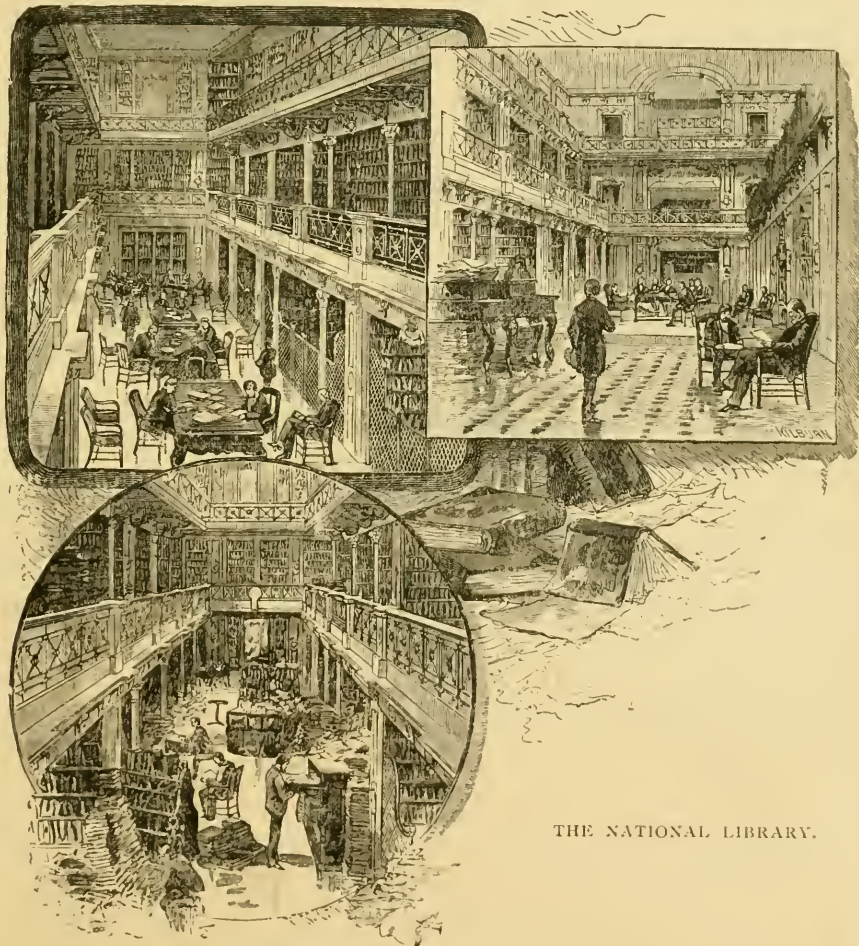
THE TREASURY BUILDING.

-XIV-

THE ROGERS' BRONZE DOORS.¹

IN the city of Rome, in the year 1858, an American sculptor, by name Randolph Rogers, designed and modelled the famous bronze doors placed in the main central entrance to the Capitol, which is a strong point of interest to all intelligent sight-seers in Washington.

Few finer or more enduring examples of the sculptor's art are to be found in any country, delineating, as it does, the life of the great discoverer to whom we, as a people, owe so much.



THE NATIONAL LIBRARY.

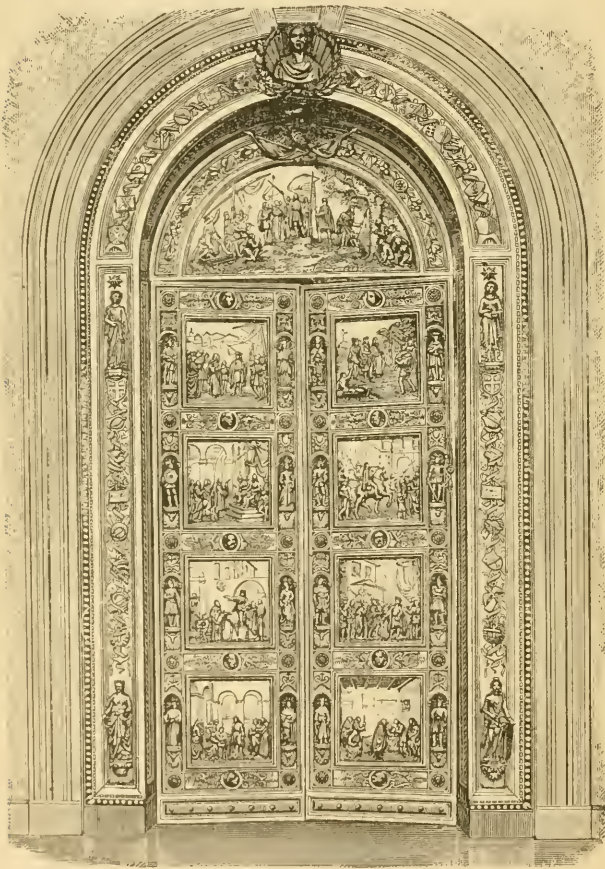
¹ By permission "Youth's Companion."

The doors are seventeen feet high, nine feet wide, and weigh twenty thousand pounds. They were designed when the sculptor was about thirty-three years of age, and after the execution of some of his most famous works. For these models he was paid eight thousand dollars, and the casting of the metal in 1861 by F. Von Müller, at Munich, cost seventeen thousand dollars.

The door in its entirety, as represented in the illustration, pleases the eye at once by the harmony of its dimensions and the beauty and skill with which the panels are worked out. Of a rich golden brown, it stands, sombre and unique, a silent historian of the most striking events in the life of one of the greatest explorers the world has ever known.

The casing, which is also of bronze, projects forward from the leaves of the door, and is filled with designs emblematic of conquest and navigation. The statues at each corner represent the four quarters of the world, — Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

Including the semicircular picture at the top, there are nine panels in all, representing in *alto relievo* the most striking events in the career of the great naviga-



THE COLUMBIAN DOORS OF THE CAPITOL.

tor, — his aspirations, perils, successes, and disappointments, all carefully and lovingly delineated by the hand of genius.

Beginning on the lower left-hand side of the doors, they interest the spectator at once by their life-like accuracy and power of expression. The

first one is entitled, "Columbus Undergoing an Examination before the Council of Salamanca."

This panel represents Columbus showing his plans and charts, which confidence was meanly taken advantage of by his judges.



COLUMBUS PUT IN IRONS.

The figure in the left niche is Perez, a contemporary of the discoverer. Henry VII. of England stands on the right. The projecting heads in each panel are those of historians of the time of Columbus, with the exception of two. Those at the foot of the lower panels are presumably native Indians of America.

"The Departure of Columbus from the Convent of La Rabida" is the subject of the next picture above.

Wearied with fruitless exertions, and disgusted with the duplicity of

crowned heads, Columbus is said to have left Lisbon in 1484. In the mean time, his wife had died, leaving one son, Diego.

Spain was now the goal of his hopes. He was seemingly friendless, and as he begged on his way, it is to be supposed that he had no money. He had then reached Andalusia, dispirited, though not defeated, and there, at the gates of an old convent in the town of Palos, he stopped to beg bread and water for his little son.

Antonio de Marchena was the superior of the convent. The grandeur of the man who had tarried by the wayside made itself apparent during a conversation held with him; and the ecclesiastic entered at once into correspondence with royalty, and used all his influence with the King and Queen in his behalf. In this panel, Columbus appears to be leaving the old convent in good spirits, buoyed up with the hope of ultimate success.

The statue on the left is that of Cortez, conqueror of Mexico; on the right, lady Beatrice De Bobadilla, in her court robes. The projecting head at the top is that of our own Washington Irving. Bancroft is also represented, elsewhere.

At last, seven years after his appeal to the good friars of La Rabida Convent, Columbus obtained an audience with Queen Isabella, which is pictured on the next panel.

In the niche on the left of this bronze picture is the navigator Alonzo De Ojeda. On the right stands Queen Isabella, with the sceptre of royalty in her hand.

The Queen, who is said to have been very lovely, with fair hair and clear blue eyes, received him graciously, listened, was convinced by his eloquence, and standing up implored the blessing of Heaven upon him.

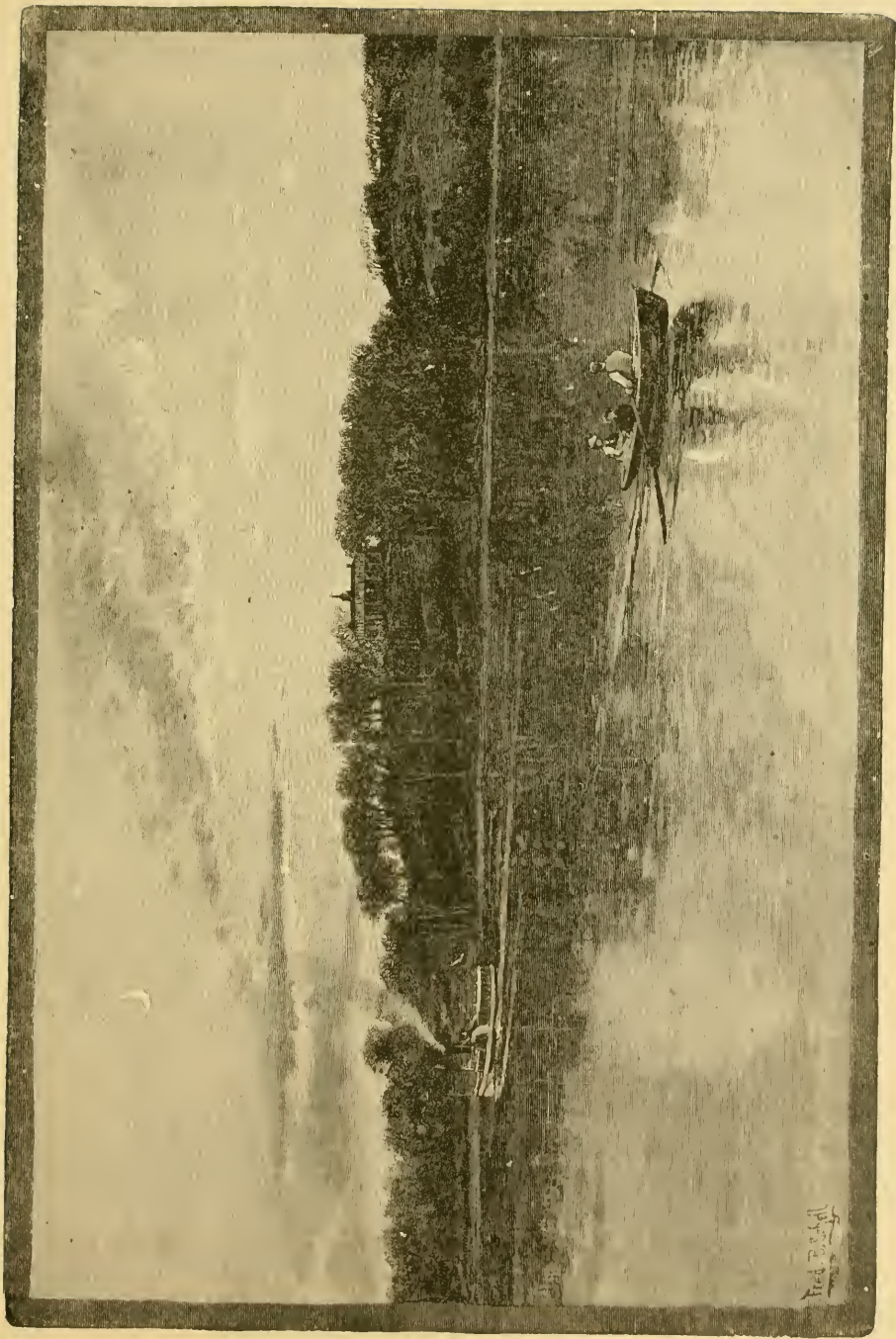
The "Starting of Columbus from Palos, on his first voyage," is the next scene. Taking leave of his son, whom the good brotherhood of La Rabida pledged themselves to care for and educate, Columbus is about to embark on his first great voyage.

Vespucci stands at the left of this picture. He claimed to have been one of the discoverers of America; but history disputes the assertion. At the right is Gonzales De Mendoza, Archbishop of Toledo, at whose table Columbus solved the problem of standing an egg on one end, by crushing the shell.

Then comes the "First Landing of the Spanish at San Salvador."

This is the transom panel, and occupies the semicircular sweep over the whole door.

After innumerable perils, and misgivings even in his own mind, Columbus finally sighted land, which proved to be one of the Bahama Islands, on which



MOUNT VERNON FROM THE POTOMAC.

1862
H. B. S. P.

he joyfully landed, and in pursuance of his own intentions and the promise of his sovereign King and Queen, he planted the cross and proclaimed his new conquest, San Salvador.

Over the picture in this panel the grand, calm face of Columbus looks out, yet even in its casing of bronze wears an expression of profound sadness. Beneath is the eagle with outspread wings, and still lower on either side are two female heads.

We come now to the "First Encounter of the Discoverers with the Indians."

At first the natives hid themselves, looking with distrust (as well they might) at these powerful white men, and the sacred symbol they planted with all the imposing ceremony of worship.

Columbus himself appeared in a suit of scarlet and gold, and his followers had arrayed themselves with like splendor.

The sailors at once set out on an exploring expedition. The frightened natives ran before them; but by dint of brute force, and not unlikely by recourse to firearms, they succeeded in capturing a young Indian girl, and brought her in triumph to the men in command, expecting to receive their thanks for this cowardly deed.

Instead of that, Columbus sternly rebuked the men, and ordered that the captive be set at liberty at once, which was accordingly done.

This is one of the most forcible pictures, and tells the story at once. The cross shines on the heights in the distance, and the grouping is excellent.

The statue in the niche at the left of this panel is that of Francisco Pizarro, conqueror of Peru. Alexander VI. occupies the niche at the right.

The next panel shows the "Triumphant Entry into Barcelona," and is considered the finest in the portrayal of the story.

The whole scene wears a triumphant aspect. Columbus, richly dressed, is mounted on a spirited steed. Everything that can inspire a man lends interest to the procession. He is a conqueror who has not bought his glory by war and carnage.

Following him come the dusky natives who have been willing to enter his train, brilliant with plumes and jewels and gold from that far new country. Preceding him go the courtiers and priests, with banners, music, and incense. His crews march in the rear, laden with palm-branches, all kinds of lovely birds, and tropical wonders.

Against the blue sky floats the white banner of the Admiral, bearing the words, "For Castile and for Leon, Columbus has discovered a New World."

On the left and right of this panel are Vasco Nunez de Balboa and King Ferdinand.

In striking contrast to this brilliant pageant comes the ignominious portrayal of chains and captivity, "Columbus in Chains."

His enemies had turned the King against him, and Columbus was superseded as Governor by an officer in the royal service, named Bobadilla, who



MOUNT VERNON.

had the audacity to send the great discoverer home in chains. His guards, men of power and standing, would have removed his fetters.

"No," said Columbus, proudly, "their Majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name. I will wear these fetters until they order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterward as relics and memorials of the reward of my services."

He kept his word, and the chains were buried with him.

The last panel, "The Death of Columbus," has for its left and right support the brother of Columbus, and Charles VIII. of France.

Pinzon, a rich merchant and mariner, who aided Columbus with service and money, stands on the right. On the left is John II. of Portugal.

It is an affecting picture, and calculated to teach an enduring lesson of the world's ingratitude. The old priest holds up the cross, and implores him to turn his dying eyes upon it. A friend or two weep at his bedside.



ALONG THE WHARVES, GEORGETOWN.

Some good woman — of kin to him, it may be — holds upon her bosom the head that has thought so wisely. Almost a martyr at the time of his death, now he is held by a grateful people in equal respect with our own Washington.

The one discovered a continent on which were planted the germs of a mighty nation. The other was the father and saviour of that nation, which owes its existence to the life, faith, and suffering of Christopher Columbus.

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

ARTHUR hurried from place to place in Washington, as visitors with limited time usually do. He went to Mt. Vernon, and drank milk in Washington's old kitchen, — a long remembered refreshment amid such stately associations. He was shown the place where General Washington threw a shilling or



WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

a dollar or a pebble or something across the Potomac (the thing thrown varies with the story-teller). He of course visited the old and new tomb of Washington amid the singing trees. He stopped at majestic Arlington, with

its army of graves, whose silent procession of white marbles halts forever under the green trees, and heard there the sunset gun of Washington, and saw the flags of the city drop in the crimson twilight. He visited one grave — is there another like it in all the world? — where two thousand soldiers sleep.



SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON.

The mocking birds sung in the magnolias, and the flowers burned in the sun's varied rays, as though there were no such thing as sorrow on the earth.

But how strange it is that amid grand scenes is the place of the wonder-story that holds the mind!

Arthur had heard the outline of the strange Washington legend of the Van Ness place, when he visited the ruin on the green Potomac marshes.

"That old Van Ness place has a curious history," he said to the party on the Potomac boat. "I must go and see it again."

"Yes," said Mrs. Green; "there may be no truth in the ghost legend, but to me it seemed haunted by the spirit of something that never happened."



FORD'S THEATRE, WHERE PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS ASSASSINATED.

"What was that?"

"It was intended at one time, near the end of the war, to abduct President Lincoln, hide him in the Van Ness cellar, and convey him across the Potomac, and then demand a ransom for his life. It never happened; but the impression of it is there."

The next morning Arthur repaired to the Van Ness place again. He met an old negro, with white hair, shuffling about the grounds.

"An' what brings you here so early, my little man?" asked the negro.

"Did you ever see the six white horses?" asked Arthur, coming directly to the matter that haunted his imagination.

"Sho, now you hab got me shure."

The negro sank all in a heap on one of the picnic seats. "Did I ebbor see de six white horses? No, — but I've seen dem dat did. Dem horses comb across riber on Christmas nights, — just as de clock strikes twelve, and smoke comes out of their necks, and the smoke has the faces ob the big men gone; this place used to be great on Christmas days."

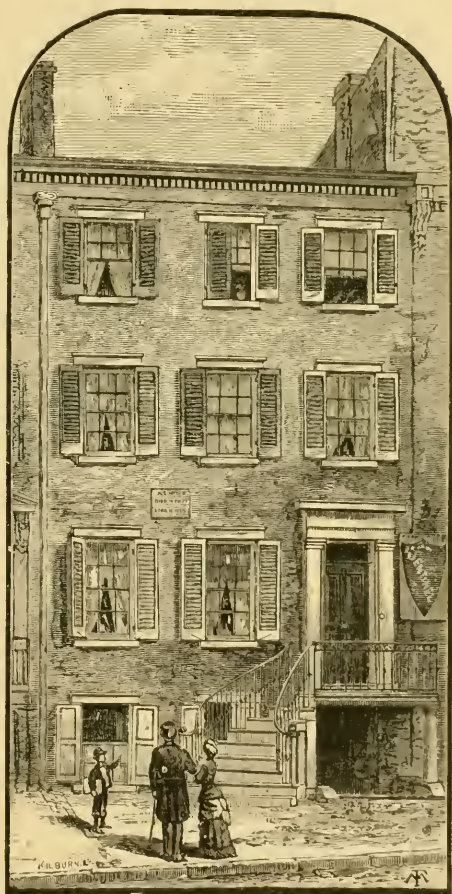
"Where do the horses come from?"

"Dey belonged to old Mayor Van Ness. He thought a deal ob 'em, as I've hern tell; and when dey returned from his funeral, dey all of dem drap right down dead. An' dey come an' listen for him at the doo' ebery Christmas-night just at de midnight cock-crowin'. There!"

"I wish I could meet some one who had seen the horses," said Arthur.

"Well, boy, I tell you what you do. You come here this ebenin' after the picnic, an' ole Aunt Maria will be here: she's seen de horses."

Arthur visited the site of old Ford's Theatre, where President Lincoln was shot, and the house in which the great commoner died. He went to the State Department to see the original Declaration of Independence, the first draft of the Constitution of the United States, and the National Seal. Towards nightfall he wandered down the green avenue that passes the White House, and came again to the picnic ground in the Van Ness yard. Here he met Aunt Maria.



HOUSE WHERE THE PRESIDENT DIED.

“Seen ’em, yes, honey ; I has now, shure as your bawrn. Old Si, he tell ye about ’em dis marnin’. Well, old Si, he hain’t no sense of de ting at all. Dem horses did n’t fell down ded after comin’ home from de funeral. Dey all went out into de medders yere, an’ dey all died ob broken hearts, and de riber rose and covered ’em.

“Well, honey, when de day come round on which old Mayor Van Ness died, just at midnight, what should appear but dem six white horses? Dey



NEGRO QUARTERS.

entered de yard as still as def. Dem horses make no noise wid der hoofs. Dey ’pears to walk on de air. An’ dey go round and round de great house, an’ den dey all stop and listen, an’ smoke goes out ob der necks, ’cause dey has n’t any heads.

“Well, honey, one night long after de mayor died, I was at dis here house, a-workin’. I went to bed late, and jus’ as I had taken off my black gown, leavin’ me all underclothed in white, I looked out ober de Potomac, and what did I see but dem identical horses? I jus’ felt de hair crawlin’ all ober my head, and shouted ‘Ki! hi!’ and I leaped down dem stairs all jus’ as I was in white. An’ I leaped ober de box-hedges, and run out into de street, and who should I see but de colored people comin’ late from the revival meetin’? I shouted ‘Hants, hants!’ wid a powerful voice ; and dey took me for one ob de goats. An’ dey all run like de deer, and Parson Gob he hid in de brambles, an’ nebber come out until marnin’. Dey beliebs dat dey saw de Van Ness gost to dis day.”

“Wasn’t it the mist that you saw, Aunt Maria?”

“You go way! You came from up Nof, an’ hab an unbelievin’ soul. Stans to reason dem horses want no mist, — though de mist do rise very curiously on der marshes sometimes, especially when de moon am shinin’. Mist? Wot put dat into your head, boy. You tinks I knows, don’t yer?”

Aunt Maria gave her turban several indignant nods, and said, “Mist? mist?”

The red sunset shone through the trees as Arthur left the old rose gardens. The Monument towered aloft nearly six hundred feet high, half in sunset light and half in shadow. It is the world’s greatest cenotaph and the highest permanent structure in the world. It is thirty-five feet higher than the great cathedral of Cologne. It cost nearly a million of dollars.

From the Columbian Doors of the Capitol the class went to Chicago, to see the more wonderful monuments to the faith of the Great Genoese.

In Washington Arthur began his collection for his Home Museum. In a store where “war relics” were sold, he purchased many curiosities from the battle-fields. He gathered leaves and flowers, which he pressed, from the grounds of the old Van Ness Mansion, and acorns at Mt. Vernon and Arlington.

He made a collection of Magnolia leaves from the grounds of the tomb of Washington at Mt. Vernon, and from the soldiers’ cemetery at Arlington. These he kept until they were dry, and then wrote patriotic sentiments on them: like, “On fame’s eternal camping-ground,” “A people is known by the men they crown,” “He is worthiest noble who ennobles himself.” He also gathered leaves and wild-flowers from the cemetery in which rests the author of “Home, Sweet Home,” and on the pressed leaves wrote, “Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!”

Mrs. Green continued her story-telling amid these inspiring scenes. The class will long recall the incident that she related out of her stores of incidents of history, as she turned away from the Columbian doors, and sat down on the great stone-seats in the wild wall of the park of the Capitol.

THE SEA OF THE DISCOVERY.

THE Bahama Sea is perhaps the most beautiful of all waters. Columbus beheld it and its islands with a poet's eye.

"It only needed the singing of the nightingale," said the old mariner, "to make it like Andalusia in April;" and to his mind Andalusia was the loveliest place on earth. In sailing among these gardens of the seas in the serene and transparent autumn days after the great discovery, the soul of Columbus was at times overwhelmed and entranced by a sense of the beauty of everything in it and about it. Life seemed, as it were, a spiritual vision.

"I know not," said the discoverer, "where first to go; nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure. The singing of the birds is such that it seems as if one would never desire to depart hence."

He speaks in a poet's phrases of the odorous trees, and of the clouds of parrots whose bright wings obscured the sun. His description of the sea and its gardens are full of glowing and sympathetic colorings, and all things to him had a spiritual meaning.

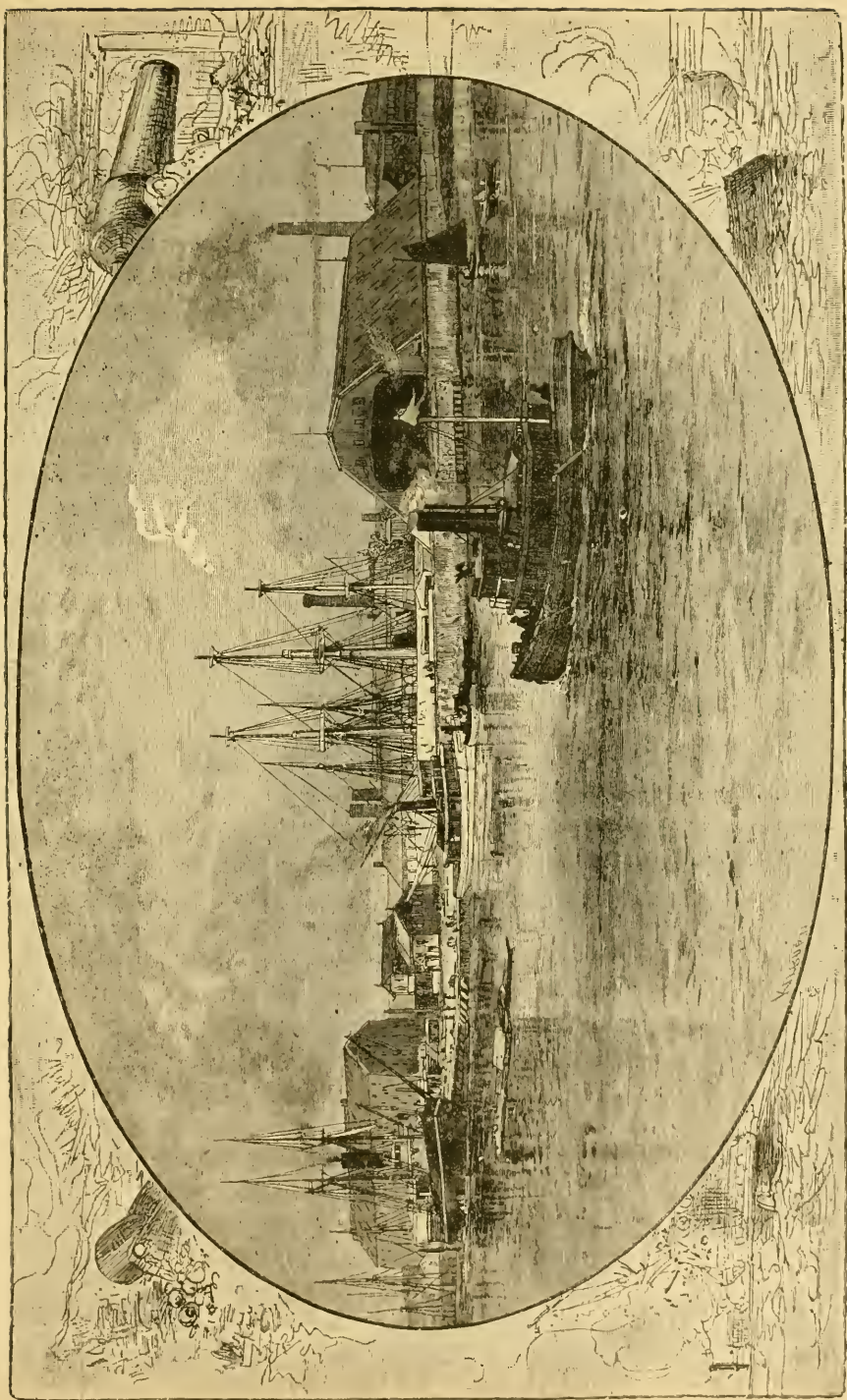
On announcing his discovery on his return, he breaks forth into the following highly poetic exhortation: "Let processions be formed, let festivals be held, let lauds be sung. Let Christ rejoice on earth!"

Columbus was a student of the Greek and Latin poets, and of the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. The visions of Isaiah were familiar to him, and he thought that Isaiah himself at one time appeared to him in a vision. He loved Nature. To him the outer world was a garment of the Invisible; and it was before his great soul had suffered disappointment that he saw the sun-flooded waters of the Bahama Sea and the purple splendors of the Antilles.

There is scarcely an adjective in the picturesque report of Columbus in regard to this sea and these islands that is not now as appropriate and fitting as in the days when its glowing words delighted Isabella, four hundred years ago.

I recently passed from the sea of Watling's Island, the probable "San Salvador," to the point of Cuba discovered on the 28th of October, 1492, and to the coast of Haiti, the Hispaniola of Columbus, and the scene of the first settlement in the New World. I had studied the descriptions of Columbus, and almost every hour of the voyage brought them to mind like so many pictures.

Watling's Island was probably the first landfall of Columbus, and the scene of the dramatic events of the elevation of the cross, the singing of the *Te Deum*, and the unfurling of the banner of the double crowns of Leon and Castile on the red morning of October 12, 1492.



WASHINGTON NAVY YARD.

The San Salvador of the old maps, or Cat Island, a place now of some four thousand inhabitants, was not really the scene of Columbus's landing.

Watling's Island lies far out in the sea. It is cooled by waving palms, and is full of singing birds. It has a tall lighthouse-tower, painted white, which rises nobly over the water. Its light can be seen nearly twenty miles. As one sees it, one recalls the fact that no friendly light except the night fagots of the Indians guided the eye of Columbus.

Watling's Island has a population of less than seven hundred souls, and is not often visited by large steamers.

I secured some fine specimens of "Sargasso," or gulf-weed, in passing through this sea, one of which I bottled in salt-water.

Over these waters continually drift fields of this peculiar seaweed. It is of a bright yellow color; it shines brilliantly in the sun, and at a distance presents a scene of dazzling splendor. The "berries," which sailors say are poisonous to certain kinds of fish, are very salt. The weed seems always to move west before the trade-winds.

Over these fields of shining drift, land birds came singing to the ships of the adventurers; and on one of the matted beds a land-crab appeared, — a sure indication of a near shore.

The crews of Columbus feared to enter the Sargasso Sea. They had been told that in sailing west they would come to a sea of monsters, and they feared that these ocean meadows might cover hidden foes and perils.

The peculiar beauty of the Bahama Sea is its clearness and deep purple color. This dark purple color is said to be the result of the "shadow of deep waters," though whether this is a scientific view I do not know. Under a cloudless sky the sea is luminous purple.

A cloud shadow changes this royal hue into emerald. One gazes down into deeps unknown, and sees the pairs of dolphins as clearly as the white-winged birds overhead. One's eye follows the flying-fishes as clearly when they go *down* as when they dart into the open air. One here dreams of coral gardens, of sea nymphs, and recalls the ancient poets' conceptions of Oceanus and Neptune. All fancies seem possible to the creative imagination here.

On the islands of the Greater and Lesser Antilles, or the Columbian Seas, grow the most abundant cocoanut groves in the world. The trees are graceful and lofty, and as a rule are slanted by the winds. They bear a solid burden of fruit.

"I have counted from forty to fifty cocoanuts on a single tree!" I said to an officer of my steamer, in surprise.

"I have counted a hundred," was his answer.

It seems unaccountable that so slender a trunk can hold aloft in the air such a weight of fruit.

The nuts are not only numerous on a single palm, but of great size. A single nut often yields a pitcher of cocoanut water, or two goblets, as we might say. The palms of all the islands must be as fruitful to-day as when the first voyagers saw them.

Columbus speaks of flocks of parrots that "darkened the sun." Such flocks do not appear now; but in every port of the Antilles there is a parrot market. The natives love their parrots, and the cool trees and drinking-stands of the parrot market make a popular place of resort.

As a rule, the birds are not confined in cages. They are left to climb about on the booths in which cocoanut water and cool drinks are sold. The people extend their hands to them, and the birds walk into them for the sake of gifts, caresses, and admiration.

Women kiss these parrots, and hold their heads close to their lips when talking to them. The birds are usually jealous and ungrateful, and have but little to commend them but their art of begging and their beauty.

Nearly all cities in Latin America have statues to Colon, or Columbus. One of the most beautiful of these is in the Paseo of the City of Mexico. These statues usually represent the great mariner as of most distinguished appearance; lofty, chivalrous, poetic.

The statue to Columbus in Nassau in the Bahamas is quite a different conception. We find in it the sturdy and traditional English tar. It is what Columbus might have been had he been born an Englishman. As England herself has been in effect transported to Nassau, New Providence, so has art here been made to take on her type and expression.

The popular figure of Columbus as he stood at San Salvador on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, as it appears in Spanish prints, may here everywhere be found. It is a wholly different figure and face from the English statue.

The glory of the Bahama Sea is the night. A sudden hush falls upon the purple serenity; the sunset flames, and the day is done. The roof of heaven seems low, and the stars come out like silver suns.

One does not need to look upward to see the stars, but down. The heavens are below as well as above; the sky is in the sea.

The shadowy forms of pairs of dolphins pass under the transparent waters almost as distinctly as by day. The atmosphere, sky and sea all blend as one world.

Amid such unimagined brilliancy and splendor the soul becomes a revela-

tion to herself in the consciousness of beauty-worship, and thought takes wings.

One recalls the pictures that Columbus gives of the expansion of his own soul. One here feels a longing to attain larger knowledge and all that is best in life, and wonders what new discoveries may await the spiritual faculties in wider horizons than these.

Wherever he may go, the tourist will ever return in memory to the Sea of the Great Discovery. It is the paradise of the Ocean World, the temple gate of the West.

A GRAND THANKSGIVING.

THAT was a great Thanksgiving when, in the early spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Palos, and hastened to meet the Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger of the new heavens and the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this faith that inspired him to weigh the earth, and to travel the unknown seas.

Palos was full of excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the wave, and streamed into the harbor. The bells rung. On landing, Columbus and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up solemn thanksgivings for the success of the expedition.

Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the Court. His journey was a march of triumph.

It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells, and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a viceroy rather than an admiral, and requested him to relate to them the history of his voyage. He did so, surrounded by the Indians whom he had brought with him, with their gay plumes, and offerings of tropic birds and fruits.

As he ended his wonderful narrative, there arose a burst of music, and bore away to heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled and melted by the most marvellous tale ever told of human achievement.

It was the chapel-choir of Isabella.

"We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord; all the earth doth worship Thee, the Father everlasting."

The majestic Latin hymn swept on, until it reached the sublime words: —

“Holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!”

The great audience was filled with ecstatic devotion. It was, perhaps, the most happy moment of Columbus's life, — this first thanksgiving for the new world.

The two stories awakened such an interest in the young peoples' minds, both in the Fair and Ocean World of the Antilles, that the way to Chicago was full of joyous hope and anticipation. Nothing so makes life happy as bright prospects, and in such prospects the class lived during the rest of the journey to Jackson Park at the Columbian Fair, and to the tomb of Columbus at Havana, by way of the great Mississippi Valley and the Mexican Gulf.

In Washington the party had been introduced to several persons who were interested in the great World's Fair. Among them a commissioner from Jamaica. He accompanied the party from their hotel, on their last visit to the Capitol, and listened with deep interest to Mrs. Green's well-prepared incident.

As they sat on the stone seats near the Washington statue, in front of the Capitol, Arthur said to the Jamaican commissioner: —

“You live in the Antilles. How does the Sea of Discovery appear to-day?”

The answer was very intelligent. The commissioner loved the beauty of the Bahama Sea.

CHAPTER IX.

CHICAGO AND THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR.

THE WONDERS OF 1893. — THE STORY OF BLACK PARTRIDGE. — DARK DAYS OF OLD.



CHICAGO is the head of the great Mississippi Valley. Situated on the Lake though she is, she yet wears the crown of that vast empire that the Father of Waters leads from the crystal lands of the Red River of the North to the territory of the Red River of the South and to the sunny Gulf whose shores are the tropics. One of the missionary fathers of the old days of Earliest America is said to have seen a vision of a populous city in the sky when his canoe touched the shores of Lake Michigan, where now the most progressive city in the world lifts her steeples in the air. It would not seem strange that a pioneer should have such a vision.

The city arose as under the wand of enchantment. Here came La Salle, and vanished. Here lived and fought the tribes of the Illini, and passed away; their plumes disappearing in the sunset as they set out toward the Mississippi after they had signed the Treaty of Chicago, — a scene worthy of a painter, and one that should have representation at the Great Fair. In 1812 Chicago, or Fort Dearborn, was a place of slaughter.

But a village was founded, where the larks used to quiver in the air, enraptured with song; where the star-grass grew, and the rain-plover prophesied. The world seemed to seek that village by a

strange and intuitive gravitation. The village became a town, the town a rapid city, and the wonder grew. The waves of fire rolled over Lake Michigan, but the city rose again.

She glimmers to-day over the inland ocean, the Queen of the West, and invites to her Aladdin palaces and marts and bazars the world. She has joined the Lakes with the Mississippi, and made far Tampa her port of South America. Her park system covers thirty miles; and over these Art is planting the statues of heroes in one long procession.



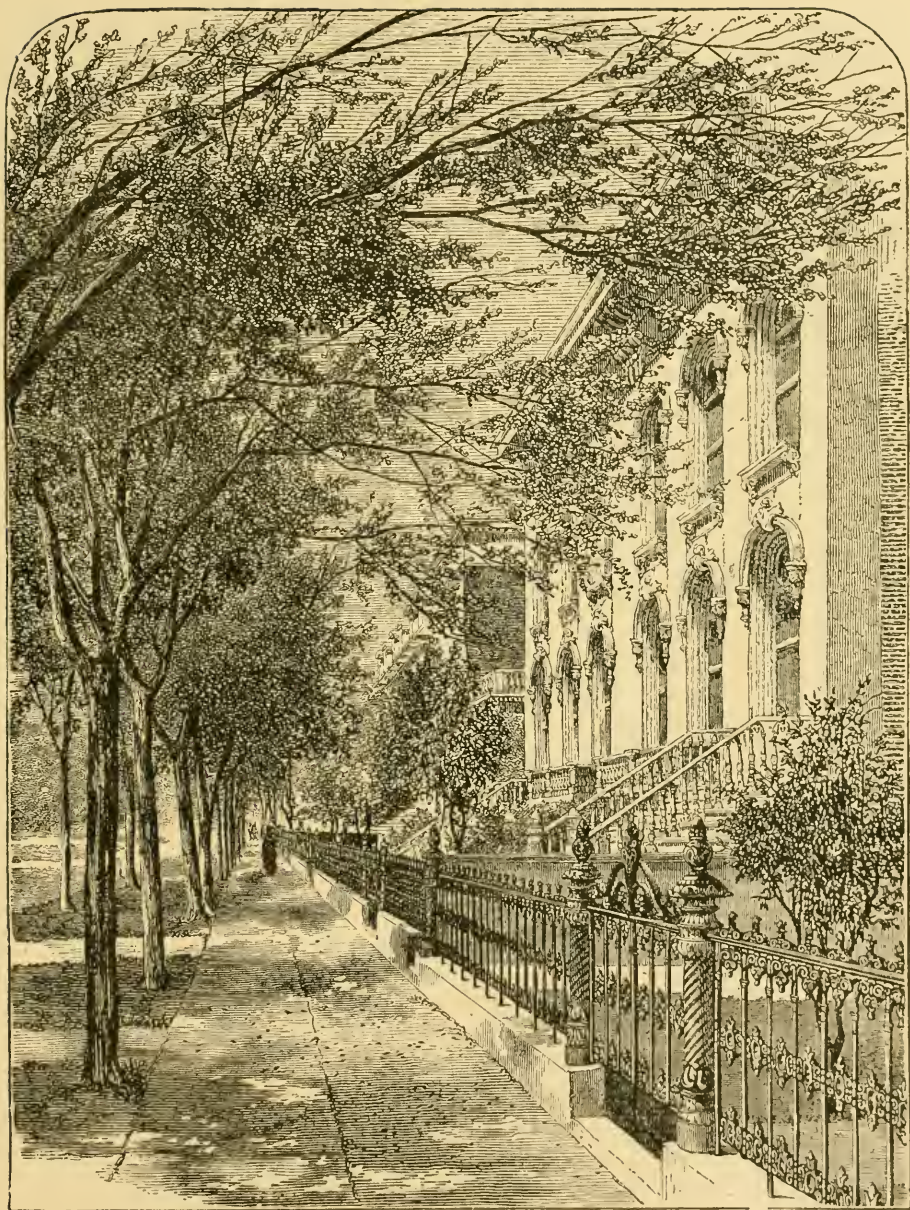
FIRST HOUSE IN CHICAGO.

The Spanish Class stopped at the Auditorium; and they made their first visit to Lincoln Park, the home park of the city, and here took their first broad view of the great inland sea.

At the entrance of the Park is the grand bronze statue of Lincoln, which stands in a serious but hospitable attitude on a semicircular platform of state. Near it is the severe but beautiful statue of La Salle; and beyond it, on a gray stone arch, the equestrian statue of General Grant.

The Park is full of trees, beautiful gardens, and cool drives; but its glory is the view of Lake Michigan. The pearl-green waters look cheerless and monotonous at times; but they always excite a sense of vastness and power. To see the lake when it turns purple as robed for the sunset, or crimson as the flaming disk of the sun disappears, or silver under the rising moon, which here is a night sun, is an event for an eternal memory.

Arthur thought little of the statues, the gardens, or the great sea.



WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, 1870.

He did not even talk of the famous Indian group which holds the eye of most young people. He hurried his parents and the class away to the "Zoo," as the Zoölogical Gardens were called.

"I want to see the bears," he said.

"But the bears are not historical," said his sister.

"Yes, yes, they are. The bears are all that is left of old America."

Europe has but one famous bear-pit, — that at Berne, — but the picturesque bear-pits in American cities are many. The bear-pits in Chicago are very interesting; and all children are likely to hurry towards them as soon as they enter the Park.

"Stand back!" said a very careful old gentleman, as the party stood looking at the playful bears. "*The* little girl lost her life in that way."

Who "the little girl" was they never knew; but one of the assistants at the Zoo told them a wonderful story of a little girl who fell into the bear-pit, and was carried around in the mouth of one of the bears, and was rescued by a newsboy.

Jackson Park, the scene of the Great World's Fair, comprises some six hundred acres, and is full of beautiful water-ways. There the buildings of the exhibition were rising like a new Troy, — wonderful structures that seemed to be filled with the spirit of the progress of the world. Hither the world will come and go; and the event will end the progress of the nineteenth century, which has been the grand march of the nations. May the twentieth century bring eternal brotherhood and peace!

It has been said that the "first white man of Chicago was a negro." The first settler was a slave from the West Indies. Marquette came to the Chicago River in a dying condition. The history of Fort Dearborn and the Kinzie family are full of thrilling episodes.

From the high towers of the Columbian buildings what will the tourist see? As surprising a spectacle surely as was seen from the Eifel tower of Paris, if not one as old and grand. He will see *America*.

The art of the whole may not equal the Paris Expositions,—art is the ripe fruit of what is old; but in progress, enterprise, and science it will surpass any like exhibition ever held in the world. Here the States of the Union, and the Republics and empires of the world will build a great city of concord and peace.

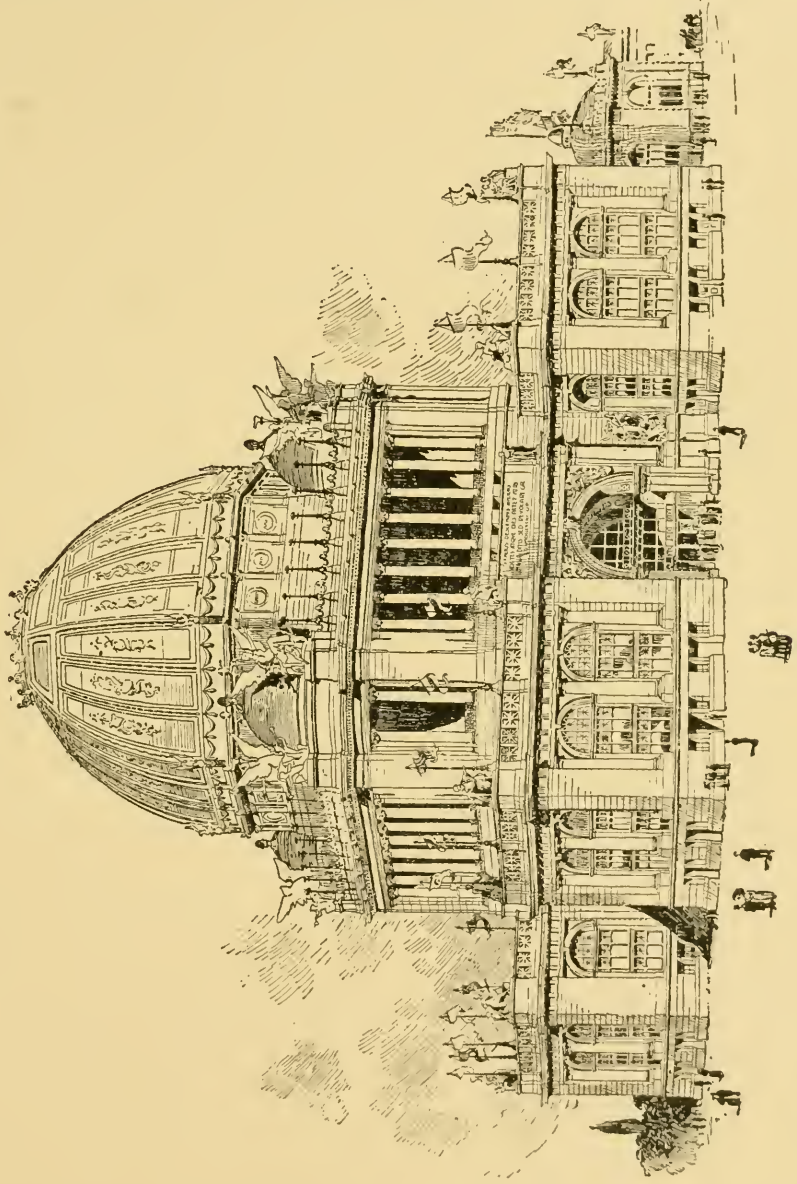
The Administration Building, two hundred and fifty feet square, will be the seat of a congress where all men may meet as brothers and discuss the progress of mankind as a brotherhood. The twelve great buildings on the lagoon will rise like the palaces of Venice, and around them will cluster the homes of the assembled nations. On one hand spreads the great London and Paris of the West, and on the other the boundless lake. The buildings will present every form of grace and beauty; and the water park will give an expression to the scene unlike any other exposition of the kind ever held in the world.

Here for the first time the old nations will meet South America, Central America, and Mexico. The South American Republics have met the opportunity with liberality and intelligence. Their buildings will be costly, beautiful, and representative. Here, too, for the first time will be seen the progressive enterprises of women of all lands.

Electricity and steam will here unfold their wonders. Art here may be less luxurious than in the European exhibitions of the past; but it will be American, unique, and new, and will wear the face of the future.

The success of the event is assured. The world will meet as it has never before met,—the nations will make one city on the shores of Lake Michigan. There will come the crusader of peace, and the captains of industry will part at last with warmer hearts and closer ties of brotherhood.

At Chicago the class caught the spirit, and felt the pulse of the West. Everything here seemed to be upon the march. Men and



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

W. B. R. R.

women lived in what they were doing. Progress, like a bow, spanned the city, the land, and the sea.

"I would tire of all this activity," said one of the class to one of the Auxiliary Committee of the fair.

"In Chicago we live two years in one," was the answer; "and that is the best life that demands all our energies. Chicago works; other cities play. People with a progressive purpose all love Chicago."

There is truth in the remarks, and in a brief sentence that followed, —

"Chicago *does!*"

Arthur collected old books and pamphlets from the street book-stalls in Chicago for his museum. He secured a pass for the Exposition grounds, and found many curious things to bring away as souvenirs.

"Well, Arthur," asked Mrs. Green on his return from relic-hunting, "what is the most wonderful thing that the people will see at the Fair when it opens in May, 1893?"

"Ask me questions," said Arthur, "and I will tell you." He always liked to engage his mother in *guessing* talks.

"The Illinois State Building, which is to cost nearly a million, and which looks like the Capitol at Washington?" asked Mrs. Green, who enjoyed these talks which took the form of a puzzle.

"No, — not that."

"The Woman's Building, with its roof gardens? This was designed by Sophia G. Hayden, a Boston girl of the Institute of Technology, who secured the first prize of one thousand dollars offered for such a design. *That* ought to appeal to American pride."

"No, — not that."

"The Horticultural Building, which is to be a new Crystal Palace?"

"No," said Arthur. "Ask again."

"The great War Ship, where the Navy is to make its exhibit?"

"No, mother."

"The Art Palace, with Winged Victory rising over the lagoon?"

"No, again."

"Machinery Hall, which is to cost \$1,200,000, and represent the triumphs of the scientific mind of the world?"

"No; that is grand, but not that."

"The beautiful Administration Dome, the gem of all the lagoon palaces?"

"No; that is beautiful, but not that."

"The Electrical Building, with its floor area of twenty-seven acres?"

"No, no!"

"The Liberal Arts Building, with a floor area of *forty* acres?"

"No, no."

"The great Aquaria?"

"No, mother."

"Then, my dear boy, I will have to cease questioning you. To me the most wonderful developments of the Fair are the facts that Mexico has appropriated \$750,000, and Japan \$500,000 for their buildings. These are new nations in historical progress, and they have exceeded the old." Mrs. Green paused.

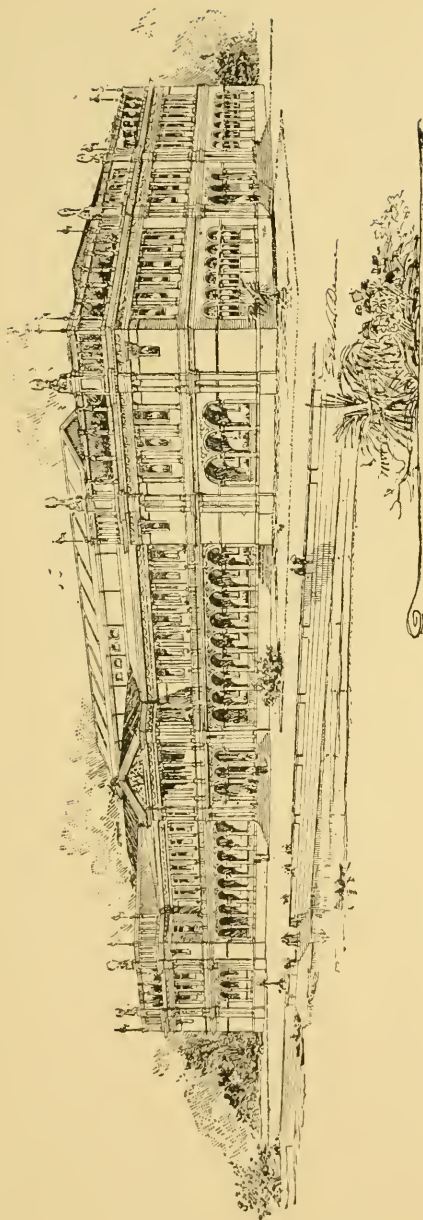
"Oh, I know now," she continued. "The lagoons are to illumine under the water, and they will glow like fire. The Fair City will be like Venice illuminated. Was it the electric canals or waters of which you were thinking?"

"No, wrong again, mother."

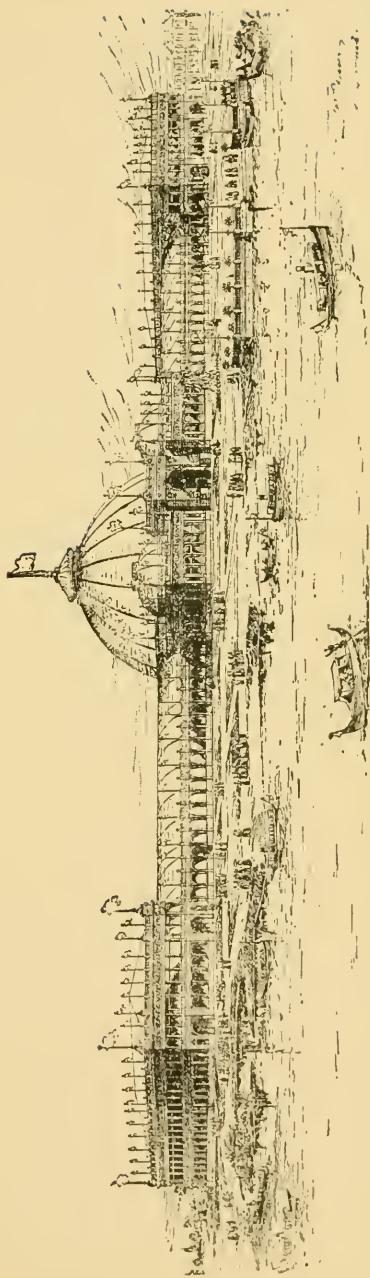
"Not Mexico's Palace of the Aztecs, nor Ecuador's Temple of the Sun?"

"No — I will tell you, mother: it is just *Chicago*."

"Well, Arthur, I think that you are right. My wonder grows at all I see. Seventy years ago Chicago was 'Cobweb Castle,' and now it is to be the Congress of the World. Who would have dreamed of



THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.



THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

such a city and such achievements in the dark days that followed the Massacre of 1812?" Mrs. Green continued: "The principal residence in Chicago for many years was that of the Kinzies. The family were friendly to the Indians; and among their Indian visitors were Shaubena, Black Partridge, and Sagaunash, a half-breed. These chiefs were true friends to John Kinzie and his family.

"Of these noble redmen, all of whom are worthy of monuments in the art of the Great Exposition, Black Partridge had really a Roman heroism and character. At the beginning of the Indian hostilities he came to the commanding officer of the post and said, —

"Father, I have come to deliver up the medal I wear. It was given to me by Americans. But the young men of my race are resolved on war against you. I cannot restrain them, and honor forbids that I should wear the medal any longer."

"The Kinzies were warned of their danger, and attempted to leave the post in a boat. They were detained on the river, and at last compelled to return to their home. The troops were ordered to march away, and abandon the post, but were surprised and slaughtered by the Indians when but a little way from their abandoned defences. This surprise and its dreadful work is known as the Massacre of Chicago."

Mrs. Helm, a step-daughter of Mr. Kinzie, wrote a very graphic narrative of the scenes of those tragic days. We produce a part of it here, — the attempt of the troops and people to escape under the friendly escort of the Miamis, and the attack of the hostile Pottowattamies.

THE MASSACRE OF CHICAGO.

AFTER we had left the bank, the firing became general. The Miamis fled at the outset. Their chief rode up to the Pottowattamies and said, —

"You have deceived the Americans and us. You have done a bad action, and," brandishing his tomahawk, "I will be the first of a party of Americans to return and punish your treachery." So saying, he galloped after his companions, who were now scouring across the prairies.

The troops behaved most gallantly. They were but a handful, but they

seemed resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Our horses pranced and bounded, and could hardly be restrained as the balls whistled among them. I drew off a little, and gazed upon my husband and father, who were yet unharmed. I felt that my hour was come, and endeavored to forget those I loved, and prepare myself for my approaching fate.

While I was thus engaged, the surgeon, Dr. Van Voorhes, came up. He was badly wounded. His horse had been shot under him, and he had received a ball in his leg. Every muscle of his face was quivering with the agony of terror. He said to me, "Do you think they will take our lives? I am badly wounded, but I think not mortally. Perhaps we might purchase our lives by promising them a large reward. Do you think there is any chance?"

"Dr. Van Voorhes," said I, "do not let us waste the few moments that yet remain to us in such vain hopes. Our fate is inevitable. In a few moments we must appear before the bar of God. Let us make what preparation is yet in our power."

"Oh! I cannot die," exclaimed he, "I am not fit to die, — if I had but a short time to prepare — death is awful!"

I pointed to Ensign Ronan, who though mortally wounded and nearly down, was still fighting with desperation on one knee.

"Look at that man," said I; "at least he dies like a soldier."

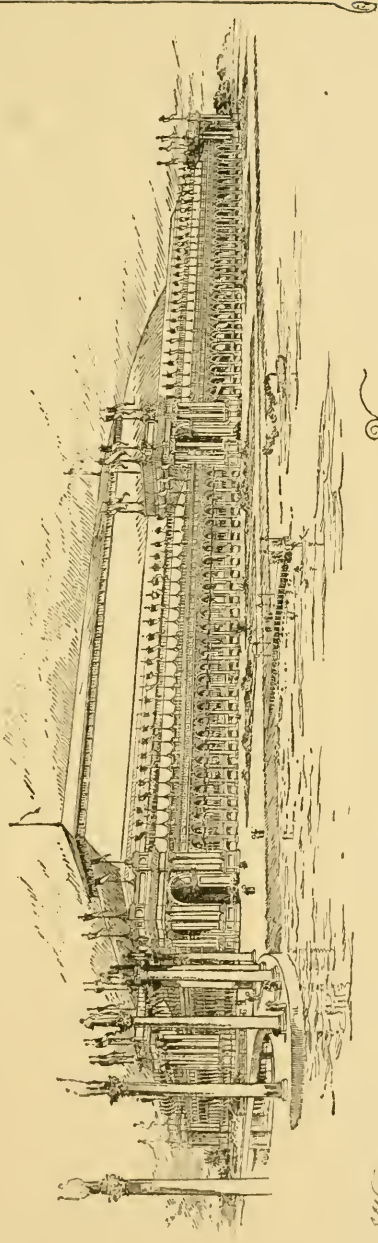
"Yes," replied the unfortunate man, with a convulsive gasp, "but he has no terrors of the future, — he is an unbeliever!"

At this moment a young Indian raised his tomahawk at me. By springing aside, I avoided the blow which was intended for my skull, but which alighted on my shoulder. I seized him around the neck, and while exerting my utmost efforts to get possession of his scalping-knife, I was dragged from his grasp by another and an older Indian.

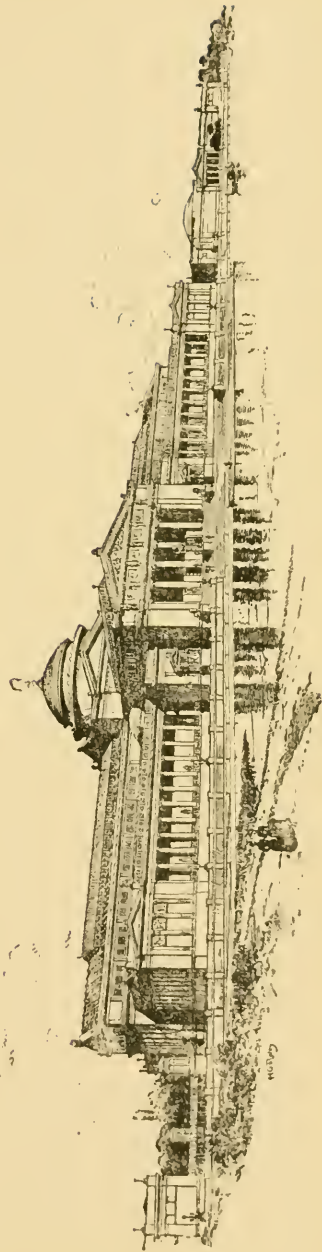
The latter bore me struggling and resisting toward the river. Notwithstanding the rapidity with which I was hurried along, I recognized as I passed them the lifeless remains of the unfortunate surgeon. Some murderous tomahawk had stretched him upon the very spot where I had last seen him.

I was immediately plunged into the water and held with a forcible hand, notwithstanding my resistance. I soon perceived, however, that the object of my captor was not to drown me, for he held me firmly in such a position as to place my head above water. This reassured me, and regarding him attentively, I soon recognized, in spite of the paint with which he was disguised, the *Black Partridge*.

When the firing had nearly subsided, my preserver bore me from the water and conducted me up the sand-banks. It was a burning August



MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.



GALLERIES OF FINE ARTS.

morning, and walking through the sand in my drenched condition was inexpressibly painful and fatiguing. I stooped and took off my shoes to free them from the sand with which they were nearly filled, when a squaw seized and carried them off, and I was obliged to proceed without them.

When we had gained the prairie, I was met by my father, who told me that my husband was safe and but slightly wounded. They led me gently back toward the Chicago River, along the southern bank of which was the Potowattamie encampment. At one time I was placed upon a horse without a saddle; but finding the motion insupportable, I sprang off. Supported partly by my kind conductor, Black Partridge, and partly by another Indian, Pee-sotum, who held dangling in his hand a scalp, which by the black ribbon around the queue I recognized as that of Captain Wells, I dragged my fainting steps to one of the wigwams.

The wife of Wau-bee-nee-mah, a chief from the Illinois River, was standing near, and seeing my exhausted condition she seized a kettle, dipped up some water from a stream that flowed near,¹ threw into it some maple sugar, and stirring it up with her hand gave it to me to drink. This act of kindness in the midst of so many horrors touched me most sensibly, but my attention was soon diverted to other objects.

The fort had become a scene of plunder to such as remained after the troops marched out. The cattle had been shot down as they ran at large, and lay dead or dying around. This work of butchery had commenced just as we were leaving the fort. I well remember a remark of Ensign Ronan, as the firing went on. "Such," turning to me, "is to be our fate, — to be shot down like brutes!"

"Well, sir," said the commanding officer who overheard him, "are you afraid?"

"No," replied the high-spirited young man, "I can march up to the enemy where you dare not show your face;" and his subsequent gallant behavior showed this to be no idle boast.

As the noise of the firing grew gradually less, and the stragglers from the victorious party came dropping in, I received confirmation of what my father had hurriedly communicated in our rencontre on the lake shore; namely, that the whites had surrendered after the loss of about two thirds of their number. They had stipulated, through the interpreter, Peresh Leclerc, for the preservation of their lives, and those of the remaining women and children, and for their delivery at some of the British posts, unless ransomed by traders in the

¹ Just by the present State Street Market.

Indian country. It appears that the wounded prisoners were not considered as included in the stipulation, and a horrible scene ensued upon their being brought into camp.

An old squaw, infuriated by the loss of friends, or excited by the sanguinary scenes around her, seemed possessed by a demoniac ferocity. She seized a stable fork and assaulted one miserable victim, who lay groaning and writhing in the agony of his wounds, aggravated by the scorching beams of the sun. With a delicacy of feeling scarcely to have been expected under such circumstances, Wau-bee-nee-mah stretched a mat across two poles, between me and this dreadful scene. I was thus spared in some degree a view of its horrors, although I could not entirely close my ears to the cries of the sufferer. The following night five more of the wounded prisoners were tomahawked.

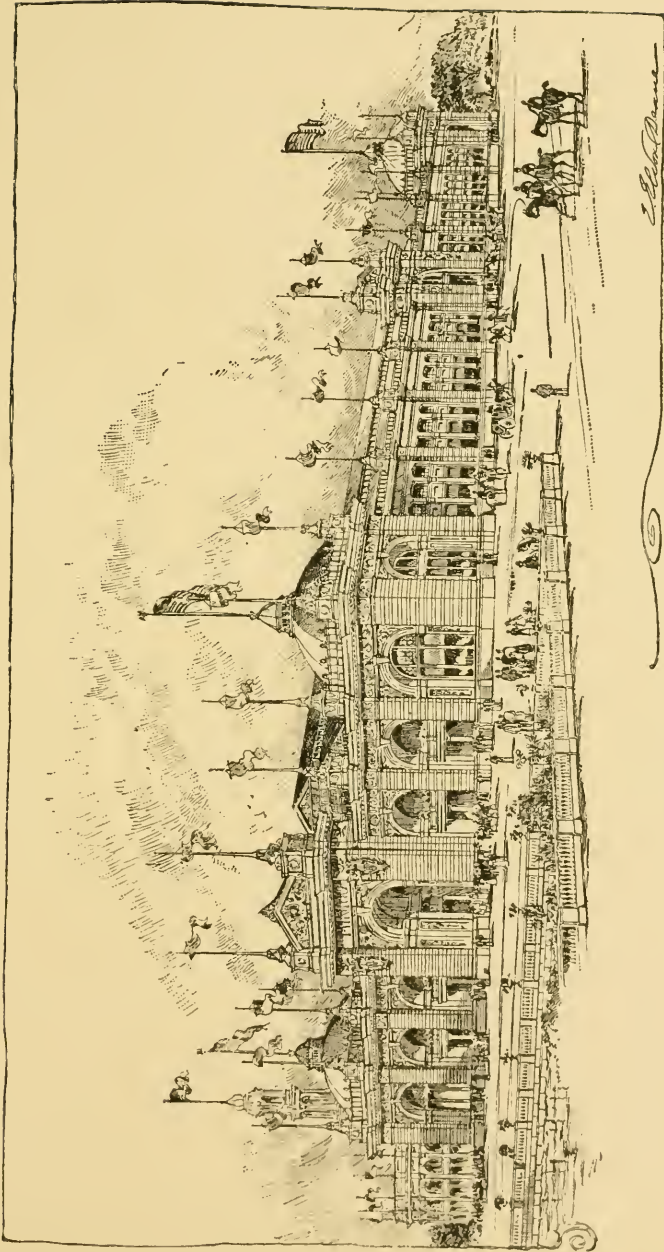
The Americans, after their first attack by the Indians, charged upon those who had concealed themselves in a sort of ravine, intervening between the sand-banks and the prairie. The latter gathered themselves into a body, and after some hard fighting, in which the number of whites had become reduced to twenty-eight, this little band succeeded in breaking through the enemy, and gaining a rising ground, not far from the Oak Woods. The contest now seemed hopeless, and Lieutenant Helm sent Peresh Leclerc, a half-breed boy in the service of Mr. Kinzie, who had accompanied the detachment and fought manfully on their side, to propose terms of capitulation. It was stipulated that the lives of all the survivors should be spared, and a ransom permitted as soon as practicable.

But in the mean time a horrible scene had been enacted. One young savage, climbing into the baggage-wagon containing the children of the white families, twelve in number, tomahawked the children of the entire group. This was during the engagement near the Sand-hills. When Captain Wells, who was fighting near, beheld it, he exclaimed, —

“Is that their game, butchering the women and children? Then I will kill too!”

So saying, he turned his horse's head, and started for the Indian camp, near the fort, where had been left their squaws and children.

Several Indians pursued him as he galloped along. He laid himself flat on the neck of his horse, loading and firing in that position, as he would occasionally turn on his pursuers. At length their balls took effect, killing his horse, and severely wounding himself. At this moment he was met by Winnemeg and Wau-ban-see, who endeavored to save him from the savages who had now overtaken him. As they supported him along, after having



MINERS' AND MINING BUILDING.



disengaged him from his horse, he received his death-blow from another Indian, Pee-so-tum, who stabbed him in the back.

The heroic resolution of one of the soldier's wives deserves to be recorded. She was a Mrs. Corbin, and had from the first expressed the determination never to fall into the hands of the savages, believing that their prisoners were always subjected to tortures worse than death.

When therefore a party came upon her to make her a prisoner, she fought with desperation, refusing to surrender, although assured, by signs, of safety and kind treatment, and literally suffered herself to be cut to pieces rather than become their captive.

There was a Sergeant Holt, who early in the engagement received a ball in the neck. Finding himself badly wounded, he gave his sword to his wife, who was on horseback with him, telling her to defend herself. He then made for the lake, to keep out of the way of the balls. Mrs. Holt rode a very fine horse, which the Indians were desirous of possessing; and they therefore attacked her, in hopes of dismounting her.

They fought only with the butt-ends of their guns, for their object was not to kill her. She hacked and hewed at their pieces as they were thrust against her, now on this side, now on that. Finally she broke loose from them, and dashed out into the prairie. The Indians pursued her, shouting and laughing, and now and then calling out,—

“The brave woman! do not hurt her!”

At length they overtook her again, and while she was engaged with two or three in front, one succeeded in seizing her by the neck behind, and dragging her, although a large and powerful woman, from her horse. Notwithstanding that their guns had been so hacked and injured, and even themselves cut severely, they seemed to regard her only with admiration. They took her to a trader on the Illinois River, by whom she was restored to her friends, after having received every kindness during her captivity.

Those of the family of Mr. Kinzie who had remained in the boat near the mouth of the river were carefully guarded by Kee-po-tah and another Indian. They had seen the smoke, then the blaze; and immediately after the report of the first tremendous discharge sounded in their ears. Then all was confusion. They realized nothing until they saw an Indian come towards them from the battle-ground, leading a horse on which sat a lady, apparently wounded.

“That is Mrs. Heald,” cried Mrs. Kinzie. “That Indian will kill her. Run, Chandonnai,” to one of Mr. Kinzie's clerks, “take the mule that is tied there, and offer it to him to release her.”

Her captor by this time was in the act of disengaging her bonnet from her head, in order to scalp her. Chandonnai ran up, offered the mule as a ransom, with the promise of ten bottles of whiskey as soon as they should reach his village. The latter was a strong temptation.

“But,” said the Indian, “she is badly wounded, — she will die. Will you give me the whiskey at all events?”

Chandonnai promised that he would, and the bargain was concluded. The savage placed the lady’s bonnet on his own head, and after an ineffectual effort on the part of some squaws to rob her of her shoes and stockings, she was brought on board the boat, where she lay moaning with pain from the many bullet-wounds she had received in both arms.

The horse she had ridden was a fine spirited animal, and, being desirous of possessing themselves of it uninjured, the Indians had aimed their shots so as to disable the rider without injuring her steed.

She had not lain long in the boat, when a young Indian of savage aspect was seen approaching. A buffalo robe was hastily drawn over Mrs. Heald, and she was admonished to suppress all sound of complaint, as she valued her life.

The heroic woman remained perfectly silent, while the savage drew near. He had a pistol in his hand, which he rested on the side of the boat, while with a fearful scowl he looked pryingly around. Black Jim, one of the servants, who stood in the bow of the boat, seized an axe that lay near, and signed to him that if he shot, he would cleave his skull; telling him that the boat contained only the family of Shaw-nee-aw-kee. Upon this the Indian retired. It afterward appeared that the object of his search was Mr. Burnett, a trader from St. Joseph’s, with whom he had some account to settle.

When the boat was at length permitted to return to the mansion of Mr. Kinzie, and Mrs. Heald was removed to the house, it became necessary to dress her wounds.

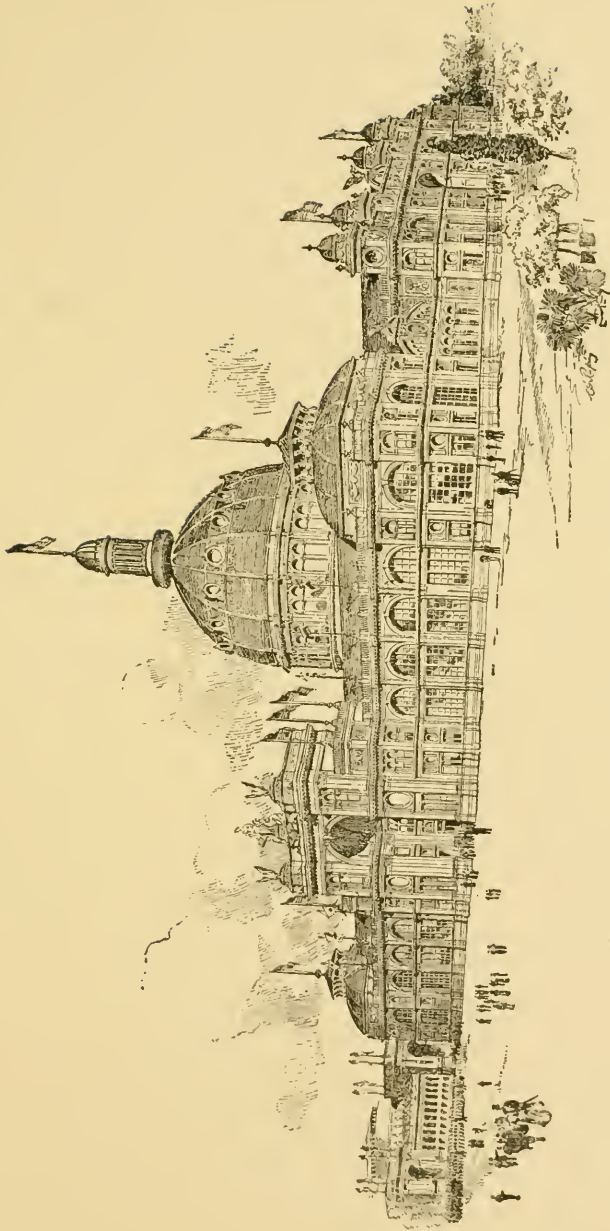
Mr. K. applied to an old chief who stood by, and who, like most of his tribe, possessed some skill in surgery, to extract a ball from the arm of the sufferer.

“No, father,” replied he, “I cannot do it, — it makes me sick here,” placing his hand on his heart.

Mr. Kinzie then performed the operation himself with his penknife.

At their own mansion the family of Mr. Kinzie were closely guarded by their Indian friends, whose intention it was to carry them to Detroit for security. The rest of the prisoners remained at the wigwams of their captors.

The following morning, the work of plunder being completed, the Indians set fire to the fort. A very equitable distribution of the finery appeared to have



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

been made ; and shawls, ribbons, and feathers fluttered about in all directions. The ludicrous appearance of one young fellow who had arrayed himself in a muslin gown and the bonnet of one of the ladies, would, under other circumstances, have afforded matter of amusement.

Black Partridge, Wau-ban-see, and Kee-po-tah, with two other Indians, having established themselves in the porch of the building as sentinels, to protect the family from any evil the young men might be excited to commit, all remained tranquil for a short space after the conflagration.

Very soon, however, a party of Indians from the Wabash made their appearance. These were, decidedly, the most hostile and implacable of all the tribes of the Pottowattamies.

Being more remote, they had shared less than some of their brethren in the kindness of Mr. Kinzie and his family, and consequently their sentiments of regard for them were less powerful.

Runners had been sent to the villages to apprise them of the intended evacuation of the post, as well as of the plan of the Indians to attack the troops.

Thirsting to participate in such a scene, they hurried on; and great was their mortification, on arriving at the river Aux Plaines, to meet with a party of their friends having with them their chief Nee-scot-nee-meg, badly wounded, and to learn that the battle was over, the spoils divided, and the scalps all taken.

On arriving at Chicago they blackened their faces, and proceeded towards the dwelling of Mr. Kinzie.

From his station on the piazza Black Partridge had watched their approach, and his fears were particularly awakened for the safety of Mrs. Helm (Mr. Kinzie's step-daughter), who had recently come to the post, and was personally unknown to the more remote Indians. By his advice she was made to assume the ordinary dress of a French woman of the country; namely, a short gown and petticoat, with a blue cotton handkerchief wrapped around her head. In this disguise she was conducted by Black Partridge to the house of Ouilmette, a Frenchman with a half-breed wife, who formed a part of the establishment of Mr. Kinzie, and whose dwelling was close at hand.

It so happened that the Indians came first to this house, in their search for prisoners. As they approached, the inmates, fearful that the fair complexion and general appearance of Mrs. Helm might betray her for an American, raised a large feather-bed and placed her under the edge of it, upon the bedstead, with her face to the wall. Mrs. Bisson, the sister of Ouilmette's wife, then seated herself with her sewing upon the front of the bed.

It was a hot day in August, and the feverish excitement of fear and agitation, together with her position, which was nearly suffocating, became so intolerable that Mrs. Helm at length entreated to be released and given up to the Indians.

"I can but die," said she; "let them put an end to my misery at once."

Mrs. Bisson replied, "Your death would be the destruction of us all, for Black Partridge has resolved that if one drop of blood of your family is spilled, he will take the lives of all concerned in it, even his nearest friends; and if the work of murder commences, there will be no end of it, so long as there remains one white person or half-breed in the country."

This expostulation nerved Mrs. Helm with fresh resolution.

The Indians entered, and she could occasionally see them from her hiding-place gliding about, and stealthily inspecting every part of the room, though without making any ostensible search, until, apparently satisfied that there was no one concealed, they left the house.

All this time Mrs. Bisson had kept her seat upon the side of the bed, calmly sorting and arranging the patchwork of the quilt on which she was engaged, and preserving an appearance of the utmost tranquillity, although she knew not but that the next moment she might receive a tomahawk in her brain.

From Ouilmette's house the party of Indians proceeded to the dwelling of Mr. Kinzie. They entered the parlor, in which the family were assembled with their faithful protectors, and seated themselves upon the floor in silence.

Black Partridge perceived from their moody and revengeful looks what was passing in their minds, but he dared not remonstrate with them. He only observed in a low tone to Wau-ban-see, —

"We have endeavored to save our friends, but it is in vain, — nothing will save them now."

At this moment a friendly whoop was heard from a party of new-comers on the opposite bank of the river. Black Partridge sprang to meet their leader, as the canoes in which they had hastily embarked touched the bank near the house.

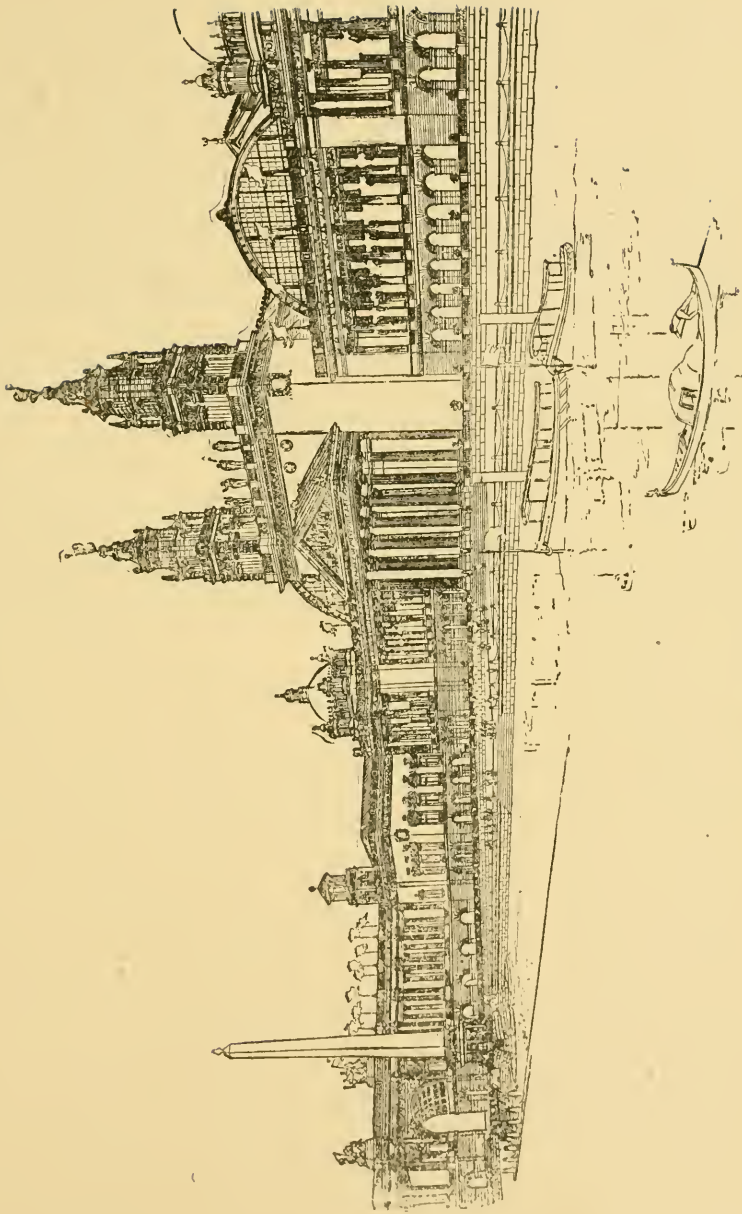
"Who are you?" demanded he.

"A man. Who are you?"

"A man like yourself; but tell me *witho* you are,"—meaning, "Tell me your disposition, and which side you are for."

"I am the Sau-ga-nash!"

"Then make all speed to the house, — your friend is in danger, and you alone can save him."



MACHINERY HALL.

Billy Caldwell¹—for it was he—entered the parlor with a calm step, and without a trace of agitation in his manner. He deliberately took off his accoutrements, and placed them with his rifle behind the door; then saluted the hostile savages.

“How now, my friends! A good day to you. I was told there were enemies here, but I am glad to find only friends. Why have you blackened your faces? Is it that you are mourning for the friends you have lost in battle,” purposely misunderstanding this token of evil designs, “or is it that you are fasting? If so, ask our friend here, and he will give you to eat. He is the Indians’ friend, and never yet refused them what they had need of.”

Thus taken by surprise, the savages were ashamed to acknowledge their bloody purpose. They therefore said modestly that they came to beg of their friends some white cotton in which to wrap their dead, before interring them. This was given to them with some other presents, and they took their departure peaceably from the premises.

¹ Billy Caldwell was a half-breed, and a chief of the nation. In his reply, “I am a Sau-ganash,” or Englishman, he designed to convey, “I am a white man.” Had he said, “I am a Pottowattamie,” it would have been interpreted to mean, “I belong to my nation, and am prepared to go all lengths with them.”

CHAPTER X.

THE LAND OF LINCOLN.

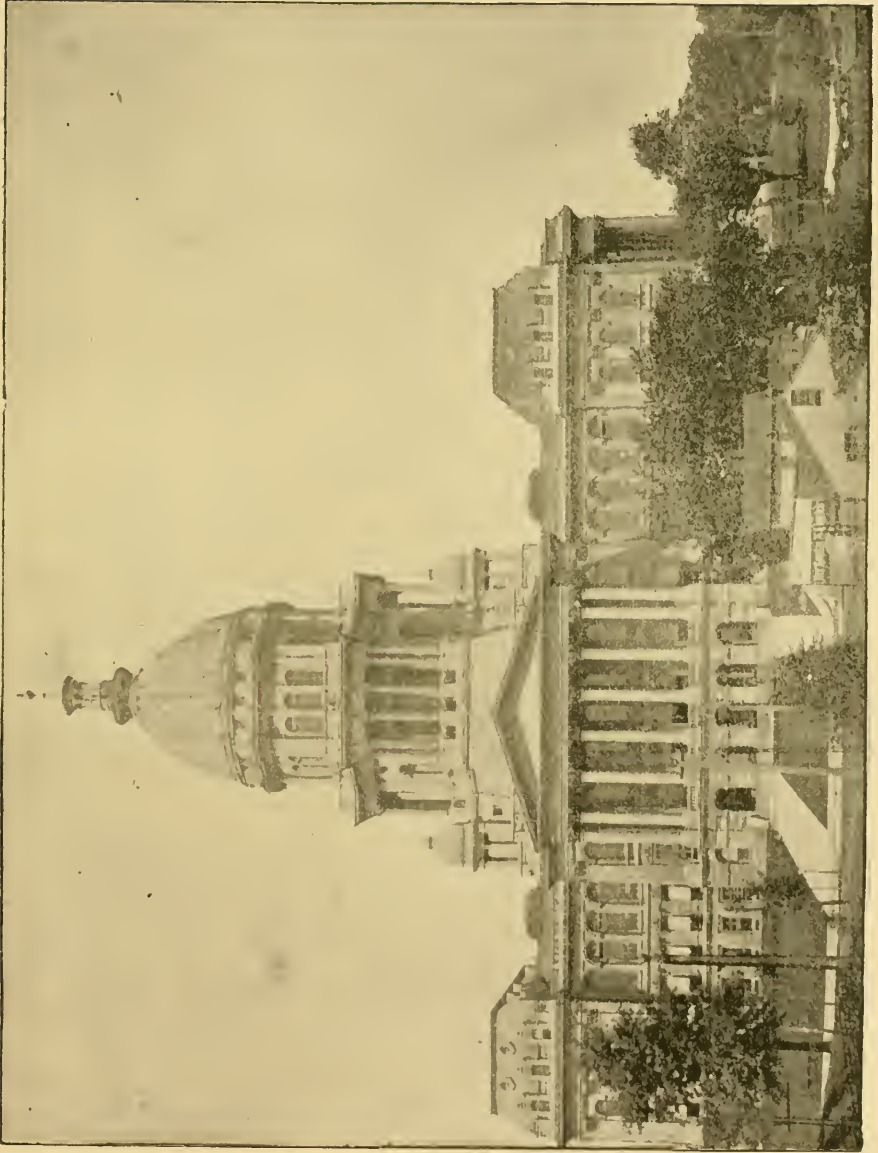
TO ST. LOUIS BY THE WAY OF PEORIA AND SPRINGFIELD.



AT Peoria the class stopped to visit Starved Rock, where was the old French fort of St. Louis, and where the last of the Illini were surrounded by the Lake tribes, and perished. Poetry and legendary lore here pictures a dramatic scene. The Lake tribes came down from the north, and the Illini of the prairies of flowers took their stand against them on the Rock of the Illinois. Here, with abundant stores, and the cool water sparkling beneath them, the prairie tribes thought that they were secure against all enemies. But their stores became spent, and the canoes of their foes cut off their supply of water, and they starved, and perished from thirst. In their last fevers they could look down on the cool water of the river which they could not reach, — a tragedy that might well excite the imagination of a poet or an artist. Our country has many great stories that art has not told; and this is one of them.

A land of corn-fields and wheat-fields, of oaks and streams, and we are amid scenes which the name of Lincoln will ever make immortal. The spires of Springfield rise in the clear, sunny air; the whistle blows, and we are in the capital of the rich State of Illinois.

The class hurried away to see a plain house on a plain street, which was once the home of the great President; then to the State House, to wonder at its unsightly situation and magnificence; and then to that silent city without the city, where is no legislation, but



NEW STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

the tomb of the commoner to whom the world has given a place among undying names.

The air was a dream of sunshine, and the corn-fields a golden glory, as the class passed beyond the quiet, prosperous city limits. The wide land of plenty and prosperity opened before them, and seemed to nurture happiness everywhere. One could hardly dream here that there had ever been a war.

Oak Ridge Cemetery, where the peaceful heart of Lincoln rests amid the monumental scenes of war, originally consisted of a few acres that were called a "graveyard." It was enclosed by a fence by the growing city; and here families dug graves where they pleased, for the land was free.

The young city grew, and with it the city of the dead among the oaks by its side. After the death of Lincoln and the great national funeral, it passed under the control of the Lincoln Monument Association, having been selected as the place of a monument to the martyr President that should endure for generations.

The Cemetery is about one and a half miles north from the new State House.

The class approached the Mausoleum with a feeling of awe, and stood silent for a time beneath the sunny shaft and dark groups of statues.

"The shoeless boy who came to Indiana, and lived in a house without windows or doors, could hardly have dreamed of a resting-place like this," said Mr. Green to a soldier guarding the monument.

"No," answered the guard, who knew the history of the Lincoln family well. "I often think of Lincoln's mother as I gaze up to the shaft, and enter the chambers. Lincoln once said in Washington, 'It was *she* that placed me here,' and again, 'All that I am or all that I ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother.' Her name was Nancy Hanks Lincoln, a simple Baptist pioneer, whose chief comfort was her religion and her ability to sing hymns. She died when Abraham was

some ten years old, leaving two children. When she knew that she was to die, she selected the place for her grave under some great trees,



THE LINCOLN MONUMENT, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

and it was there that the boy Lincoln brought Elder Elkins all the way from Kentucky to preach her funeral sermon.

“Come,” he continued, “come with me.” He led the class into the monument, and pointed to a stone. “Read that!”

The class read : —

ABRAHAMO. LINCOLNIO
 REGION. FOEDERAT. AMERIC. PRAESIDI. II.
 HVNC. EX. SERVI. TVLLI AGGERE. LAPIDEM
 OVO. VTRIVSOVE.
 LIBERTATIS ADSERTORIS FORTISS
 MEMORIA. CONIVNCATVR
 CIVES. ROMANI
 D.
 A. MDCCCLXV

“ Who was Servius Tullius ? ” asked Arthur of the guard.

“ He was the sixth king of Rome.”

“ And why is this stone here ? ”

“ It was sent as a present to Abraham Lincoln by distinguished citizens of Rome, on his second election as President. It was found in the cellar of the White House. It is thought that President Lincoln was so overcome by the compliment of being compared to so great a king that he modestly hid it there. But the stone was prophecy.”

“ How ? ”

“ Lincoln’s life and that of the Roman king were parallels. Both were born of very poor parents ; both emancipated the slaves of their country ; both were defenders of the principles of equal rights, and both were assassinated, and fell martyrs to liberty.”

“ When did this king live ? ”

“ Nearly six hundred years before the birth of Christ.”

“ And this stone was from the Roman wall that he erected ? ”

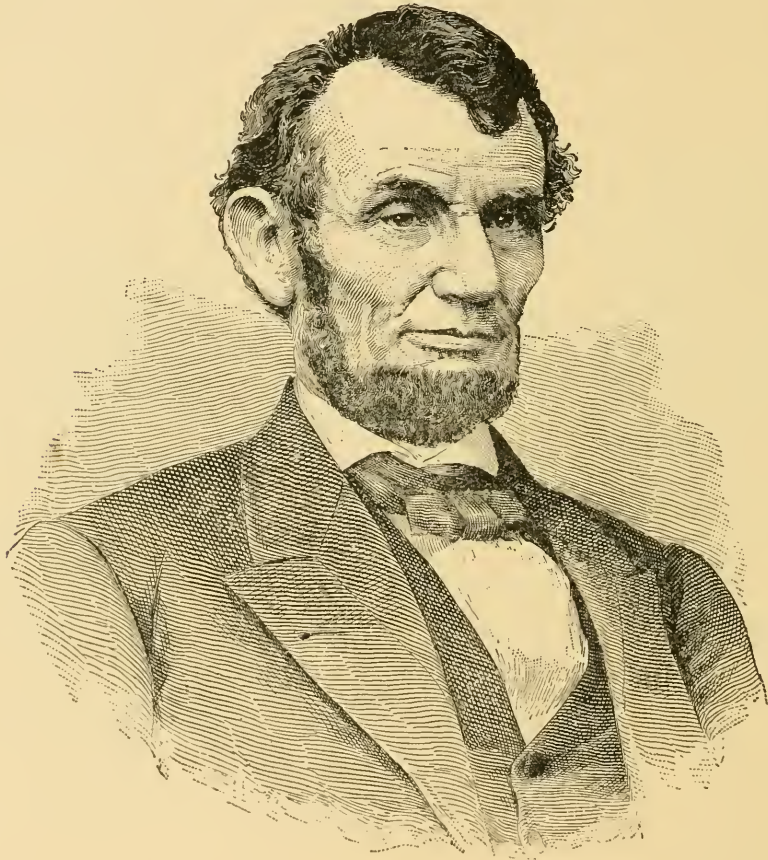
“ Yes.”

“ Guard ? ”

“ Do you think that Lincoln ever thought that *all* of his life might be like that of Servius Tullius ? ”

“ I have thought so. That may be the reason why he wished to hide the stone. He used to say to his friends that he would not survive the war ; that his own life would end with his work. He said to

one: 'I feel a presentiment that I shall not outlast the war. When it is over, my work will be done;' and to another he said: 'I may not see the end; but it will come, and I shall be vindicated.' So you see that he read his destiny."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

When the party turned away from the stone coffin, Memorial Hall, and the sun-flooded cemetery, it was to talk of Lincoln, and to seek among the sons and daughters of his old neighbors incidents of his wonderful life.

Lincoln shrank from the terrible duty of war. He hated the shedding of blood, and was happy in the thought of retirement and peace. It is said that just before the assassination he said to his wife, "When the cares of State are over, I will go to Palestine."

The late James Franklin Fitts some years ago contributed to the "Youth's Companion" a story which shows Lincoln's heart. It is vivid and dramatic in form, and written with evident feeling; and we copy it here. It is a story worthy to live.

THE MESSAGE OF LIFE.

TWENTY years ago I was one of many witnesses of a scene that has left upon my memory an impress perhaps deeper than that of any other occurrence of that stirring time. The sequel of the story, which I learned some months afterwards, is narrated here with the principal event; and both together deserve a larger audience than any that has yet heard them, because they touch the heart and arouse those feelings of sympathy which make the whole world kin.

It was in February, 1865. I was a staff-officer of a division of the Union Army stationed about Winchester, Virginia; and military operations being then practically over in that region, I had succeeded in getting leave of absence for twenty days. The time was short enough, at best, for one who had been long absent from family and friends, and two days were to be consumed each way in getting to and from my Northern home. I lost no time in making the first stage of my journey, which was a brief one, from Winchester to Harper's Ferry, by rail.

Reaching the latter place after dark, I found, to my great disappointment, that the last train for the day for Baltimore had left an hour before, and that the next train would start at five o'clock on the following morning.

There was no difficulty in finding a lodging, poor as it was; but there was trouble in getting out of it as early as I wished. Previous experience warned me that the state of agreeable excitement and anticipation that possessed me that night was not favorable to sleep; and fearing a heavy slumber in the early hours of the morning, when I should at last lose myself, I gave a small reminder to the negro servant, and received his solemn promise that he would arouse me at four o'clock.

The result was exactly what I feared. In a most exasperating condition of

wakefulness I lay until it seemed certain that the night must be half gone; but an examination of my watch by the light of a match showed that the hour was but a few minutes past ten. Is there anything more annoying than the ineffectual effort to sleep, when Nature is fairly crying out for sleep? Every noise of the night came to me with the most painful distinctness, — the barking of a dog, the tramp of a body of soldiers as they went their rounds relieving guard, the laugh and song of some boisterous revellers, and even the musical ripple of the Shenandoah River just below me.

The long and vivid story of what had happened to me since last leaving home passed through my thoughts, and only added to their excitement. All the wise remedies for insomnia that occurred to me were successively tried, and found wanting. Again my watch was consulted; it marked half-past eleven. Twice after this I heard the guard relieved; so that it must have been later than two o'clock when sleep visited my weary eyes. A rude disturbance at my door awakened me, and I became dimly conscious of the voice of the negro outside.

“What is it?” I cried testily. “What do you wake me up for at this time of night?”

“’Deed, sah, Ise sorry; ’pon my honah, I is, sah! but de train hab done gone dese two hours.”

It was even so. Broad daylight — seven o'clock in the morning — the train gone, and no chance to get out of Harper's Ferry till twelve more precious hours of my leave had passed, — this was the unpleasant situation to which I awoke upon that dreary February morning. To make the best of it, is the true philosophy of life; in fact, it is folly to do anything else; but human nature will assert itself, and I grumbled all to myself that morning, as most of my readers would have done in my place.

Breakfast over, I strolled around the queer old place, not to see its sights, for they were very familiar to me, but merely to while away the time. Of all the places in this land where man has made his habitation, none is more remarkable from its natural situation than this.

Here the Potomac and the Shenandoah unite and break through the lofty barrier of the Blue Ridge; and Harper's Ferry, located at the point of their confluence, is environed by lofty mountains, up the steep side of one of which the village seems to clamber and cling for support. From the lofty top of Maryland Heights, opposite, a wonderful natural panorama may be seen; and of this view Thomas Jefferson wrote that it was worth a journey from Europe to see it. But if you are set down in Harper's Ferry, at the base of these great hills, your view is cramped and circumscribed in every direction.

I went back to the hotel after an hour's stroll, wrote some letters, read all the newspapers I could find about the place, and shortly after eleven o'clock went out again. This time my ear was greeted with the music of a band, playing a slow march. Several soldiers were walking briskly past, and I inquired of them if there was to be a military funeral.

"No, sir," one of them replied, — "not exactly. It is an execution. Two deserters from one of the artillery regiments here are to be shot up on Bolivar Heights. Here they come!"

The solemn strains of the music were heard near at hand, and the *cortège* moved into the street where we stood, and wound slowly up the hill. First came the band; then General Stevenson, the military commandant of the post, and his staff; then the guard, preceding and following an ambulance, in which were the condemned men. A whole regiment followed, marching by platoons, with reversed arms, making in the whole a spectacle than which nothing can be more solemn.

Close behind it came, as it seemed to me, the entire population of Harper's Ferry; a motley crowd of several thousand, embracing soldiers off duty, camp-followers, negroes, and what not. It was a raw, damp day, not a ray of sunlight had yet penetrated the thick clouds, and under foot was a thin coating of snow. Nature seemed in sympathy with the misery of the occasion.

The spot selected for the dreadful scene was rather more than a mile up the Heights, where a high ridge of ground formed a barrier for bullets that might miss their mark. Arrived here, the troops were formed in two large squares of one rank each, one square within the other, with an open face toward the ridge. Two graves had been dug near this ridge, and a coffin was just in rear of each grave. Twenty paces in front was the firing-party of six files, under a lieutenant, at ordered arms; the general and his staff sat on their horses near the centre.

Outside the outer square, the great crowd of spectators stood in perfect silence. The condemned men had been brought from the ambulance, and each one sat on his coffin, with his open grave before him.

They were very different in their aspect. One, a man of more than forty years, showed hardly a trace of feeling in his rugged face; but the other was a mere lad, of scarcely twenty, who gazed about him with a wild, restless look, as if he could not yet understand that he was about to endure the terrible punishment of his offence.

The proceedings of the court-martial were read, reciting the charges against these men, their trial, conviction, and sentence; and then the order of General Sheridan approving the sentence, "to be shot to death with musketry," and

directing it to be carried into effect at twelve o'clock noon of this day. The whole scene was passing immediately before my eyes; for a staff-uniform will pass its wearer almost anywhere in the army, and I had passed the guards and entered the inner square.

A chaplain knelt by the condemned men and prayed fervently, whispered a few words in the ear of each, wrung their hands, and retired. Two soldiers stepped forward with handkerchiefs to bind the eyes of the sufferers, and I heard the officer of the firing-party give the command in a low tone: "Attention! — shoulder — arms!"

I looked at my watch; it was a minute past twelve. The crowd outside had been so perfectly silent that a flutter and disturbance running through it at this instant fixed everybody's attention. My heart gave a great jump as I saw a mounted orderly urging his horse through the crowd, and waving a yellow envelope over his head.

The squares opened for him, and he rode in and handed the envelope to the general. Those who were permitted to see that despatch read the following: —

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 23, 1865.

Gen. Job Stevenson, Harper's Ferry.

Deserters reprieved till further orders. Stop the execution.

A. LINCOLN.

The older of the two men had so thoroughly resigned himself to his fate that he seemed unable now to realize that he was saved, and he looked around him in a dazed, bewildered way.

Not so the other; he seemed for the first time to recover his consciousness. He clasped his hands together, and burst into tears. As there was no military execution after this at Harper's Ferry, I have no doubt that the sentence of both was finally commuted.

Powerfully as my feelings had been stirred by this scene, I still suspected that the despatch had in fact arrived before the *cortege* left Harper's Ferry, and that all that happened afterward was planned and intended as a terrible lesson to these culprits.

That afternoon I visited General Stevenson at his headquarters, and after introducing myself, and referring to the morning's scene on Bolivar Heights, I ventured frankly to state my suspicions, and ask if they were not well-founded.

"Not at all," he instantly replied. "The men would have been dead had that despatch reached me two minutes later."



THE MESSAGE OF LIFE.

“Were you not expecting a reprieve, general?”

“I had some reason to expect it last night; but as it did not come, and as the line was reported down between here and Baltimore this morning, I had given it up. Still, in order to give the fellows every possible chance for their lives, I left a mounted orderly at the telegraph office, with orders to ride at a gallop if a message came for me from Washington. It is well I did! — the precaution saved their lives.”

How the despatch came to Harper’s Ferry must be told in the words of the man who got it through.

THE TELEGRAPHER’S STORY.

On the morning of the 24th of February, 1865, I was busy at my work in the Baltimore Telegraph Office, sending and receiving messages. At half-past ten o’clock, — for I had occasion to mark the hour, — the signal C — A — L, several times repeated, caused me to throw all else aside, and attend to it.

That was the telegraphic cipher of the War Department; and telegraphers, in those days, had instructions to put that service above all others. A message was quickly ticked off from the President to the commanding officer at Harper’s Ferry, reprieving two deserters who were to be shot at noon. The message was dated the day before, but had in some way been detained or delayed between the Department and the Washington office.

A few words to the Baltimore office, which accompanied the despatch, explained that it had “stuck” at Baltimore; that an officer direct from the President was waiting at the Washington office, anxious to hear that it had reached Harper’s Ferry, and that Baltimore must send it on instantly.

Baltimore would have been very glad to comply; but the line to Harper’s Ferry had been interrupted since daylight, — nothing whatever had passed. So I explained to Washington.

The reply came back before my fingers had left the instrument. “You *must* get it through. Do it, some way, for Mr. Lincoln. He is very anxious; has just sent another messenger to us.”

I called the office-superintendent to my table, and repeated these despatches to him. He looked at the clock.

“Almost eleven,” he said. “I see just one chance, — a very slight one. Send it to New York; ask them to get it to Wheeling, and then it may get through by Cumberland and Martinsburg. Stick to ’em, and do what you can.”

By this time I had become thoroughly aroused in the business, and I set to

work with a will. The despatch with the explanation went to New York, — and promptly came the reply that it was hopeless; the wires were crowded, and nothing could be done till late in the afternoon, if then.

I responded just as Washington had replied to me. It *must* be done; it is a case of life and death; do it for Mr. Lincoln's sake, who is very anxious about it. And I added for myself, by way of emphasis, "For God's sake, let's save these poor fellows!"

And I got the New York people thoroughly aroused as I was myself. The answer came back, "Will do what we can."

It was now ten minutes past eleven. In ten minutes more I heard from New York that the despatch had got as far as Buffalo, and could not go direct to Wheeling; it must go on to Chicago.

Inquiries from Washington were repeated every five minutes, and I sent what had reached me.

Half-past eleven the despatch was at Chicago, and they were working their best to get it to Wheeling.

Something was the matter; the Wheeling office did not answer.

The next five minutes passed without a word; then — huzza! — New York says the despatch has reached Wheeling, and the operator there says he can get it through to Harper's Ferry in time.

At this point the news stopped. New York could learn nothing further for me, after several efforts, and I could only send to Washington that I hoped it was all right, but could not be sure.

Later in the day the line was working again to Harper's Ferry, and then I learned that the despatch had reached the office there at ten minutes before twelve, and that it was brought to the place of execution just in time.

Arthur, who had collected magnolia leaves at the tomb of Washington for his Home Museum, found oak leaves and acorns at Oak Ridge for the same purpose. He pressed the leaves, and wrote under them some of the noblest sentiments of the martyr president.

He found in Springfield an old leather-covered English Reader, such as had been used in one of the schools that Lincoln attended. This he read with deep interest, and added it to his numerous treasures. Lincoln once said that the English Reader was the best book that was ever compiled.

CHAPTER XI.

ST. LOUIS, THE CITY OF THE MOUNDS AND PARKS.

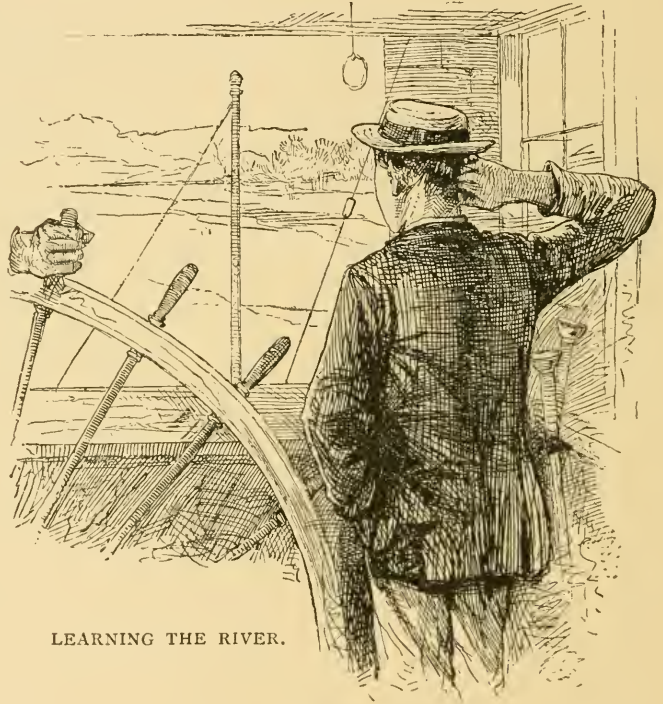


IN old Indian days, when Missouri was a part of Louisiana, the town of St. Louis was known as the country of the Mounds. Here were the ancient temples of the red races, and here the council grounds of the vanishing tribes. After the city became a commercial centre, and historic races had disappeared,

it kept the old traditions of the mysterious past by changing the council grounds of the Mounds into world-famous parks. In this beautiful city of the Mississippi, man may live in long summers of fairy lands. In its park areas it surpasses all other cities in the United States, with the possible exception of Philadelphia. There is Benton Park, of the grottoes and lakelets; Carondelet Park, with its cool drives and fine views; Forest Park, of thirteen hundred and seventy-one acres, where one may roam through more than one thousand acres of forest trees, or rest near a Moorish pagoda, and listen to patriotic music of all lands; Lafayette Park, of thirty acres, in the beautiful part of the city, where the statue of Thomas H. Benton towers over an inscription of the most prophetic words that ever fell from his lips; "There is the east; there is India!" (in reference to the Pacific territory); Tower Grove Park, of two hundred and seventy-six acres, a classic place of lawns and statues, where one may meet statues of Shakespeare and Columbus and Baron Von Humboldt; there are Hyde Park, Lyon Park, O'Fuller Park, Gravois Park, and the Boulevards and gardens without number. The long stretches of

land that overlook the great river are all a park. The Mounds have gone, but the prairie flowers still bloom there, and the river rolls below as calmly and majestically as of old towards the purple Gulf sunshine and palms. But the delight of the young people of the romantic city is the Fair Grounds, where one finds one's self in the animal kingdom of all lands. We will speak of it soon.

St. Louis stands in the centre of the Mississippi Valley, and is the Northern port city of the Father of Waters. It was founded by the French in the last days of the Monarchy. In 1764 Pierre Auguste Laclède established a trading-post here, at



LEARNING THE RIVER.

a point of the city now known as old Market Square, near the Cathedral. At this time the great river was the dividing-line between the French and the English possessions. The site was then a part of Northern Louisiana. He placed Auguste and Pierre Chouteau in charge of the post colony. The descendants of the Chouteaus (pronounced Shoe-toe) are among the most influential and patriotic families of the city.

The post colony named their town St. Louis, in honor of Louis

XV., the King of France. In 1768 the post was occupied by Spanish troops, but it reverted to France in 1800. In 1803 the entire territory of Louisiana was purchased by the United States, and the Stars and Stripes were lifted over the red sod towers of the fur-traders of St. Louis. The town at that time contained only about a thousand inhabitants, and consisted largely of one hundred and eighty houses, "built of logs set on end."



LAFAYETTE.

St. Louis now leaped into life, and became the leader of the pioneer enterprises of the great Mississippi Valley. John Jacob Astor made here a trading-house, which gained for him much of his early wealth. The first railways west of the Mississippi started here; the first schools and newspapers. Then Thomas H. Benton arose to fame, and lent to the city the lustre of his prophetic genius. He saw the future of the great empire that lay beyond the Mississippi, and gave his heart and mind to its development. To-day a half-million inhabitants cross and recross the colossal bridge that spans the great river, and the city turns its easy wealth into beauty and works of art and beneficence.

The first visit made by our Tourists in the city of the ancient Mounds was to Lafayette Park. General Lafayette visited St. Louis on his return to America, and the people here have always held his

memory in filial and affectionate regard. His statue adorns one of the shaded avenues of the Park, and so the heart of the city will ever perpetuate his effigy and his name.

The Park is refined and elegant in its outlines, and has an old French atmosphere about it that harmonizes well with its name.

The central figure of the tasteful avenues here is the statue of Thomas H. Benton, the great Missouri Senator, and the author of "Thirty Years' View." The once famous speeches of this man are

almost forgotten, but long the inspiration of a poetic prophecy will live! Bishop Berkeley said, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and the line made him immortal. Benton, in pleading for the occupation of the great Northwest, said, pointing to the Pacific: "There is the east; there is India!" The parts of the Puget Sea that now are opening to the



A LIGHT-KEEPER.

Orient will attest how genuine was the inspiration of that utterance. "A little well written is immortality," said the poet Halleck. A little well spoken has the same crown; an ounce of a diamond is worth a ton of glass; the greatest truths of life find expression in a few choice words.

The statue is majestic, and its seriousness contrasts with the lightness and gayety of the surrounding scenes, — with the airy trees, the music pagodas, the smiling hedges and bright flowers. The face has the prophet's mood. It is worth a journey across the continent to sit down in its presence, and here to dream of ultimate America, as he saw it, and as we may more clearly see it to-day. In Benton's day

people went from the Mississippi to the Pacific by the Oregon Trail. To-day the empire between the Mississippi and the Pacific is becoming the greater United States, where the seat of political power is to be. The grand march began while yet Benton waved his hand.

The Fair Grounds of St. Louis are among the wonders of America. Here is an amphitheatre capable of sheltering a hundred thousand people. A thousand trotters have been found here at a single Fair, and the Annual Fair is the occasion of the State's gala-days.

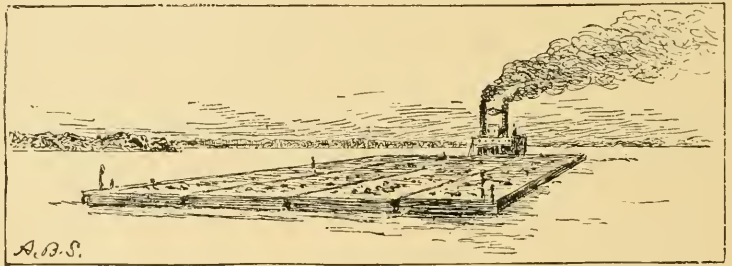
The air is cool with sifted sunshine, and blazes with flowers. The increasing products of the stall are brought here year after year. But to young Missouri the exhibits and races are minor attractions. The little feet as they turn the turnstile hurry towards the Zoo.

The Zoo of St. Louis? One loves to remember it. We never have seen such respectable-looking bears in any other pits, — great, fat, *amiable*-looking creatures! We cannot think that they would harm any one if they were let loose. They seem so glad to see company, too. Arthur went there once on a rainy day, when they seemed lonesome, and one of them danced and rolled over and over with delight as he greeted them. The animals here are mercifully kept and treated. They are not cramped for room. They all seem friendly, — the elephant, the sea-lions, and all. In fact, everything appears to be happy here, — the birds in the trees, the monkeys in the cages, the great companies of children, and even the flowers. The beautifully-shaded grounds seem to be endless. One is sorry as the afternoon hours grow short, and the post-Mississippi sun blazes behind the trees, to turn again the turnstile, and to face the city. St. Louis is rich, but she believes that life was given for something better than money-making. She is a healthy city, which is natural, as she does so much to keep her people in the open air. We do not wonder that her citizens love her, and are proud of her, and guard her fame with jealous care.

If the young St. Louisan may go to the animal world at one suburb,

he may find the trees and plants of Bible lands at another. The Shaw Gardens are famous everywhere, and they are as free as the air of the prairie. They were given to the city by Mr. Henry Shaw, a retired millionaire, who spent some thirty years of his life in their development. They are the Kew Gardens, the Jardin des Plantes, of America. Almost every species of trees and plants may be found here in natural groups and associations. Here we may find the olive-tree, the camphor-tree, and almond and the cinchona; here the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley. The glory of the city is the river, and the bridge that crowns the river. One should see the bridge from the river at night. In autumn evenings the streets are frequently illuminated with many-

colored lights, but the bridge is an arch of splendor on every night of the year. Next to the Brooklyn Bridge, it is the most stu-



A TUG.

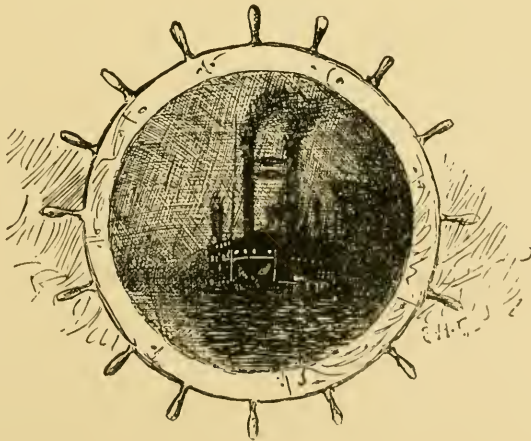
pendous structure of its kind in the country. It is an event in one's history to cross it, and one leaves it for the last time with regretful looks, and yet with gratitude for the lesson that they had learned here, and that every one learns here, that a true and liberal public spirit may make a city doubly dear to the hearts and homes of its inhabitants.

The Union Depot of St. Louis, like that of other great Western cities, presents a strange spectacle on the departure of trains. The tracks and car-yards are of themselves a little city. In the great waiting-rooms are to be seen families from all parts of the civilized world: emigrants from all the countries of Europe; Chinese, Negroes; elegant tourists on their way to Mexico; invalids going to the Hot

Springs of Arkansas ; poor women with great families of children ; men with tickets for Texas ; newsboys, — wealth, poverty, gay spirits and misery ; happy faces, anxious faces, disappointed faces ; oh, what a dissolving view of humanity it is, and how much of it is pitiable ! One's heart aches at the sight of the emigrant mothers and children, and wishes that some of the easy flow of wealth and luxury in the palace cars could make them happy for a single hour in their anxiety and necessity. One is shocked at the indifference with which the gay world passes them by. These women have come here, not for themselves, but for their children ; and these children are to be the future electors of presidents. We often look upon these mothers as heroines, and these children as national trusts.

“You are having a hard time with your children,” said a veiled lady to one of these mothers in the waiting-room. “I pity you : here is a dollar for you. You have greater cause to pity me : I have lost mine.”

She gave the distressed woman a look of sisterly sympathy, and followed her coachman, and vanished into the night. We hope that her sleep was sweet, and that there is a better world than this for such as she.



CHAPTER XII.

STORY-TELLING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE Mississippi! Father of Waters! The Indians called it the Great River, and, including the Missouri, it is the longest river in the world.

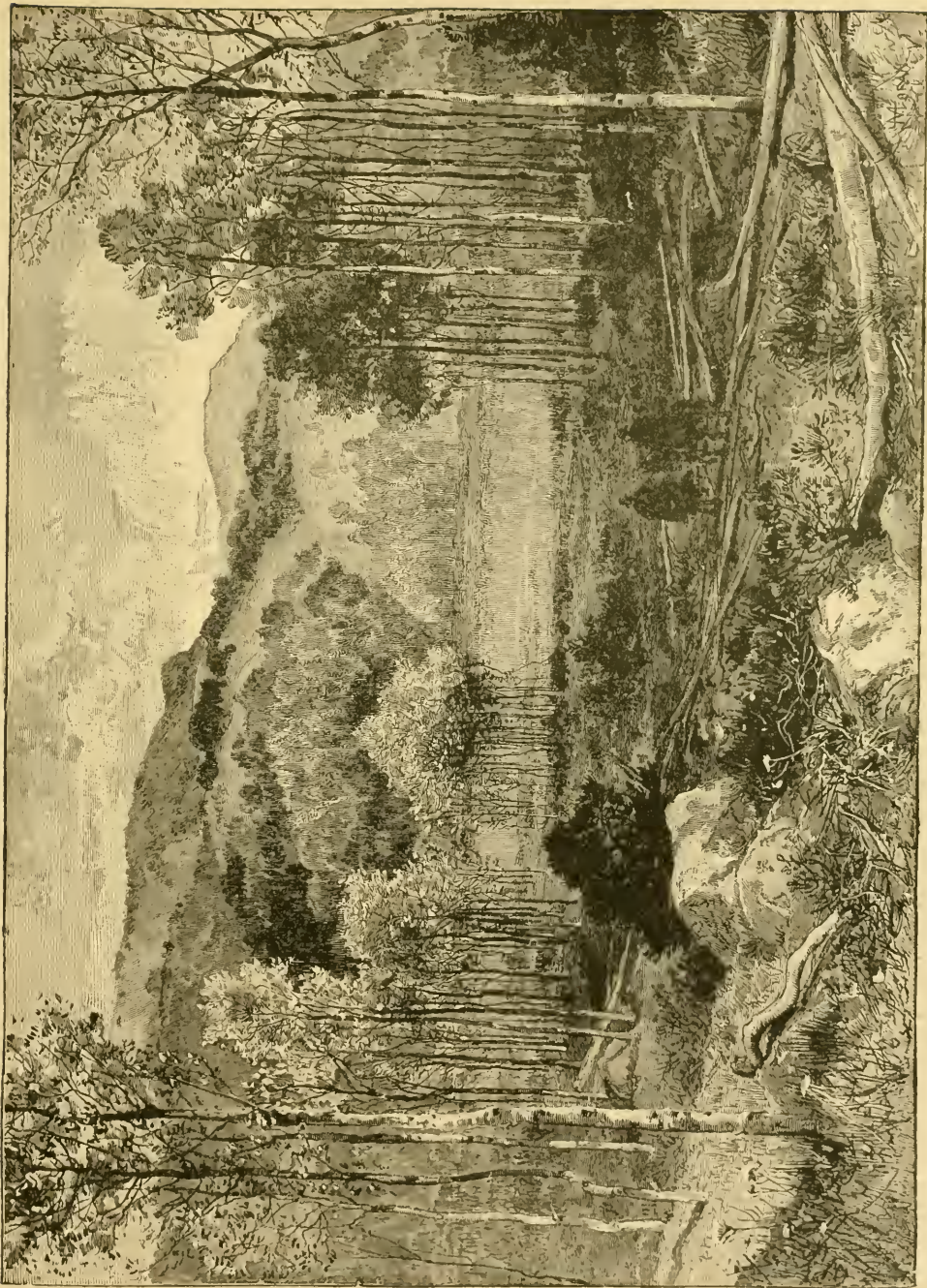
It rises among the clear lakes of Minnesota, near the sources of the long Red River of the North. With the Canal that connects the Lakes with its waters, it makes an island of half the United States.

It is 2986 miles long, or to the source of the Missouri 4500 miles. It drains an area of 1,226,600 square miles, an empire that once teemed with a crowded population of high intelligence, that long ago vanished, and that now is being re peopled from all civilized lands, — an empire where France came and went, having her romantic seat at Kaskaskia, and its vice-royal city at New Orleans.

A boat may ride on the river 2200 miles, or with the Missouri 3000 or more miles.

The river and its branches form the boundaries of one fourth of the States. Its waters, like the heart and its arteries, touches all the central life of the States. The Mississippi Valley is the heart of the great Republic.

Its banks is a procession of cities: St. Paul, Galena, Keokuk, Quincy, St. Louis, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, and New Orleans. By canal it touches Chicago and the Lakes, Canada and the East. Its heart-beat is the pulse of America.

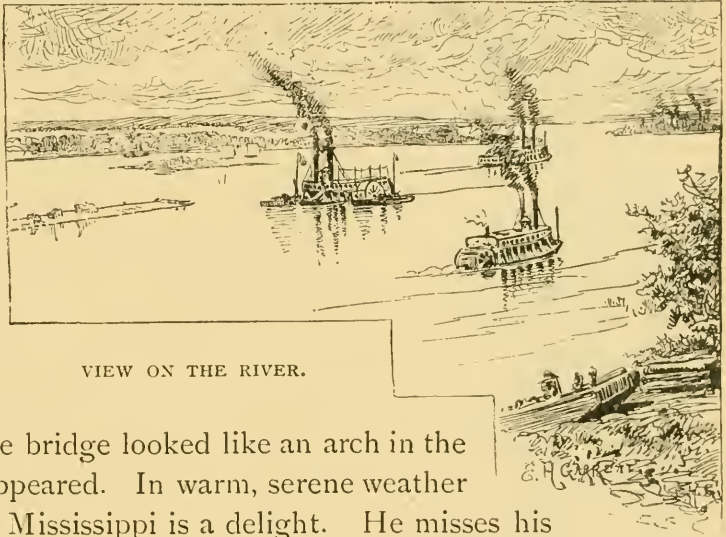


A VIEW IN MINNESOTA, NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

John Law dreamed of it in 1717, and formed the Mississippi Scheme that bankrupted his countrymen. Though the great valley did not prove an Eldorado, it has more than fulfilled the largest visions of the imaginative speculator.

The class had planned to go from St. Louis to New Orleans by water, and thence to Tampa, Florida, by rail, and to Havana, by one of the Plant Line of steamers.

It was a clear, bright early autumn day as the boat which they first took glided away from the stupendous bridge that spans the Mississippi



VIEW ON THE RIVER.

at St. Louis. The bridge looked like an arch in the heavens as it disappeared. In warm, serene weather boat-travel on the Mississippi is a delight. He misses his journey who makes a pleasure tour to New Orleans from St. Louis by rail.

Plantations, towns, cities, battlefields, companies of happy negroes everywhere; fields white with cotton, planters' houses, log-cabins, and cool trees. One has leisure for story-telling as the boat glides along, and Mrs. Green was called upon to be the entertainer on the sunny decks.

The lower deck seemed swarming with colored people, light-hearted and happy; and Mrs. Green, with a heart full of benevolence, thought that she saw in that little province of Africa a calling to do missionary work. So, on one sunny, lazy afternoon, she went down to these populous quarters, and sat down to question some of the boys as to

their religious knowledge and spiritual progress. Arthur went with her, and listened with the deepest interest to the results of her efforts.

“Can you sing?” began Mrs. Green, putting her question to a bright-eyed colored boy.

“Yes, missus; I can sing all night at the camp-meetin’.”

This was encouraging.

“Can you sing, missus?”

“Yes, some; but not as well as I used to do.”

“Hymns?”

“Yes.”

“I sing hymns.”

“Suppose you sing one.”

“I’d hate to sing before a white lady from up Nof.”

“Oh, it is not so much *how* you sing as what you sing that will please me!”

“Well,—I’ll tell you what ’t is; you sing, and I’ll sing, and we’ll see which will hold out the longest.”

Mrs. Green was persuaded to begin the musical contest, in order to hear the boy’s plantation songs.

She selected a popular and very appropriate old hymn:—

“My brother, I wish you well;
My brother, I wish you well;
When my Lord calls, I hope we all
Will meet in the Promised Land.”



A TYPICAL OLD-TIMER.

As soon as she had concluded this simple and fraternal stanza, the boy clasped both hands about his knees, and began to rock to and fro.

His eyes sparkled with the light of one who sees victory afar, and he began : —

“ I ’ll be there,
 I ’ll be there,
 When the general roll is calling,
 I ’ll be there ;
 I ’ll be there,
 I ’ll be there,
 When the general roll is calling,
 I ’ll be there.
 I hope to meet my brother there,
 When the general roll is calling ;
 He used to join with me in prayer.

Now you sing,” said the boy.

Mrs. Green continued : —

“ My sister, I wish you well ;
 My sister, I wish you well ;
 When my Lord calls, I hope we all
 Will meet in the Promised Land.”

The boy followed, —

“ I ’ll be there,
 I ’ll be there,” etc.
 “ I hope to meet my sister there.

Now you sing again.”

Mrs. Green continued : —

“ My *pastor*, I wish you well ;
 My *pastor*, I wish you well,” etc.

The boy grinned, rocked to and fro, and continued : —

“ I ’ll be there,
 I ’ll be there,
 I hope to meet my *pastor* there,” etc.

“ Now you go on,” said he.

Mrs. Green began to see the strange situation in which she was placed. She continued : —

“ Poor sinner, I wish you well ;
 Poor sinner, I wish you well.
 When my Lord calls, I hope we all
 Will meet in the Promised Land.”

The boy's eyes glowed : —

“ I'll be there,
I'll be there,”

and here he rolled over, singing, —

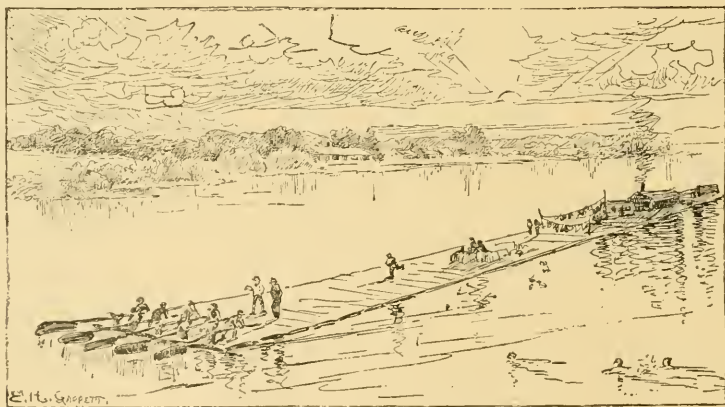
“ I hope to meet poor *sinner*s there.

he, he, he! Now go on, missus.”

Arthur was laughing, and people were gathering around the two singers and filling the deck.

“ Who shall I sing about next ? ” she asked.

“ Oh, the capt'n and mate, and the names 'of all the boys. My name is Peter, mine is. They call me Pete. Sing, 'Peter I wish



A MISSISSIPPI LUMBER-RAFT.

you well ; ’ then get at the names of all the boys, and wish them well. Then put in all the names of all the people you ever knew, and wish them well. Then go back to Bible times. You can sing all night in that way. I have a song that is everlasting, — as long as one has breath. Want to hear it ? ”

Poor Mrs. Green! Here were unexpected events. While in a state of perplexity as to what to say and how to retire, she was held to her seat by hearing the young Wagner begin a most haunting melody in which all the colored people reverently joined : —

“ The heaven-bells are ringing,
 The heaven-bells are ringing,
 About Jerusalem.
 Oh, do you love God, my brother?
 Oh, do you love God, my brother?
 My soul is 'bout to shine.”

This song went on and on. In the second stanza it was “my sister;” in the third “my father;” in the fourth, “my mother;” in the fifth, “my elder;” and then the refrain took up, in successive stanzas, the names of the singers and their friends.

It ceased only when the boat touched at landing.

When the boat moved off again, the boy said, “Missus, tell us about the captains of the Nof, — them who made us free. Did you know Lincoln, or John Brown, or Garretson?”

“I knew Sumner,” said Mrs. Green.

“Goody, missus, did you? Well, tell us 'bout him.”

“I well recall the day that he was buried,” said Mrs. Green.

“Buried? tell us about that.”

Death and burial are the most interesting events in life to the mind of the negro. The colored people gathered around Mrs. Green in intense interest. The passengers also took seats near her, and among them were a number of people of political reputation and large intelligence.

On board the boat was a party of Mexicans who had been to St. Louis in the interest of gold-mines in the Sierra Madre Mountains. Arthur soon made the acquaintance of these men, and learned Spanish rapidly by keeping near them. One of them spoke English fluently, and related to him many stories. He described the customs of Mexican life to him, the old cities, and the patriots of the struggles of the Republic.

One of his stories, in a descriptive narrative, greatly interested, not only Arthur, but the class.

A STATESMAN'S BURIAL.

It was a mild afternoon. The blue sky was barred and flecked with light clouds. There was a solemn stillness in the air that seemed in harmony with the universal sorrow of the hour. Everywhere people were threading the avenues of Mount Auburn, Cambridge, converging around the tower and the highest land elevation, at whose foot the grave had been made.

The terraced side of the hill overlooking the grave gradually filled with people, to the number of many thousands. They stood in reverent silence, awaiting the last sad scene.

Half-mast flags were seen on every hand above the hill-tops, and the tolling of bells was heard in all of the surrounding towns, the measured tones of sorrow seeming to retreat into the cloudy distances until almost imperceptible to the ear.

The grave was a simple brick vault in the earth, in an open lot on the slope of the hill from which the cemetery derives its name. Above it a solitary oak stretches a single strong arm. Near are the graves of Countess Ossoli, Agassiz, Septimus Felton, Burlingame, and other names distinguished in statemanship, literature, and art.

We could but associate the gnarled oak, that was to shade the remains in sunshine and shelter them in storm, with the solitary grandeur of the character of the departed statesman. "A great man under the shadow of defeat," said Mr. Sumner to a friend, on the last social evening he ever spent, "is taught how precious are the uses of adversity; and as an *oak-tree's* roots are strengthened by its shadow, so all defeats in a good cause are but resting-places on the road to victory at last." He, indeed, had grown strong in defeat like the oak in its own shadow, and the resting-place of victory awaited him at last.

At nearly sunset the bells of Cambridge announced to the waiting multitudes that the procession was approaching, passing the old historic college, — his *alma mater*, the scene of his conscientious and studious youth.

On the side of the hill, just above the place where we were waiting, stood an old colored woman, holding by the hand a bright-eyed little girl. Her face was thin and deeply wrinkled, but calm, patient, and trustful. The child's face seemed to indicate more of Caucasian beauty than of African blood. As I caught sight of the woman's sad countenance at every casual turning of the head, I felt almost constrained to ask her what sorrowful history had left its traces there. Had she been a slave? Had her children been forced away from her? Had she known the bitterest experience a mother can know in some hut by the savannas, amid the cotton-fields or the rice-swamps?

Presently a carriage was driven to the side of the grave. One might see through the glass front that it was loaded with flowers. A young lady, a daughter of Dr. S. G. Howe, who was to stand by the grave, as the representative of Mr. Sumner's sister in California, alighted, and a wreath and cross of delicate exotics were laid on her arm. The old negro woman drew the child closer toward her with a trembling hand, and said, "Milly, those flowers are for *him*."

Then came men bringing a cross of ivy and violets on a standard of pendant ferns, and set it in the centre of the lot, near the grave. I could hear a faint whisper amid the silence, "Those flowers are for *him*."

As the sun was setting, its glory shrouded in broken masses of clouds, a company of officers mounted on black horses swept slowly round the hill. Hearts beat faster; but no one of the expectant assembly seemed to move. The hearse, with its guard mounted on white horses, followed. Behind it came the long line of coaches, in which were some of the most illustrious men of the nation. The procession stopped, the musicians and singers took their places, and the low, sweet tones of *Integer Vitæ*, in tremulous measures, rose upon the air. It was an ode of Horace that Mr. Sumner had loved.

As the coffin, buried in flowers and floral emblems, was removed from the hearse, the old slave woman's hand pointed tremblingly to it; and as it passed into the grave she tearfully said, "Milly, had it not been for *him*, you might have been a little slave."

The shades of night were fast gathering as the coffin was lowered, while Dr. Sunderland repeated the Lord's Prayer. Crosses and wreaths of rarest flowers were thrown upon it, and among them one floral tribute of surpassing beauty, on which was the motto, "Do not let my Civil Rights Bill fail." An immense cross of lilies was placed at the head of the grave, rising like a white monument above the uncovered heads in the shadows.

It was an impressive scene. Vice-President Wilson bent over the grave, his patriarchal form and white head conspicuous among the mourners. The divided statesmen had sat side by side in the Senate and fought the battle for freedom together for nearly a quarter of a century. Emerson was there, to whom the dying Senator sent his last message of love. Statesmen, scholars, poets, and philanthropists were there, in all of whose bosoms was a common sentiment.

A hymn was sung, — Luther's majestic choral, "A mighty fortress is our God." The last impressive words of the hymn seemed indeed to emphasize the lesson of the statesman's life: —

"The word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth.

The spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through Him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also ;
 The body they may kill, —
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is forever."

It was dark and ended. The procession and the mourning throng gone. The cross of lilies guarded the grave like a ghost, and the solitary oak stretches its arm above the statesman's eternal slumber. He little thought when battling for the right, amid the reproach of friends and the bitterest opposition of enemies, that his life would have an ending like this. He little dreamed that his grave would be made fragrant by the freshest flowers of Southern soil, and that the tolling of bells in Southern Charleston as well as in his own New England would attest the universality of the nation's grief. In this view, few events of the present time have taught the whole nation a sublimer moral lesson.

The colored people were both pleased that Mrs. Green should have told this story to them in the old New England way, and with the incidental story of Milly.

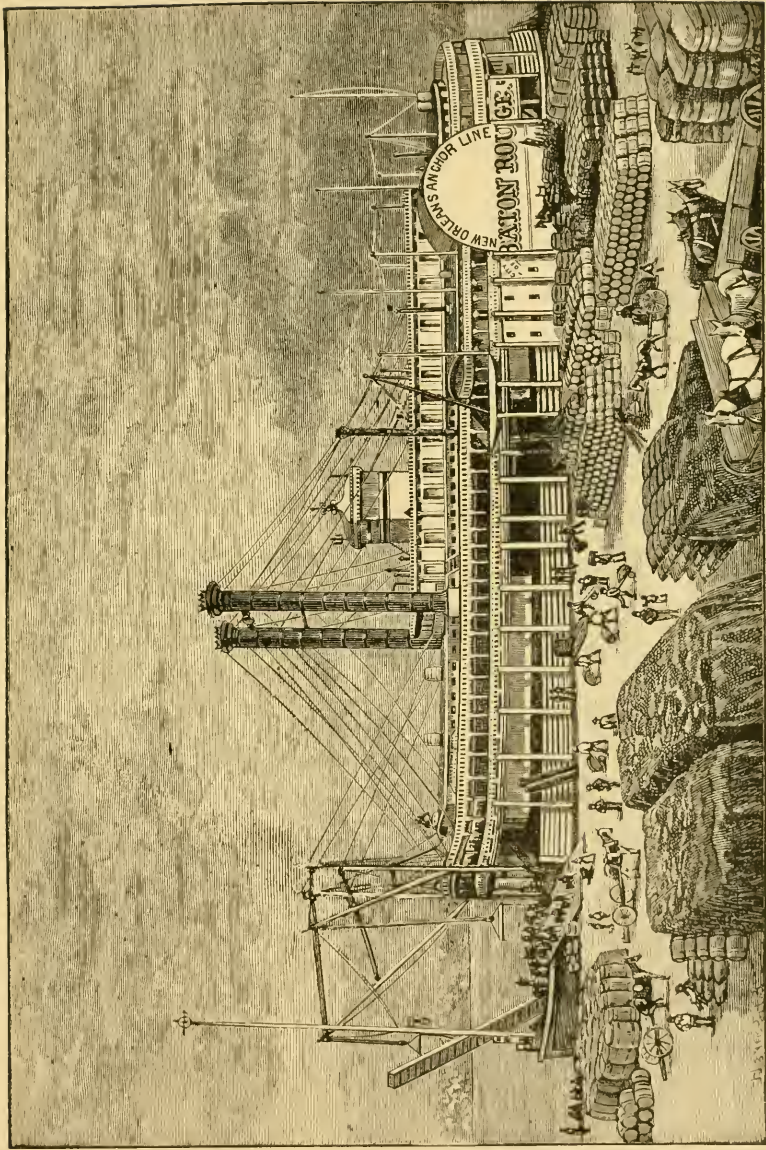
"She talked to us as though we knew something," said one of them.

"I know all about Milly," said another; "but who was Emerson and those other people?"

A STRANGE TALE. — MONTEREY.

THE city of Monterey, in the State of Nuevo Leon, Mexico, is very beautiful in situation. The mountains lift their heads in fantastic forms around it; the San Juan, a tributary of the Rio Grande, flows by it. Its suburbs are full of walled gardens and orange orchards.

The city is white, and stands upon a plain some sixteen hundred feet above the sea-level. As seen from a near hill on which is the ruined Bishop's Palace, and one of the scenes of the Battle of Monterey, it recalls the old cities of the Orient. It is a growing city, of less than twenty thousand inhabitants; it is becoming Americanized, as are all the Mexican cities near the American border. The battle of Monterey was fought on the 24th of September, 1846. The scars



THE "BATON ROUGE."

of the battle may yet be seen in the hill region crowned by the Bishop's Palace, which is a picturesque ruin that the traveller sees wherever he may be on the plain.

It is a patriotic city. It is related that when Juarez came to Monterey and slew the spirit of the people, he said, "Dismiss the Guard, — I am protected by loyal hearts," or words with this meaning.

Monterey is rich in historic tales and legendary lore. One of the stories well known here is worthy of art or the drama. It relates to two brothers from over the border.

These two young men were greatly attached to each other, were patriotic after their own view of patriotism, brave, and chivalrous. One of them was married, and the other single.

They became involved in a movement for the independence of Northern Mexico, and joined a company of revolutionary volunteers. The insurgents were pursued by the Mexican national troops, and defeated near Ensalada. They were taken prisoners and condemned to death.

The Mexican commanding officer after a little time changed the sentence against the captives, and ordered that one in five should die, and that the men to be executed should be drawn by lot.

The method of lot-drawing on this occasion was dramatic and strange. There were to be put into a dark sack as many beans, or *frijoles*, as there were prisoners. The condemned men, probably blindfolded, were to draw each a *frijol* from the sack. But one out of five of the beans was black, and the men who should draw these black beans were to suffer the death penalty.

It must have been an awful moment to the man who had drawn a black *frijol* when his bandage fell from his eyes, and he opened his hand and saw in it his fate.

The two brothers were blindfolded, and drew *frijoles* from the dark sack. The single man drew a white bean, and was filled with joy at his escape from death; but his brother drew a black *frijol*, and his joy vanished at the terrible disclosure.

His love for his brother was flamed by the misfortune. "I have no wife," he thought; "he has. I have less to live for than he." He clasped his brother's hand, and exchanged the *frijoles*. He showed the officer the black bean that he had taken from his brother, and asked to die in his stead.

He was shot. After he fell, his body was left on the ground. In the night he recovered consciousness, for the wound was not mortal. He rose up, and attempted to escape and hide in the mountains; but was captured, and again shot, dying the death of a hero, having loved his brother more than himself.

The Mexican travellers had with them their wives and servants. The ladies made the acquaintance of the class.

Here the class first tried the experiment of making use of their newly-acquired Spanish. Mr. Green the teacher and Mr. Diaz, who had travelled in Spanish countries, found no difficulty in being understood; but the young ladies' efforts to understand the replies of the Mexicans afforded much amusement to Arthur, who was constantly on the lookout for their mistakes and confusion.

"Á qué hora comemos hoy?" asked Miss Green of a bright-looking Mexican servant-girl.

"No comerémos ántes de las cinco, Señorita."

Miss Green stood silent.

"Why do you not say, *What?*" asked Arthur, in a low voice.

"Be still, brother. I am going to try again.

"Say *Hoy?*" said Arthur, as the servant began to look inquisitive about the mouth.

"Say, 'Perdone usted — Mil gracias — no comprendo?'"

Miss Green and the servant remained silent, — the one thinking of what she should say next, and the other waiting for the question.

"I know what she said," said Arthur.

"You?"

"Yes: she said that we would not dine until five o'clock."

"Let me try again," said Miss Green.

"Qué hora es?"

The servant understood the question, and answered simply: —

"Son las tres y diez minutos, Señorita."

Miss Green stood in an attitude of profound meditation.

"Now you know, sister," said Arthur. "Say *Gracias*, or the girl will not think you have any manners."

"Gracias."

The girl smiled in a bewildered way.

"No es tarde," said Arthur.

The servant understood, and said pleasantly, "No, Señor;" but Miss Green was still in meditation.

"What time did she say it was?" she asked at last.

"It is three and ten minutes."

"I knew that she said *three*; but the ten minutes puzzled me. Why did she not say, It is ten minutes past three?"

Mr. Diaz came upon the odd scene, laughing, and Miss Green joined in the amusement caused at her discomfiture.

"They say that one may make any answer in Spanish countries, but *Mañana*. That word has proved the ruin of all Spanish nations."

"*Mañana*?" asked Miss Green, "did we have that word in our lesson?"

Miss Gray joined the company.

"They say that we may say anything in Spanish countries, but —" said Miss Green to her friend. "But — what was that word?"

"Bananas," said Arthur.

"*Mañana*," said Mr. Diaz.

"It has proved the ruin of all Spanish nations," said Miss Green.

"What has been the ruin of all Spanish nations?" asked Miss Gray.

"*Mañana*," said Miss Green.

"It sounds well, but it must be something dreadful," said Miss Gray. "What does it mean?"

"Pardon me, but you will know before you have been many days in Mexico. When you ask a favor of a Mexican, implying work, he will answer *Mañana*. He learned the word from the Spaniards. *Mañana* is a day that never arrives."

"How strange!" said Miss Green.

"What is that day that never arrives in Spanish?" asked Miss Gray.

"*Mañana*," said Mr. Diaz.

"Is that Monday?"

“ No.”

“ The day after ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Tuesday ? ”

“ No, — the day after.”

“ Wednesday ? ”

“ No, — the day after.”

“ Thursday ? ”

“ No.”

“ Friday ? ”

“ No,”

“ Saturday ? ”

“ No.”

“ Sunday ? ”

“ No.”

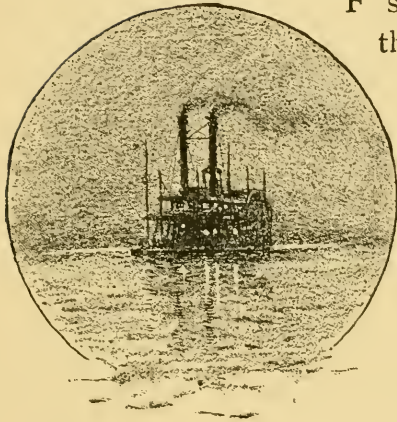
“ But I have named all the days of the week.”

“ But the Spanish people have eight days in the week : Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and *Mañana* (to-morrow, or in the morning) ; that day never comes.”



CHAPTER XIII.

STORY-TELLING ON THE MISSISSIPPI (*continued*).



F such charming hours as were spent on the lazy Mississippi steamer, the class had never dreamed. Mrs. Green was a lover of the poems of Edna Dean Proctor, which she regarded as possessing the true national spirit. "Mrs. Hemans caught the inspiration of English life," she said; "Miss Proctor is the Mrs. Hemans of America, and the true American poet of the national life." Here on the river of Marquette, De Soto, and La Salle, she introduced to

the young people Miss Proctor's poems that relate to the War, to Illinois and the Mississippi.

The class continued their readings on the steamer, as though they were at home. At one of these deck readings, Mr. Green recited Miss Proctor's grand poem "On the Mississippi;" and the young ladies of the class, Mrs. Hemans's "Inez de Castro," the "King of Aragon's Lament for his Brother," and other Spanish tales in heroic verse. Mr. Green, the teacher, arranged a reading of the famous war poem, "On the Shores of Tennessee," in such a way as to have the music of the "Star-Spangled Banner" played softly as in the distance, by a simple boat-band, at the dramatic incident of the narrative. The Mexican party told pleasant stories of their

own land ; the colored people were induced to sing, and one of them to play on the banjo. Every one seemed happy ; the days and nights were bright, and the boat drifted slowly on and on, — passed places famous in the history of the War when the Mississippi was a “captive river,” and left behind white cotton-fields, airy cabins, and cool trees.



SHIPPING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Four hundred and twenty miles below St. Louis the boat came to Memphis, on the east side of the river. The city crowns a bluff some sixty feet above the highest tides. It is a city of sunshine and cotton, of half a hundred churches, and one hundred schools. In 1862 it was occupied by the Federal forces, who made it the base of the expedition that captured Vicksburg, July 4, 1863.

The river between Memphis and Vicksburg is a long pathway of the sun through the sunlands, — a historic highway on which the flags of Spain, France, and England floated in their day, and where the Confederate flag rose and disappeared. In few places or water-ways does the stars and stripes mean more than here.



VIEW OF THE RIVER NEAR VICKSBURG.

There was an old army surgeon on board, who related incidents of the battle-fields. One of these little stories was particularly touching, and we give it here.

ANNIE'S HAND.

It was after the battle. The full moon was rising above the horizon, shadowy and lustreless in the smoky sky. The boom of the cannon was occasionally heard in the distance, covering the retreat of the enemy; but the battle-field itself was still, very still.

I wandered over the field doing a chaplain's duty, and searching for two missing boys of the regiment. One of these, whom we all loved, was named Charlie.

I found him at last. He was wounded. As the light of the lantern fell on the young face, I saw that he was suffering, and that the end was near.

He gave me an earnest, inquiring look, and the expression of his face changed to almost hopelessness when he saw that I was troubled and anxious. He grasped my hand, and gently pulled me toward him.

I knelt beside him and said, "My dear boy, what can I do for you?"

"I fear nothing, chaplain."

"Shall I talk to you of God?"

"Oh, yes! I am used to that. I have loved him for two years, but not as much as I ought. I think I am going to him."

"Have you a mother?"

"Oh, yes!" Tears filled his eyes.

"It must have been hard for her to have given a boy like you to your country."

"Yes, it was. When I first began to talk about enlisting, she would not hear me; but we prayed over it together, and at last she consented, saying it was her duty."

I fanned his face, wetting his lips from my canteen, and in a little while he fell asleep. I remained by his side until he woke, occasionally brushing the hair from his forehead, when he said, —

"Oh, I dreamed that it was Annie's hand. Won't you put it on my head again?"

"Who is Annie?"

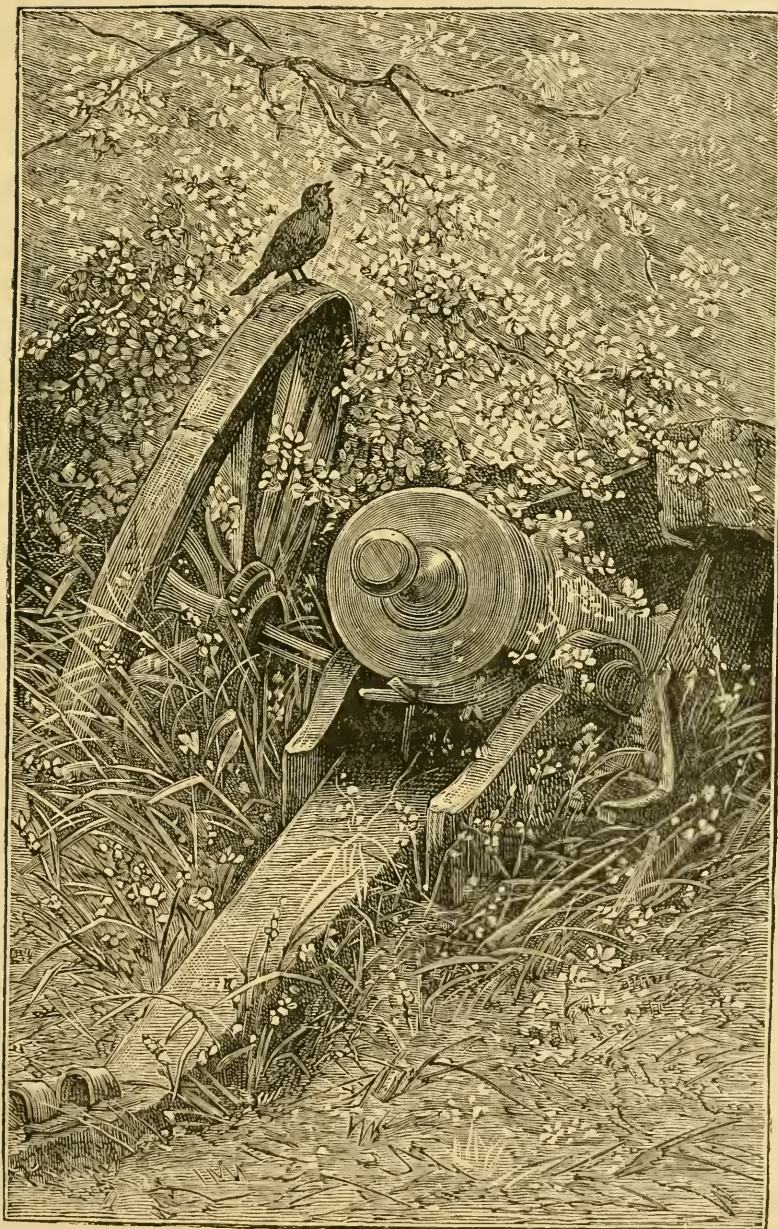
"She is my twin sister. We were seventeen since I left home."

The light river-winds played among his hair; the moon brightened, and all was still. He turned his cheek on my arm, as though there was a yearning within for sympathy. He then seemed to sleep again. I prayed over him a few minutes in silence.

"Charlie?"

There was no answer. I put my hand on his heart; it was still.

One of the Mexican party, who could speak English well, related an amusing story of some tourists who visited their country for the sake of drinking pulque, for some kidney disease with which they were troubled. This semi-invalid party were very much surprised to



A RELIC OF THE WAR.

find out the character of the milk-cart that brought the milk of the maquey plant to market.

THE PULQUE DRINKERS.

THE valley of the City of Mexico, in the State of Mexico, is one of the most beautiful in the world, and historically one of the most romantic and interesting. It is overlooked by two dead volcanoes, glistening with eternal snow, one of which is the renowned Popocatepetl. It is the valley of the Toltecs, of the ruined temples of vanished gods, of the Montezumas, of Galvez and the conquistadors and the dons, of Hídalgos, of Juárez,¹ and the Republic. It is white with sunshine, full of crumbling churches, and sweet chiming bells, — of odorous flowers, and a hundred varieties of roses. Here the clarina of clarine sings as sweetly and flutes as purely as in the days of the Toltecs, Aztecs, and Montezumas. Its climate is an eternal spring.

Our tourists took rooms in the old palace-hotel of Itrabede, which is on San Francisco Street. The hotel was a palace of Itrabede,² who overthrew the Spanish rule and established the Mexican monarchy. The house is everywhere covered with the initial I. It has a lovely *patio*, or open court, and one here seems to live in the romances and tragedies of generations gone. English is spoken in the several hotels of this immense building, among which is the elegant Don Calos and the Americano.

The first visit that our tourists made was to the solemn old churchyard of Don Fernando, in which some of the greatest heroes of Mexican liberty rest, to see the wonderful tomb of Juárez, — one of the most expressive and sympathetic works of art in the world. They crossed the green *alameda*, where the Mexican band was discoursing delicious music, and soon came to the grated iron gate of the cemetery. It was locked. Presently a little old woman with a bunch of keys appeared.

“ Juárez,” said a little chorus of voices.

It was enough. The little old woman opened the gate with the grace of a countess, and led the way through the beautiful gardens of the dead. There were tombs everywhere. The pure sunshine sifted through the shadows of the evergreen trees; the sweet clarinas sang in the near *patios*, and an air of enchantment seemed to breathe in all the place.

The little old woman pointed to the tomb, which is a shrine of patriotic Mexicans. How beautiful it was! — an airy pyramid or portico, hung with

¹ War-res.

² It-ra-be'-de.

chaplets of flowers, some of which, they were told, cost little fortunes, but which were now withered.

Juarez was the father and defender of Mexican liberty, and his tomb is buried in flowers sent to it from all the golden and flowery provinces. The traveller can hardly see the tomb for the chaplets.

The tomb was opened by the withered old woman with the keys. With the exception of the Faith Monument at Plymouth, we know of no sculptures in America that are so poetic. The marble effigy represents the dead President as lying in the lap of Liberty, or of the Nation, as the Mexicans say. The face is said to be perfect. The mourning statue of Liberty, or the Nation, is a powerful conception of art. The tomb of Juarez stands for freedom in the eyes of the Mexicans. The churchyard is one of the loveliest places in the world.

Their next visit was to the palace-castle of Chapultepec, the ancient gardens of the Montezumas, and residence of the romantic viceroy Galvez, and the scene of one of the most important battles of the American-Mexican War.

The party wished to walk to the castle, as the distance is only some three miles from the hotel, and the climate was a delight. Passing the bright *alameda*, they came to the long avenue of statues that leads to the palace, which is shaded by eucalyptus-trees. The statue of Columbus first meets the eye; then the colossal statues of the Montezumas, and after them a long line of Mexican heroes.

The palace rises over the city, and Popocatapetl lifts itself afar in the eternal azure over the palace, glistening with snow. The gardens of the palace, once the baths of the Montezumas, are full of caged animals, birds and flowers, and are shaded with ancient trees, which are bearded with mosses. The castle is the summer home of the presidents of Mexico, who ride on prancing horses through the avenues between the city palace and the ancient gardens. The gardens of Chapultepec are beautiful beyond any possible conception, overlooked as they are by the Sierra Madre mountains, the snowy volcanoes, and overlooking as they do the valley and the City of Mexico. The air is a serenity of sunshine. Fruit-dealers and flower-dealers are everywhere met; donkeys with light burdens larger than their own little bodies; and sellers of pulque (pronounced polky), or the juice, or milk, of the maquey (pronounced majay) plant.

Pulque is the national drink of the poor people of Mexico. It looks like milk, and tastes like sour milk. It is slightly intoxicating, if used in large quantities; and in the cases of those who form the pulque habit, it makes one

dull and lazy. It has been much used by Americans of late as a remedy for kidney diseases, and especially for Bright's disease. The same moral objection is being made against its habitual use as against light wines and common beer. Few Americans would be likely to form the pulque habit. The juice or milk has much the same effect on the system as buttermilk, which is a remedy for the same diseases.

The whole valley seems covered with the royal-looking maquey plant, from which pulque is milked or drawn. It is a plant of slow growth, and when ready to be tapped is worth some ten *pesos*, or dollars.

The peon, or poor Mexican, cuts out the main stem of the plant when it is old enough to be tapped, and drinks the juice through a long tube, much as boys in the States suck cider through a straw. After drinking, he puts back the stalk into the well.

At Chapultepec our tourist saw droves of little donkeys with what seemed to be dead pigs on their backs. They had up to this time enjoyed the drinking of pulque, and had imagined that they derived great benefit from its use.

"What are these queer little donkeys carrying?" asked one of the happy invalids of a guide.

"The juice of the maquey."

"The century plant?"

"Si, Señor."

"Do those who drink the juice of the century plant live a hundred years?"

"Si, Señor, except when they die sooner."

"But these look like donkeys loaded with pigs."

"They put the juice in pig-skins."

"They do? What do they call the juice?"

"Milk?"

"Milk? What kind of milk. What kind of milk, in the name of decency?"

"Why, Señor, you know, — pulque, just pulque."

Our invalids all recovered then and there. Each declared himself cured, and was sure he would need no more medicine. And yet they eat sausages in the United States.

The city of Vicksburg, like Memphis, is a habitation of the bluffs. It is four hundred or more miles north of New Orleans, — a cotton city; a place of churches, politics, and an easy life. In January, 1862,

it was attacked by the naval forces from Memphis and New Orleans, but maintained its defences. It was besieged in 1863 by General Grant, and surrendered thirty thousand prisoners of war and two hundred cannon.

Arthur spent the few hours which the class passed at Vicksburg in securing war-relics. He not only obtained shot and pieces of shell, but one officer's sword, and a Confederate uniform and flag, and a fife on which "Dixy" had been played during the siege. A very agreeable hotel clerk helped him in this search for the things for his home museum.

Mrs. Green enlivened the long way between Vicksburg and New Orleans with pleasant society stories.

"Do many of the women of the North lecture?" asked a Southern woman of Mrs. Green one day on the sunny deck. I would not like to take part in any public meeting?"

"Nor I," answered Mrs. Green. "I am sure my husband would not approve of any attempt on my part to lecture."

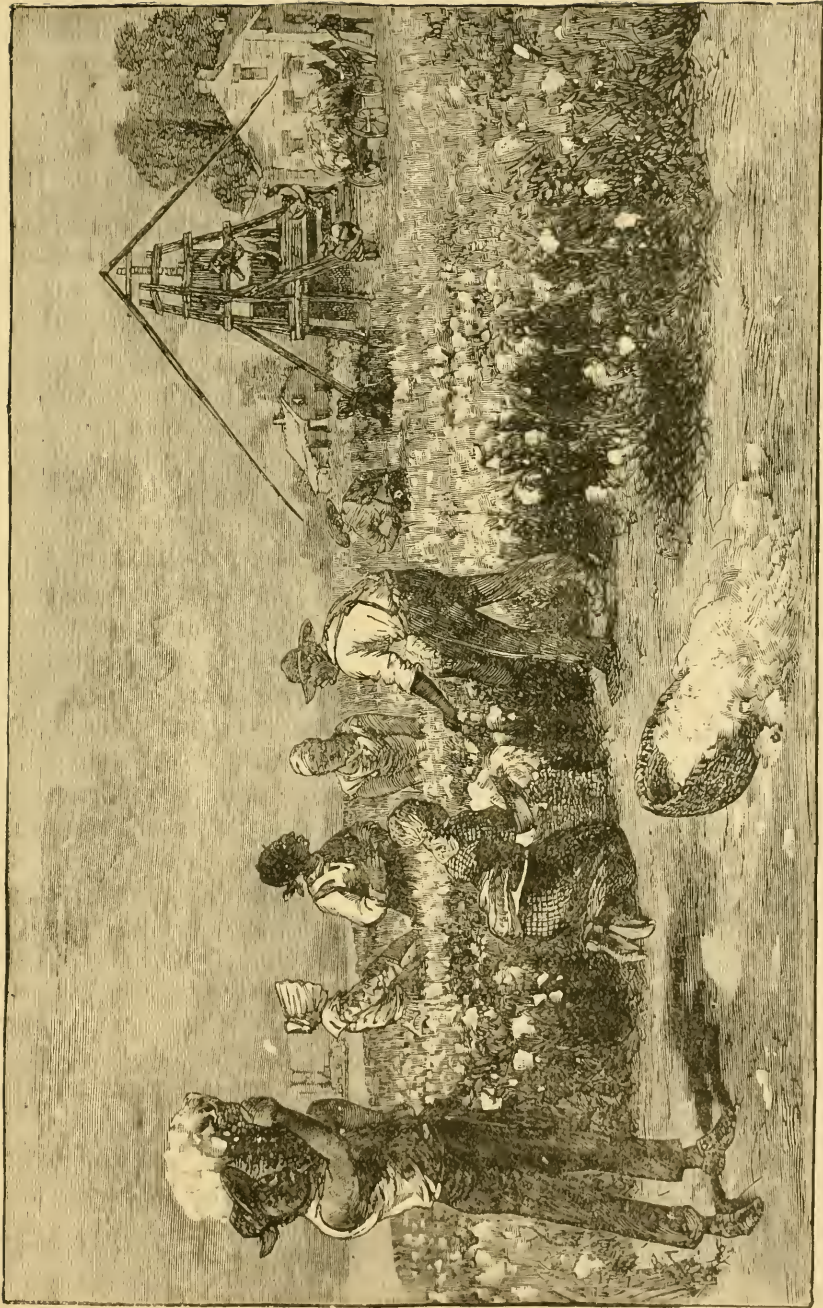
"No," said Mr. Green, meekly. "There was a lady in our town who attempted to lecture, and who read her diary of her efforts to Mrs. Green. She was not altogether successful. My wife made quite a story of it, which she used to recite in the form of a journal. Wife, tell us the story of Mrs. Freemantle's Lecture on Blunders, in the queer old way."

Mrs. Green pretended to open a diary, and to read in a most serious way:—

MRS. FREEMANTLE'S LECTURE ON BLUNDERS.¹

September 1.— Fall 1st has come. The evenings are lengthening, and shorter and shorter are the golden bridges of the days. It will be an eventful fall to me, and I have resolved to keep a journal. I am to lecture this fall for the first time. I have often spoken in missionary meetings and at women's

¹ From Harper's Bazar.



IN THE COTTON-FIELD.

clubs, and have taken a part in various benevolent conventions; but I have never entered the field as a public-lecturer until now.

That is a delightful hour when a woman learns that she has the power to talk on her feet before an assembly. I was so delighted myself when the consciousness of this power first came to me that I did not know how to stop. I told my husband of this strange experience; but he only looked up from his paper, and said, —

“That is nothing remarkable; no woman ever knows when to stop.”

“But, my dear,” said I, “my case was a very peculiar one. After I had seemed to have finished, another thought would come to me, and I would utter the word ‘and’ before I could restrain it.”

“Just like a lot of women at an open door,” said he. “’Tis ‘and,’ ‘and;’ and that word ‘and’ has led to more colds, pneumonias, and consumptions than any other word in the dictionary.”

“But don’t you think it shows a very prolific imagination?” said I. “You see that I seemed to see things in my mind as in an open vision, and —”

He seized his hat, and went to the club.

I have chosen for the subject of my first popular lecture, “Blunders and Blunderers.” I am to open the lecture-course at Tompkin’s Ferry. I have chosen the subject of “Blunders and Blunderers,” because I really have nothing in particular to say to the public, — no distinct inspiration, no special cause for going upon the platform. But on general principles, a woman who can talk should talk. The faculty itself is a proof of her calling. And there are some people who just love to talk. I do. If I did n’t talk, I should n’t say anything; and if I did n’t say anything, my individuality would be lost. “Blunders” is a popular subject, and enables me to relate many amusing anecdotes of eminent people; for it is the inventive and occupied mind that blunders. I show that blunders are an indication of genius; that it is the eventful mind that neglects uneventful things. I read the lecture as an essay before the Woman’s Club, and it was received with great favor. “Brilliant, witty, and instructive,” said the “Pioneer Press,” “and well worthy of the lecture platform.”

“Well worthy of the lecture platform,” — that decided me, I thought to myself; but husband does not see my gifts as other people do.

“My dear,” said I to him, when he had laid aside his paper one evening, “I have decided to lecture.”

He started as though the ghost of one of his departed creditors had passed the windows.

“Lecture?” said he. “Lecture? Do I hear my own ears? What are *you* going to lecture upon?”

“Blunders and Blunderers,” — that essay that I read before the club.”

“Do I hear my ears?” said he, again. “Mariana Freemantle, you are not going about rehearsing those old jokes about Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith, and Newton’s seeing the bones of a chicken on the dinner-table, and forgetting whether it was he that had eaten the chicken or some one else, and men who forgot their wives and children, and all that. If you were impelled to speak for a cause, I would not object; but you have no inspiring purpose, — only the vanity of hearing yourself talk, and people clap their hands like that;” he clapped his hands *à la* lecture-room, and it did sound rather cheap, and he then continued: “No, Mariana, don’t go upon the platform; stay at home and lecture me. I will pay you more than any lyceum bureau.”

I have been faithful to husband in this respect. He was my lecture-field for many years. He always received my views humbly, and paid me well until the year of his failure, and now he treats me generously again.

September 4. — These are beautiful days — golden mornings, amber noons, rosy eves; calm days; the trees are laden with fruit; the flocks of birds are gathering for migrations. I am not wholly serene in mind amid all these atmospheres of serenity. Tompkin’s Ferry troubles me. I have never been there; but I am told that it is a very lively town. I am to lecture in the church.

I have been adding illustrations to my lecture to-day. One of my topics is “Blunderers who went into Wrong Places.” I have some very amusing incidents of such mistakes.

I lock the doors of the house and rehearse the lecture every day after husband goes to the store. I ought to have studied elocution; but Nature is the great teacher of art.

September 9. — I have been rehearsing before the dress-maker. Husband heard me rehearsing yesterday. I had just swept before the looking-glass, and had said, “The true mark of genius is to make a blunder,” when he looked through the door, and he said, — how could he have been so cruel? — he said, —

“Mariana, you are a genius. When do you begin?”

I shall not give him the date of my first lecture. I shall go alone. I might not be altogether successful. I recall Demosthenes, Curran, Disraeli, Webster, Chase, — one has to become used to audiences. Few people strike twelve at first; only one. I only expect to strike one, then two, then three, in the natural order.

Have been making curves with the trail of my black velvet dress before the glass, and saying, “The true mark of genius is to make a blunder.”

Shall wear diamonds. One should respect one's audience. To-morrow is the day, or rather the night. Shall wear asters. Fan. Shall all brighten up, and look *this* way when I begin to speak about the true mark of a genius. Shall walk to and fro on the platform this way. I always used to admire the easy methods of Anna Dickinson.

How I do enjoy myself at times thinking how it will all be! Then I have a little nervous apprehension: events do not always follow the prophecy of the imagination. I am anxious at times; but it is such a delicious excitement! such a sweet anxiety! Ruffled life has a charm.

Husband asked me about the date of "my performance." I treated him cavalierly. Said I, loftily — quoting Wendell Phillips, — "There are two kinds of people in this world: one kind go ahead and do something; the other show how it should have been done in some other way."

He merely said, "Oh!" He saw the point.

I wanted to say, "A critic is a man who has *failed*;" but I spared his feelings.

September 12. — The event is past. Thank the stars for the past! I am glad that there is a past for disappointed hearts. How confidently I began my journal *Fall 1st*. It has been *fall first* indeed. But it shall not be fall second.

I have lectured, or something. What was it? My mind is still confused.

I left town early on the morning of the 12th. I took with me my maid, and told husband that I was going on a mission. He asked where. I recalled to him the Margravine of Hungary, whose basket of food turned into roses. He seemed to think the reminder a pretty one, and he looked benevolent, sympathetic, and merciful, and only said, "Don't make any blunders."

The journey was a long one, and late in the afternoon the train was detained.

What a dreadful thing it is to be detained a few hours just before one has an appointment to lecture! What anxiety! what impatience! what suspense! About a mile on this side of Tompkin's Ferry, which is a manufacturing town, is the river, and over the river is a drawbridge. A vessel attempted to pass through the draw just as we arrived; but the tide was low, and it grounded. There we were, and I with an appointment to lecture, and the trees were all aglimmer with the twilight.

I said to the conductor, "I must go on. I am a lecturer."

"You'll have to walk then," said he, "or fly. Here we are, and here we are likely to be until the tide rises."

"But I have an appointment to lecture," said I. "I *must* go."

But my words were air. The ship did not move, and the cars could not move, and there was a great bustle, and the twilight was fading. I was in terrible distress.

"You might walk," said the conductor. "Walk over the ship, and climb up on the other side of the bridge. The boys have done this already. You might try it."

"I will," said I. "I must keep my appointment, and it is now within an hour of the time."

"You might run," said he.

"I will," said I. "I cannot afford to make any blunders."

I climbed down the bridge, and crossed the delayed ship, and ran up the other side of the bridge like a young girl, my maid following. My train caught on one of the timbers at the top of the bridge, and received a damaging rent. The town was in sight, with luminous mills and darkening trees. I hurried forward. It was past seven o'clock. I inquired for Federal Street, the place of the church; but in my haste I did not rightly follow the direction.

"Which is the way to Federal Street?" I again asked of a stranger.

"Don't know, good woman. You ought to have kept the way when you had it. That is the way to never lose your way, — keep your way when you have it."

I was thrown into a great state of nervous excitement by this philosophical answer. I received a right direction at last, and came to Federal Street. There was an open church, brilliantly lighted and full of people.

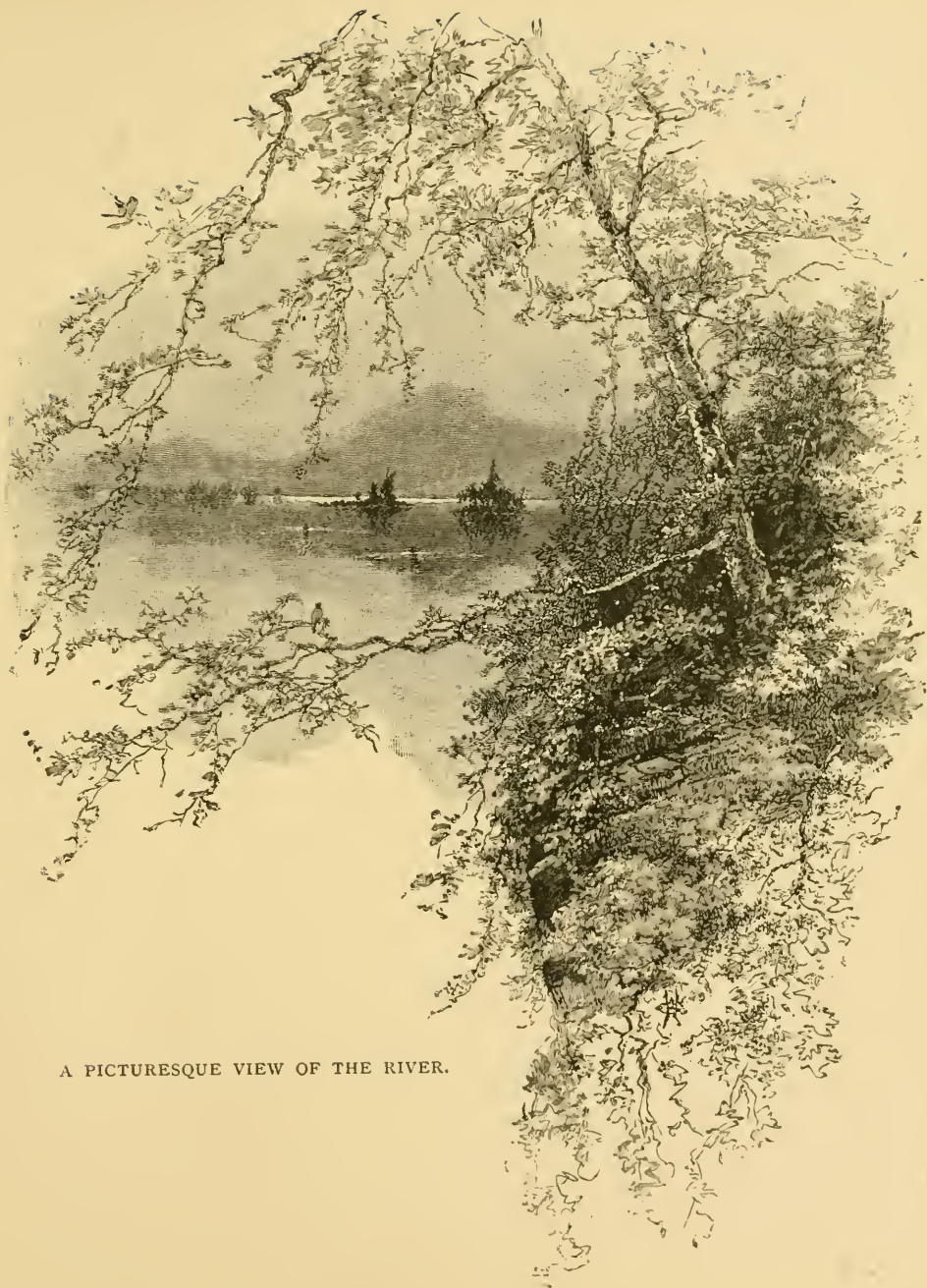
I stopped in the vestibule, and my maid pinned on my rent train, as it was too late to mend it in the study or dressing-room. I went into the church, and hurried toward the platform. It was nearly eight o'clock, and I was sure that the audience were impatient for the lecture to begin.

There was a desk on the platform, and a pitcher of water upon it. At the back of the desk was a large chair, and on one side of the desk sat a portly man, whom I supposed to be the chairman of the lecture committee.

I removed my wraps hastily, and gave them to the maid; then went upon the platform in a state of great confusion, and not at all in the elegant and graceful manner of my rehearsals.

I sat down in the vacant chair, and turning to the portly man, said, "I am late; the train was delayed."

He looked at me in a strange way; he opened his mouth, but his voice seemed to stick in his throat. He at last said, "Who? who?" which he pronounced *hoo, hoo*, like an owl.



A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE RIVER.

I glanced over the audience. They were very solemn-looking people; very self-respecting and reserved. In the front rows of pews were old people in very plain dress. The church was perfectly still. No one moved; no one whispered. I thought I could see a look of surprise or inquiry on many faces; but I attributed this to the lateness and haste of my arrival.

“Shall I begin?” I whispered, nervously, to the portly man by my side.

His mouth opened with an unmistakable expression of wonder and mystery, and he uttered the same owl-like, “Hoo? hoo?” as before. “The speaker is detained in the train on the other side of the river; the draw is up,” said he, after several gasps.

“Oh, no; I am the speaker. I climbed over the ship and walked. You might tell them that. I am Mrs. Freemantle.”

“‘Climbed over the ship and walked’” said he. “‘Might tell them that.’ ‘Climbed over the ship and walked?’ What ship? This is all very strange. Hoo? hoo? Mrs. Freemantle? Who is Mrs. Freemantle?”

“I, the lecturer. Shall I begin?”

“I don’t know. The speaker will be here as soon as the draw is down. We have sent a carriage to the depot.”

“But *I* am the speaker. I climbed over the ship. I cannot explain it all now. It is time to begin. I will. It is past eight o’clock.”

I arose and filled a glass with water.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said I, “I hope that you will pardon the delay. It has been unavoidable, as the train is detained at the draw. I climbed over the ship and walked.”

I could see from the expressions on all faces that my appearance and explanation seemed to suggest that some kind of miraculous event had happened. I felt a very uncongenial atmosphere about me, and was very ill at ease. I drank a full glass of water, as the roof of my mouth — if I may use this very unscientific term — was dry. I then recalled my rehearsals at home in the drawing-room, and swept out on the platform as I had seen Anna Dickinson do, and said, —

“The true mark of genius is to make a blunder.”

In sweeping my trail I discovered that I *had* made one blunder at least. The pins had come out of the velvet, and there was exposed the fearful rent I had made in it when climbing over the top of the bridge. The circumstance was very confusing; but I retired behind the little desk, and I again filled the glass with water, as my pharynx and œsophagus were becoming parched again.

I had an illustration of a blunder for the beginning of my lecture which I thought was very amusing. It was the story of a couple who were going to be married, and were to take an express train to a distant city for the purpose of having the ceremony privately performed. They went on board the train, but seeing friends on the outside, got out to receive congratulations, became separated, and, while they were earnestly talking, another express train came into the depot. Suddenly the gong rang for the departure of the trains, — one train of which was going east, and the other west. The bride and the bridegroom hurried toward the cars, and got upon *separate* trains, as each train was moving away. I described the horror of the bridegroom and the terror of the bride on the discovery of the blunder. The story had greatly amused and interested the club when I read the paper before it.

But it fell dead here. No one laughed; no one applauded. The church was as still as a hall of statues. I drank another glass of water, and wondered what I would do when the pitcher was exhausted. I continued, —

“As I said, my hearers, the true mark of genius is to make a blunder, and —”

There came rushing through the door a tall, clerical-looking man, with a white face and high forehead, a close collar and a white necktie, and a suit of black. He strode upon the stage, and stopped and glared at me as though I were a crazy woman. I stopped and bowed.

He stood there with staring eyes, his coat on his arm, and his hat in his hand.

“This is the preacher, madam,” said the portly man, rising.

“Is this Mrs. Freemantle?” asked the tall man, bowing.

“Yes, I am Mrs. Freemantle, the lecturer.”

“I beg your pardon, madam, but this is not your church. Your audience are met at the church on the other end of the street. *You have made a blunder.*”

I *had* made a blunder indeed. I gathered up my torn train and walked down the platform, and looked about for my little maid.

It was now nearly nine o'clock. I went to the church at the other end of the street. The people were coming out of it, having been dismissed by the chairman of the lecture committee. I hurried toward the depot to be in time for the ten o'clock train home.

September 14. — The morning paper has a paragraph headed, “A Curious Blunder at Tompkin’s Ferry.” I wouldn’t read that paragraph for untold gold.

Before we give a more detailed account of New Orleans, let us revert to some more of the agreeable stories and curious episodes that enlivened our traveller's journey down the Mississippi.

One sunny afternoon as the boat was gliding lazily along, Mr. Green attempted to give his friends a view of one of the remarkable enterprises of Chicago. He was seated at one end of the deck, and Mrs. Green with some ladies at the other. Near Mrs. Green was an old colored "mammy," who was called Aunt Cloe, who was famous as an "exhorter" and singer.

"As wonderful as is the Fair," said Mr. Green, "it is not a bolder or more enterprising conception on the part of Chicago than that of her making Tampa, Florida, the port of South America. Think of the distance from Chicago to Port Tampa! Think also of the building of a new suburb to Chicago a thousand miles away!

"The republics of Mexico and South America have thrown off the Spanish rule, dominion, and influence, and the native Indian races have regained their rights. Look at the achievements of Juarez in Mexico."

At this point Miss Green came and whispered to Arthur that Aunt Cloe was about to tell a story. Arthur slowly and quietly slipped away to his mother's side.

"Look at the Argentine Republic," continued Mr. Green; "Don Pedro's flight from Brazil, after his noble reign; look at the work in human progress brought about by Guzman Blanco! San Martin was another Washington, and well may the Argentine Republic make his tomb one of the honored spots of the earth! Blanco was a hero, and the world never knew a nobler heart than the leader of all this progress, 'General Bolivar!'"

At the close of this interesting statement, Mr. Green was surprised to hear a mournful voice at the other end of the boat singing, —

"Where, O where am de Hebrew childen?
Where, O where am de Hebrew childen?
Where, O where am de Hebrew childen?
Safe now in de Goodly Land.'"

It was Aunt Cloe. The old song was familiar to him. There was nothing unusual about it so far except the interruption, and he continued, —

“Chicago sees what South America and Central America is to be when the Nicaraguan Canal is finished and a common railway system unites the three Americas. This grand highway to the confederacy of the three Americas is to be through the Mississippi Valley, Chicago, Tampa, and the ports to Cape Horn. I think that the time is coming when all the republics of the New World will unite, and have one common high court, and that in that court all international questions will be settled, and there will never be any more cause for war, but —”

“ ‘Bum, bum by dey ’ll all come down again,’ ”

sang Aunt Cloe.

There was a loud laugh at the other end of the boat, and all the ears of Mr. Green’s auditors were turned in that direction. He was amazed to hear Aunt Cloe’s new and enlarged view as to the “Hebrew children,” and the admiring voices of the negroes as they fell into the chorus: —

“ ‘Bum, bum by dey ’ll *all come down* again,
 Bum, bum by dey ’ll all come down again,
 Bum, bum by dey ’ll all come down again,
 Safe *from* de Goodly Land.’ ”

Mr. Green’s hearers all rose, and quickly turned away from his glowing account of the future of the native races of South America, and the Floridian port of Chicago, and the high court of the New World’s republics that was to inaugurate an eternal era of peace in the three Americas, to Aunt Cloe, and the wonderful song-picture that she was giving of spiritual things. Aunt Cloe paused at the end of the remarkable refrain, and stared at the audience.

“Wot make you laugh? Dey *will*, yes dey will, bress de preachers and de elders!”

She lifted her face to the sun, and in a high key, continued, —

“Where, O where, am de good ole elders?
 Where, O where, am de good ole elders?
 Where, O where, am de good ole elders?
 Saf' now in de Goodly Land!
 Bum, bum by dey'll all come down again,
 Bum, bum by dey'll all come down again,
 Bum, bum by dey'll all come down again,
 Saf' from de Goodly Land!”

“You don't mean, Cloe, that they'll all come down again,” said Mrs. Green. “You mean that all the souls of good people will go up.”

“Go up? Dey've all gone up now. Go up? Dey's *gone*. Wot good dat do? No, no, I'se and de elder has got beyond dat, missus; yes, we has, bress my soul, I'se *privileged*; — I's a professin' Baptis', — I'm hastenin' on — missus. A steamboat once exploded her boiler right off here!”

This startling announcement led Mrs. Green to recall the stories that she had read of the old steamboat races on the Mississippi. There is one curious story of these races that is old, and generally familiar, but is still repeated by passengers on the river steamers.

“Cloe,” said Mrs. Green, “did you ever hear of the steamer that won the race by the old lady's lard and hams?”

“Don't I, missus? Dat tale am gospel true. It were a mighty quar story, it wuz now. Dey won dat race, but de biler busted right in de middle uv de victory. Dey went up, but bress my soul, —



A STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

‘Bum, bum by dey ’ll all come down again,
 Bum, bum by dey ’ll all come down again,
 Bum, bum by dey ’ll all come down again,
 Saf’ from de Goodly Land.’”

Aunt Cloe turned her great black eyes upward, as she sung the refrain, and patted her hands on her knees.

“This is as how it was, missus. Listen now, an’ I’ll tell ye. Dat ole woman she was a mighty pious soul, she were,

‘Bum, bum by she ’ll all come down again.’

And she did n’t believe in no races, nor card-playin’ nor sich. She might ha’ been a Methody; but I expects she was a professin’ Baptis’, just like me, and one ob de saints ob the yearth. Well, she started down de ribber one morning wid hams and lard to sell, and she determined to start right. Alwus start, honey, and get yer bearin’s, ’coz you can nebber tell wot is goin’ to happen. To-day we’re here smart as pepper-grass, and to-morrow we’s all blown up; but nebber min’ de trouble.

‘Bum, bum by we ’ll all come down again.’

So don’t be afraid, missus. ’Tain’t every steamer dat get’s blown up like dat one did. Dis is an ole steamer we’re on now: hear the biler wiggle-woggle. One never knows wot’s goin’ to happen.

“Well dat good old woman had some sense in her head, as well as grace in her heart, and she went to the captain, and says she, —

“‘Capt’n, dis boat don’t never race, does she?’”

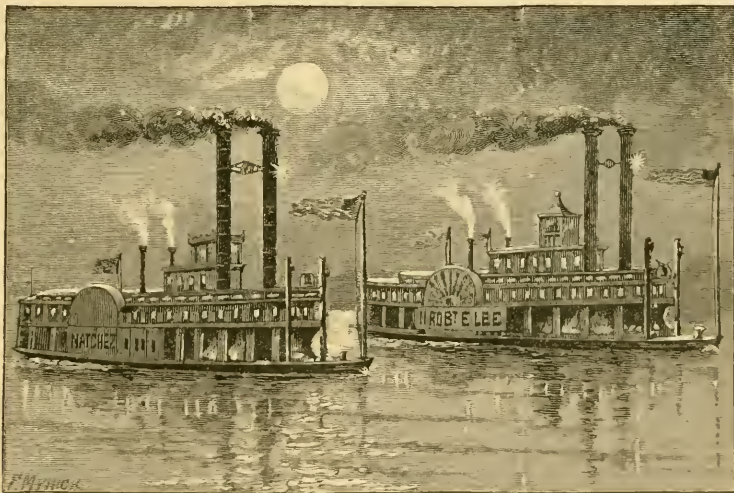
“‘No, — nor never gets beat,’ said he. Yer see he wuz a double-mind man, and mighty onstable.

“So de ole woman she felt peaceful-like, but still a little onsartin, an’ she went agin to de capt’n, and sez she, —

“‘Capt’n, I’s terrible afraid ob boats wot race, an’ I would n’t trus’ my lard on no sech boats for no money. Are ye sure about it? You is n’t one o’ dem leap-frog kind o’ men dat loses der head and senses and —’

“ ‘Oh, go long,’ said de capt’n; ‘if I were to try to race dis boat, she ’d bust.’

“ Den de ole woman she felt safe; an’ she put down her hams an’ lard on de deck, an’ sat down, an’ de trumpets blew, an’ de bell jingled, an’ de boat began to puff, puff, puff! an’ de wheels to beat de water. De ribber wuz as lubly as de ribber Jordan, an’ de sun was shiny, an’ everybody wuz happy. But at las’ der come anudder steamer down de ribber, puff, puff, puff! an’ she blew her trumpets, an’ was goin’ sailin’ by, when de wicked passengers put der fingers on der noses, just like *dat*. ’T is a Yankee trick; wot bad folks do up Nof.



THE FAMOUS RUN OF THE ROBERT E. LEE.

“ Well, honey, de capt’n uv de steamer could n’t stan’ *dat*. Dere’s some things human natur’ can’t stan’; and he fell from his steadiness an’ forgot de promis’ he had made to de ole woman, an’ shouted, —

“ ‘Put on all steam,’ and at *dat* dey fired up de ole biler. How dis boat does joggle! Well, de two boats began to race. As soon’s

de good ole lady wid de hams see wot dey wuz doin', she run up to de loft to de capt'n, and sez she, —

“ ‘Capt'n, you 'se doin' a wicked ting; but dat other capt'n, he am wickeder, an' don't you let de wickeder triumph ober de gooder, but wotebber ye do, don't you let dat boat pass, — you just stan' to de wheel, an' I 'll wave my apron an' cry hooray! ’

“ Well, you see dat good ole woman, she plum lost her head. Her heart wuz right, but her head went wrong. ‘De han's wur de han's of Esau, but de voice wuz de voice of Jacob.’ It is dreadful onfortunate doin' wen a pusson wid a right heart loses der heads. Wen a pusson loses his head, one can nebber know wot is gwine to happen.

“ Well dey raced an' raced. Sometimes one boat got ahead, an' den t'other. An' de folks on both boats all got excited-like an' went crazy-like an' shouted, an' wiggled dat Yankee trick from up Nof on der noses just so, like a crawfish out ob de water; but by an' by de black boy come runnin' up from de hollows down below, de sweat runnin' like ribbers down his cheeks, an' he roll up his eyes, an' he shout to de capt'n, —

“ ‘De wood 's all gin' out! ’

“ ‘Put on anything you can find,' sez de capt'n, sez he. ‘Put on de benches.’

“ So de boy he just jerked up de seats, and threw 'em down into de hollows below, an' put 'em on de fire; an' de boat it shot ahead ob t'other one, an' de folks all danced an' shouted, an' de ole woman dat had been so afraid ob a racin'-boat, she waved her han'kerchief, an' leaned back'ards an' for'ards, an' stooped up an' down, an' shouted ‘ hooray! ’

“ But jus' den de boy he come up agin, all streamin', ‘Fuel all done gone now,' he shouted. ‘Wot 's to be done, now? ’

“ De capt'n he was all excitement now, an' shouted, ‘Pour on de ile.’

“So de boy poured on de ile ; but putty soon dat was all gone too, an’ de oder boat wuz comin’ up right along-side, puff, puff, puff! — all puffed up wid pride an’ vanity. An’ de boat began to wobble-wobble, just as dis one am doin’ now, an’ ebberybody wuz in confusion an’ despair. Dey were all at wit’s-end. Wot happened?

“‘Put on my lard an’ hams,’ shouted de good ole woman to de boy; an’ der went up a great cheer. She wuz a patriot, — ain’t dat what you call ’em? An’ dat boy he seized de ole woman’s lard, an’ poured it onto dat fire; and de boat went wiggle-waggle, an’ de wharf wuz jest ahead, an’ she touched it fust, before dat oder one did. An’ dey all shouted ‘Victory!’

“But just den when dey wuz all in dat state of happiment, an’ dancin’ an’ hoorayin,’ de ole biler had a relapse, — don’t ebber relapse, honey, — an’ blew all to bits, an’ split de boat right open in de middle, an’ some ob de folkses were kilt, an’ some were shot up into de heabens; but never you mind, honey, —

‘Bum, bum by dey’ll all come down again.’

Dat dey will. Dat hymb am mighty comfortin’.”

Mrs. Green said, “I’ll take a back-seat as a story-teller now.”

There is a great rivalry among the Baptist and Methodist colored people in the South Mississippi River country. Each member of each of these great denominations tries to do especial honor to his church by superior conduct, habit, and experience; and there is something not unpleasing in this trait of character. So when the tourist hears the frequent allusion on the part of these people to ‘*professin’ Baptist,*’ or ‘*shoutin’ Methodist,*’ he feels that there is a seed of honor in the pride, and is glad to note its worth. The happiness of these people lies in their religious hopes, and no hearts are better prepared for educational influences.

If old Aunt Cloe awakened a genuine interest as a story-teller, she was in danger of a rival. Her musical story had reminded Arthur

of the old German song of Johnnie Schmoker; which he proceeded to act, to the great amusement of both the white and the colored people.

COLUMBUS AND THE EGG.

There was one story of the journey that greatly delighted all parties wherever it was told, and it was told often. It was developed by Arthur. The boy had read the oft-repeated incident of Columbus and the egg; how that the marines had claimed that he could make an egg to stand on end, and did so by breaking the end of the eggs, and when reminded that any one could do that, answered, "If one knew how." He had heard one say that a person could put an egg into a bottle, "if one knew how, and that there was a way to do it."

Arthur had learned the way, and sought to accomplish it in the interest of his home museum. He first soaked the egg in vinegar. By a slow process he pushed the egg from whose shell the lime had thus been extracted into a bottle, through a neck half its size. He then filled the bottle with water, and added lime, which formed a new shell to the egg; then poured out the water, and the experiment was successful. He showed the egg in the bottle to his friends, old and new, told the story of Columbus, and used to say, —

"Nothing is a mystery when you know how a thing is done."

"Dat am so," said a young negro to whom Arthur showed the egg on the boat and made this wise remark, and who added, winking and blinking, —

"I saw two stars arising
Upon the shady sky —
Oh, no — I was mistaken,
'T was the glimmer of her eye!"

Nofin' is a myster', boss. Ya, ya, ya!"

That bit of poetry was Oriental.

CHAPTER XIV.

CARNIVALS AND LEGENDS, NEW ORLEANS.



WHEN October comes around, St. Louis has a wonderful day of patriotic street pageants. At this festival the Veiled Prophet, as in Moore's "Lalla Rookh," has her splendid court. Concord in the days of Miss Alcott used to have a like festival on the 4th of July, when patriotic tableaux were made to float under illuminations at night, down the river.

A NEW ORLEANS HOLIDAY.¹

So mighty is the mighty Mississippi where it rolls by the city, curving in a crescent as it goes, and so vast are the bayous and lakes about her, that one would not easily suppose New Orleans had raised her splendor more than a hundred miles from the sea. There is something romantic and marvellous in her seat, among so many waters and below the level of the river that pushes itself and its detritus through innumerable mouths far out into the Gulf below her.

The town is protected by an embankment called a "levee," generally used as a wharf by throngs of steamers and packets; it rises several feet in a gradual

¹ This topic is written by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, and is used by permission of the "Youth's Companion."

slope, so that no flood in the river will overflow the streets. The levee on another side of the city skirts the lake, and is a protection against the back-water of storms.

These embankments are in use all along the course of the Father of Waters ; and when by any caprice of the river, by undermining through their own weight, or bad building, or other reason, a break in them occurs, miles and

miles of country are swept under the current, to the destruction of everything but the virgin soil, and sometimes even of that. It is one of these occurrences that has furnished Mr. Cable with his powerful story of "The Belles Demoiselles Plantation," where the unnoticed river, eating its slow way, suddenly at night bursts all bounds, and the land, and the house, with its lights and harp-players and dancers, go down and disappear in the horrible darkness. The water-works of the city have now brought the Mississippi into the hydrants, and the gutters are flushed by the great river that, when kept in close bonds, does good service.



THE CRESCENT CITY.

The city occupies the whole parish of Orleans, which is, in reality, about a hundred and fifty square miles ; but only about forty of them are used. One mile of it was originally laid out by De la Tour, with the streets crossing at right angles, the cathedral at the front centre ; but where the town has extended, it has done so irregularly. There are beautiful parks and squares, canals for commerce and for drainage, hospitals and hotels, a mint, a custom-house, a host of markets, a city hall of white marble, a hundred and forty-seven public schools, and street railways run by fireless engines. Canal Street, which is a splendid avenue, a hundred and fifty feet wide, divides the old town from the new.

The old town is chiefly the ancient French settlement, where the streets are often not forty feet in width, with quaint names, like Rue Royale, Rampart,



CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS.

Esplanade, with quaint signs over them, and with quainter people frequenting them. Because of the unusual in face and speech, and because of its historical character, replete with legend, this is a much more interesting portion of the city than that with the broad, well-shaded streets and spacious houses in the midst of gardens, where the sward is greener than emerald, and one looks through the open palings upon clusters of the deep-pink crape-myrtle, upon palm-ferns, upon open galleries peopled by lovely ladies in lawns and laces, where the magnolias lift their dark towers of shining greenery, and where here and there an old palm-tree invites the eye up its thirty or forty feet of scaly bark and, dropping its old brown boughs, high in the blue air is putting forth its new plumes.

There are several of these palm-trees in the city, and everybody has an affectionate remembrance of Père Antoine's date-palm, that grew from the heart of little Anglicé. If a suggestion of Sir Charles Lyell's were adopted, that an avenue should be planted with a double row of these stately and gracious palms, it would be an added charm to a place that hardly needs one.

It makes a child of New England feel far away from home when looking at the lovely marvel of a palm-tree; yet, nevertheless, if once inside those pleasant places, one is made to feel very much at home. One seems to be in a land of enchantment though, when looking out at one of these gardens in full bloom, just as a shower has fallen, and a norther comes up to freeze every drop of the rain, and sheathed in the thin film of ice, that has formed too quickly to wither them, every flower sparkles in the returning sunshine with ruby and sapphire and topaz petals, — till Aladdin's garden itself, where every leaf on every tree was a gem, could do no more in the way of splendor.

There are several features of New Orleans that are to be seen in few other cities, and that strike the stranger's eye. One is the sewage in the open gutters, that crawls festering along with slime and scum on the top, even through the finest streets, that one has to step across at every crossing, and that one meets a little way out of the more populous portion of the place in a canal ten feet wide, scattering an intolerable stench. It is, doubtless, from such and kindred sources that New Orleans gives the yellow-fever so good nourishment, — that monster which does its worst often in the fairest parts of the place, and leaves the calaboose in safety. It would seem as if the Mississippi hydrants might do their work a little more effectually in flushing these gutters; but it perhaps takes an even stronger power than the mighty river to clean them, as, after they have run their slow length of filth to its receptacle, the contents have to be pumped up and discharged into deep water.

Although the water is brought into town, as before stated, nearly every

house has its cistern for rainwater besides, built above ground, lest any of the moisture of the damp river-penetrated soil should percolate through their sides; these cisterns are circular, and hooped like a gigantic hogshead, and they sometimes reach to the top of the third story. One gets interested in the sight, and feels that only those in this climate have wealth and luxury who have broad galleries and enormous cisterns. This water is cooled for drinking by ice which is manufactured through chemical means, of a finer grain and at a rather cheaper rate than nature can supply it, taking freight into consideration.

It is this wet soil which makes it impossible to dig a cellar or a grave in New Orleans. All the dead are buried above ground in little ovens, as one might call the mounds, or in stately tombs. This necessity has brought about another necessity, — that of making the cemeteries beautiful. Although there is something disagreeable to unused eyes and sensibilities in the little marble temples, whose glass doors allow one to see the caskets on their shelves, with their wreaths of immortelles, or of fresh flowers, yet the habit of thorough renovation just before each All Saints' Day, the alleys and fountains, the temples and groups of sculpture, the willows and wisaches, the live-oaks draped in funereal mosses, the magnolias and palms and flowers, make these cemeteries places of great beauty

But the whole region of New Orleans is one of remarkable beauty. In the city, even where the houses are in blocks and rows, they are covered with lace-like fronts of iron balconies, and many of the dwellings are of a peculiar architecture, pretty, low, masked in vines, and surrounded by small gardens. There is a charming drive to Lake Pontchartrain, on the Shell Road, and one of the favorite diversions is to go out of a hot night, either by rail or road, to the old Spanish fort or to the restaurants at the West End, and order a supper of pompanos and soft-shell crabs and other delicacies, served on the veranda (and now by the electric light), while the cool, delicious breeze blows off the lake, and sails steal slowly about far out on the horizon's edge of the purple waters. Nothing is more weird and captivating to the fancy than the light-houses down among these lonely waters.

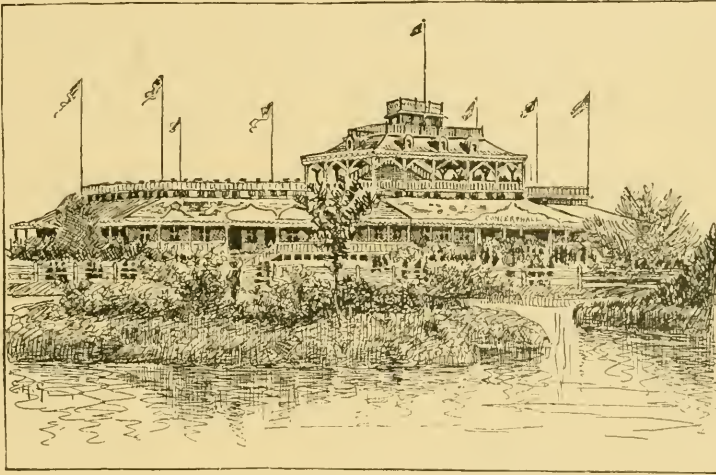
By whatever way you enter New Orleans, you can gather an idea of the amount of wealth of which it is and is to be the *entrepôt*; whether you see it coming down the river in barges and three-decker steamboats, or whether on the huge freight-steamers that wind in the other direction along the rich regions of the southern shore.

Perhaps no richer regions exist in the world than these, — the great plantations of the Teche and of St. Mary's Parish, where immense plains, teeming



OLD TIME CARNIVAL SCENE, NEW ORLEANS.

with rice and sugar and cotton, stretch their dazzling tender green into the distant sky, broken by no other fence than at long intervals a blossoming hedge, or else a wilder reach of cypress-swamps, the lofty trees gay with a wild luxuriance of vine and gorgeous bloom, — flashing with pools of water, on whose edges one often sees a basking alligator, a beautiful blue heron, or a rosy spoon-bill; here and there a narrow water-way opening, down which float the



THE SPANISH FORT NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

cypress ties cut far back in the forest, and fastened together by chains and ropes.

On this side of New Orleans there is a world of romance appertaining to the days of slavery; in New Orleans itself, to the old French and Spanish life; and in the islands round the mouth of the river, to the days of the pirate Lafitte.

Lafitte, although he once fortified the two ends of the island, and styled himself Governor of Galveston, at another time made his stronghold in the flat land, a dozen miles or more below the city. Among the innumerable branches and bays, concealment for himself and his outlaws was the easiest matter in the world; and on the island of Baratavia, favorably situated for the purpose, and with easy escape, very healthy and abounding with game, he erected his fortifications.

Lafitte had been one of Bonaparte's captains; he was well known in New Orleans, and not discountenanced at first. I have seen an old lady of good

family who in her youth had danced with him, and to whom he had made a present of diamonds, as I was told. But later, and when his outrages became unbearable, the Governor of Louisiana offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his head.



MARDI-GRAS.

He replied immediately by offering a reward of fifteen thousand dollars for the head of the governor. A company of soldiers sent against him were surrounded by the pirate's men, who rose from a hundred secret ways, took them all prisoners, but afterwards released them in scorn. An officer of the navy, with his gun-boats, had to retreat before them, and it was not till the

United States sent a formidable force against them that the nest of pirates were destroyed.

The people of New Orleans are, perhaps, as cosmopolitan as any in the world, if not more so. Among them are many Roman Catholics, and that



MARDI-GRAS FEATS OF CHIVALRY.

and that one is Chivalry, with the knights and ladies, falcons and mediæval accessories; another is Music, it may be, or it is the event of some especial epoch, such as the meeting of the Kings in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or the walk of Hypatia, where Jew and Greek and Goth and early Christian met on the same spot.

may be the reason why certain festivals of the Carnival season are kept by them with great display, especially that of the Mardi-gras, which the French citizens began to celebrate at about 1827.

It is a legal holiday, under the control of King Carnival, known as Rex, who appears suddenly

upon the streets, attended by his special guard, and escorted by United States troops and marines, in a procession of surpassing beauty, group after group arranged regardless of expense, with superb effect, and drawn slowly along in a dazzle of splendor. This group, perhaps, illustrates Egypt, — pyramid, palm-tree, Pharaoh, with Cleopatra in her barge, with the fellah of the Nile and the Sphinx watching these various eras of her children;

The idea of each group is a central one, and it is carried out with spirit. Jewels and velvets and cloth of gold are but a part of the sumptuous array where everything is on a princely scale. The affair has been of so long date that even the children know the characters, and can call them by name.

At night the Mystick Crewe take up the tale, — a secret body, none outside of their own band knowing who they are, coming from nowhere, and departing as they came.

A ball, at which Rex chooses his queen, takes place after a series of matchless tableaux, the whole arrangement being as superbly scenic and processional as can be made. One prefers not to see in this anything like an advertisement to bring the money of strangers into the place; but if it were so, it is certain the strangers get their money's worth.

On the whole, it will be seen, that few places have more to offer strangers than New Orleans; and its climate is one of balm, — the frost seldom amounting to discomfort, and the heat always tempered by a Gulf breeze.

We have given the story of De Soto in another volume, and also that of La Salle. There is one romantic pioneer associated with the early history of the Gulf country whose adventures are seldom told. It is Galvez, who gave the name to Galveston, and who was viceroy of Mexico, and raised the white castle of Chapultepec out of the ruins of the halls and baths of the Montezumas. There is one heroic story told of Galvez which equals anything related of De Soto or La Salle, the historic pioneers of the Mississippi. We give it in verse: —

GALVEZ.

BENEATH the dusky tropic stars,
 And misty moons that rose and fled,
 His fleet with drooping sails and spars
 Across the breathless Gulf he led, —
 Galvez!

A man of noble mien was he,
 Who thought that will was destiny.

In flaming skies he saw afar
 Clear Pensacola's palmy sound,

Boom, boom ! The English guns rang clear,
 And fell a shower of leaden rain,
 But Galvez heard without a fear,
 And faced the wondering crews of Spain, —
 Galvez !
 “ Ho, anchors lift ! ” loud shouted he,
 “ And plough the sand-bars like the sea ! ”

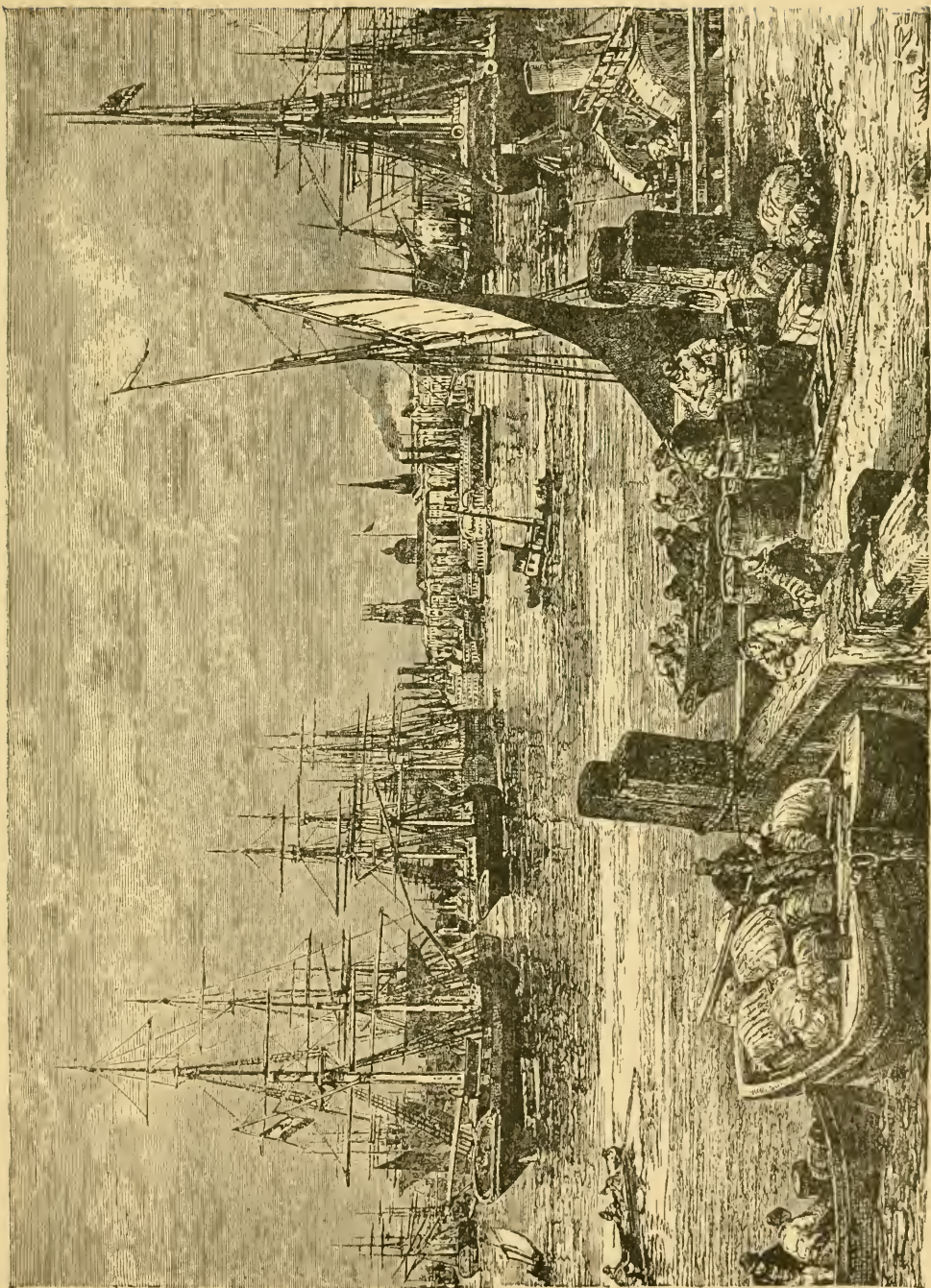
Boom, boom ! the fortress thundered loud,
 And fell again the rain of fire ;
 But he, amid his silken cloud,
 Moved on like Arion with his lyre, —
 Galvez !
 Moved on, and on, and cried again,
 “ Ho, follow me, ye ships of Spain ! ”

The banner shining on the sea,
 The smoke rolled o'er it like a cloud,
 Then from the shade it floated free
 O'er Galvez, still erect and proud, —
 Galvez !
 Immortal be his name.
 'T is souls that burn that souls inflame !

Lo, now the white sails lift on high,
 Gay with the flags of old Castile !
 He sees the light ships toward him fly,
 And plough the bar, keel after keel, —
 Galvez !
 His soul alone upon the sea
 Had won a twofold victory !

Whene'er I see Galveston's arch
 Above the booming waves, I feel
 His spirit still whose mighty march
 The city and the bay reveal, —
 Galvez !
 A man of inspiration, he
 Who walked with feet of faith the sea.

New Orleans, poetic, historic, sunny, at last came into view, its spires shading the red light of an almost tropic sunset. It extends six miles along the river with which it wages war over the levees, and which it holds captive by a strong arm. It commands ten thousand



WATER-FRONT, NEW ORLEANS.

miles of steam navigation, and as a port is one of the wonders of the world. Like Liverpool, it is a city of ships as well as of houses. It is a Queen of the Sea and the rivers as well as of the land.

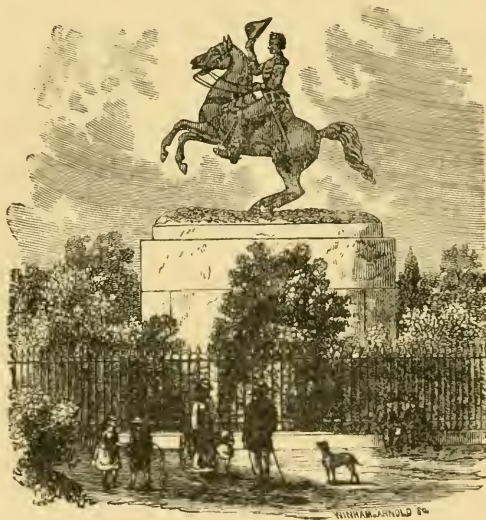
The history of New Orleans is that of three empires. The city began with the Spanish Conquest, was settled by the French in 1718, and was transferred to Spain in 1763, and soon after was transferred to France again. It became a part of the United States through a treaty negotiated by Napoleon I., in 1803. In 1815 it was attacked by the British army, and defended by General Jackson at the famous battle of New Orleans.

The old cathedral impressed itself upon the class, and the French market was a delight to Arthur.

At the airy hotel, Mr. Green, *père*, related the romantic story of

Iberville, the father of the Colony of Louisiana. This man, who was one of a family of eleven brothers, two of whom, Bienville and Sanvolle, were pioneers of the Mississippi, was commissioned to explore the great river in 1698. He came with a fleet and erected fortifications near Mobile. In 1700 he explored the Mississippi, and from this date began the settlement of the Southern Mississippi Valley.

The reader may like to see the poem, "On the Shores of Tennessee," which we described as having been read to music on the boat. It was written in war days, and has never ceased to haunt the platform, and, read to the music of the "Star-Spangled Banner," is picturesque and touching, and usually awakens a spell of sympathetic memories :



STATUE OF JACKSON, NEW ORLEANS.



THE UNIVERSITY, NEW ORLEANS.

ON THE SHORES OF TENNESSEE.

Music — "Star-Spangled Banner."

"MOVE my arm-chair, faithful Pompey,
 In the sunshine bright and strong.
 For this world is fading, Pompey, —
 Massa won't be with you long;
 And I fain would hear the south wind
 Bring once more the sound to me
 Of the wavelets softly breaking
 On the shores of Tennesseee.

"Mournful though the ripples murmur,
 As they still the story tell,
 How no vessels float the banner
 That I've loved so long and well,

I shall listen to their music,
 Dreaming that again I see
 Stars and Stripes on sloop and shallop
 Sailing up the Tennessee.

“ And, Pompey, while old Massa ’s waiting
 For death’s last despatch to come,
 If that exiled starry banner
 Should come proudly sailing home,
 You shall greet it, slave no longer, —
 Voice and hand shall both be free,
 That shout and point to Union colors
 On the waves of Tennessee.”

“ Massa’s berry kind to Pompey ;
 But ole darky’s happy here,
 Where he ’s tended corn and cotton
 For ’ese many a long-gone year.
 Over yonder Missis sleeping —
 No one tends her grave like me ;
 Mebbe she would miss the flowers
 She used to love in Tennessee.

“ ’Pears like she was watching, Massa.
 If Pompey should beside him stay ;
 Mebbe she ’d remember better
 How for him she used to pray ;
 Telling him that way up yonder
 White as snow his soul would be,
 If he served the Lord of heaven
 While he lived in Tennessee.”

Silently the tears were rolling
 Down the poor old dusky face,
 As he stepped behind his master,
 In his long-accustomed place.
 Then a silence fell around them,
 As they gazed on rock and tree,
 Pictured in the placid waters
 Of the rolling Tennessee ; —

Master, dreaming of the battle
 Where he fought by Marion’s side,
 When he bid the haughty Tarleton
 Stoop his lordly crest of pride ;

Man, remembering how yon sleeper
 Once he held upon his knee,
 Ere she loved the gallant soldier,
 Ralph Vervair, of Tennessee.

Still the south wind fondly lingers
 'Mid the veteran's silvery hair ;
 Still the bondman, close beside him,
 Stands behind the old arm-chair.
 With his dark-hued hand uplifted,
 Shading eyes, he bends to see
 Where the woodland, boldly jutting,
 Turns aside the Tennessee.

Thus he watches cloud-born shadows
 Glide from tree to mountain crest,
 Softly creeping, aye and ever,
 To the river's yielding breast.
 Ha, above the foliage yonder
 Something flutters wild and free !
 " Massa, Massa ! Hallelujah !
 The flag's come back to Tennessee ! "

" Pompey, hold me on your shoulder,
 Help me stand on foot once more,
 That I may salute the colors
 As they pass my cabin door.
 Here 's the paper signed that frees you ;
 Give a freeman's shout with me, —
 ' God and Union ! ' be our watchword
 Evermore in Tennessee."

Then the trembling voice grew fainter,
 And the limbs refused to stand ;
 One prayer to Jesus, — and the soldier
 Glided to that better land.
 When the flag went down the river,
 Man and master both were free,
 While the ring-dove's note was mingled
 With the rippling Tennessee.

MISSISSIPPI DAY.—THE STRANGE LEGEND OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE great legends of England and Germany each relate to the slaying of a dragon by a champion of honor and the Christian faith. In them is figuratively represented the triumph of good over evil, of right over wrong. It is remarkable that the great legend of the Mississippi River should have been essentially the same.

In his journey of discovery in 1673, Marquette came to the Great River on June 17,—Mississippi Day. Marquette passed on the



MARQUETTE AND JOLIET CROSSING THE GREAT LAKES.

Mississippi the mouth of the Illinois River, and glided in his canoe under some high rocks which became known among the French as "The Ruined Castles." Under that name these bluffs appeared on the old French maps. The explorer believed that the Devil was the lord of the wilderness, but that his dominion would fade and vanish

before the advent of the Cross. The early Jesuits went on their journey singing, —

“Ye mysteries of the Cross, advance ;
Ye glorious truths, shine forth.”

As Marquette looked up to these castle-like rocks from his canoe on the smooth water, he beheld a sight that filled him with terror and wonder. On the flat surface of one of the bluffs were representations of two dragons. They were colored after the old historical traditions,



MARQUETTE AND JOLIET AT ANCHOR ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

in green, red, and black. Each, he says, was “as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, a beard like a tiger, and a frightful expression of countenance. The face,” he continues, “was like a man’s; the body was covered *with scales*, and the tail was so long that it passed entirely round the body, over the head and between the legs, ending like that of a fish.” The *green* color, the *scales*, and the winding tails of these two monsters suggested the work of a European mind, or more likely the artifice of the Evil One. The Jesuits looked upon the place as the Devil’s rocks, and turned to their crucifixes.

The rock where these monsters were seen was at a point just above the place where the city of Alton now stands.

“The Evil One here has set his image,” said one of the Jesuits; “but when the Cross shall pass by it, it will vanish away.”

He lifted the Cross, and the canoe drifted slowly on.

“I must make a picture of the Two Dragons,” said Marquette.

He did so. This picture appeared on an old map made by the order of the Intendant Duchesneau, and gave the legend a thrilling meaning. Copies of the picture still exist.

Were these dragons with green color, scales, and winding tails, the work of Indians? If so, where did the native races receive the idea? Were they the work of unknown explorers? If so, the Mississippi was discovered by unknown explorers long before the days of De Soto, Marquette, and La Salle.

The figures were seen by Saint Cosmo in 1699, but they had nearly disappeared. Joutel, an explorer, saw them; but not being of a superstitious mind, he was not terrified by them.

They gradually faded, not on account of the passing by of the champions of the Cross, but by the natural effects of time. In 1860, or about that date, they had disappeared, and a part of the rock had been quarried away.

The disappearance of the Two Dragons of the Mississippi before the Cross was the material for a fine poetic story, picture, or work of art. The romantic life of Marquette, his visionary and prophetic beliefs, his dramatic death, — all make this scene worthy of allegorical representation.

Parkman in his “La Salle” thus pictures the poetic historical events that followed the sight of the Two Dragons:—

“They continued a long time to talk of them (the pictured monsters) as they plied their paddles. They were thus engaged when they were suddenly aroused by real danger. A torrent rushed athwart the calm current of the Mississippi, boiling and surging, and sweeping in its course logs, branches, and uprooted trees. They had reached the mouth of the Missouri.”

Parkman adds:—

“They passed the lonely forest that *covered* the site of the destined city of St. Louis, and a few days later saw on their left the mouth of the stream to which the Iroquois had given the well-merited name of Ohio, or the Beautiful River.”

The period of the great emigration to the Mississippi Valley came, and science has crumbled the Castle Rocks where dwelt the Dragons in effigy. The beautiful city of Alton arose near the place of the poetic superstition, — if events of prophetic meanings can be called superstitious.

The Dragons overcome by the progress of Christian civilization is a subject well worthy of the consideration of those who seek allegorical emblems for art in association with the great Mississippi Valley.

Mississippi Day is locally celebrated on the date of the discovery of the Great River. There is but little literature that relates to the great event. The holiday may grow with the empire, and into it may come the Dragon Legend.

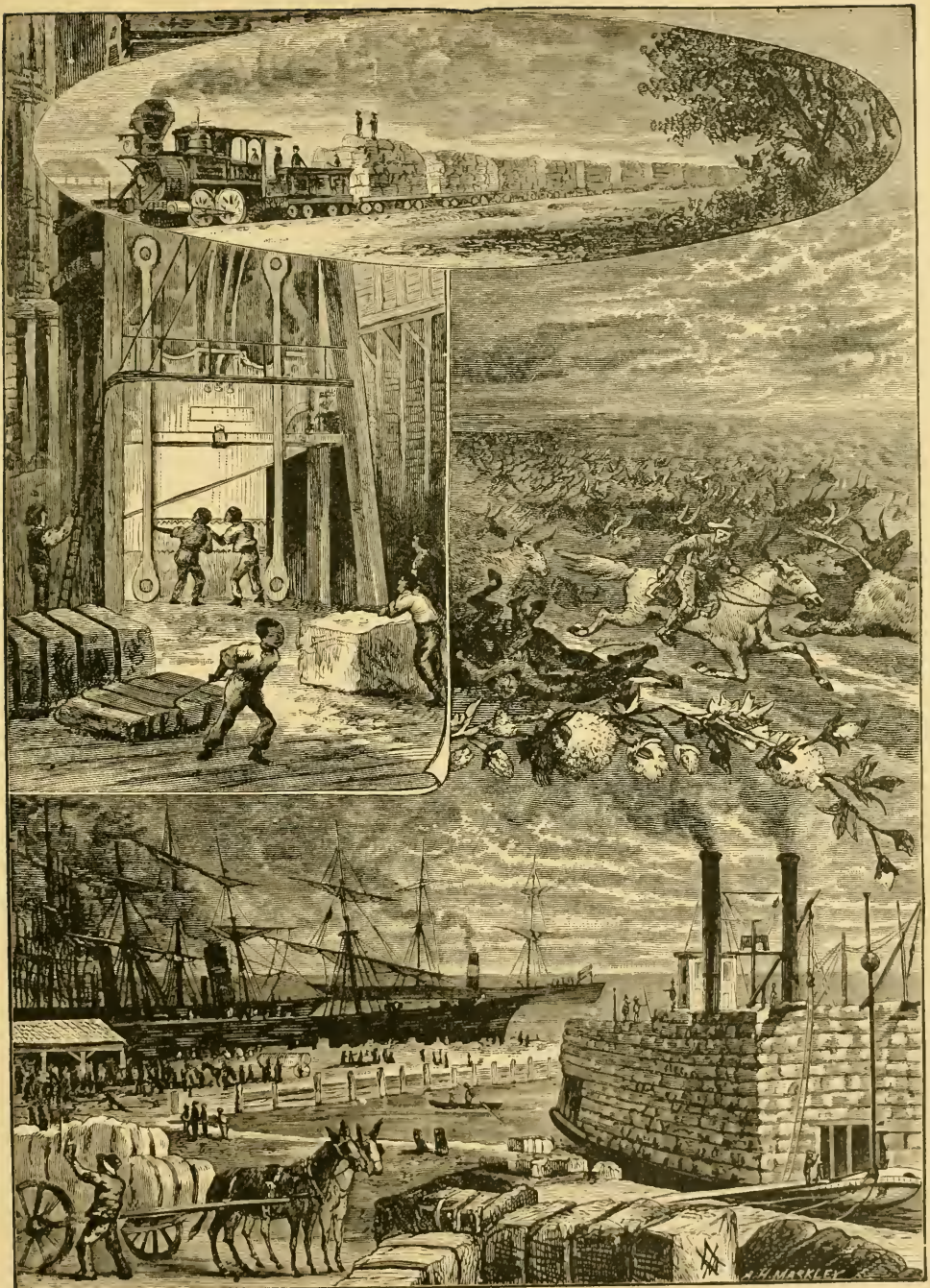
MISSISSIPPI DAY.

O TIME ! O change ! how have these prairies altered
 Since those dim, distant days
 When, tranced with beauty, lonely Allouez faltered
 In his uncertain ways ;

Since on these streams the dark-robed Jesuits drifted
 Far from the crystal seas,
 And knighted sea-kings on the blue lakes lifted
 The silver fleur-de-lis !

Here prayed Marquette, by ancient tribes surrounded
 In forest ways untrod,
 And lonely Joliet mighty cities founded,
 Where first he talked with God,

Far from the Huron's many-foliaged village,
 Far from the Iroquois,
 Far from the scenes of rapine, hate, and pillage,
 Beside the Illinois.



A VISION OF THE SOUTH.

They saw the land with peace and plenty growing,
On rolled the river fair,
And seas of flowers o'er endless shallows flowing,
And seas of odorous air.

The lonely chief upon his pine-plumed aerie
Gazed o'er the sea of blooms,
And watched the strange sail as it wandered weary
Amid the twilight glooms.

The bison, cooling in the stream before them,
Fled to the dark oak's shade ;
The wondering eagle wheeled on slant wing o'er them ;
Their sails the warm winds swayed.

Still on and on the dark priests wandered, praying
And singing hymns of praise ;
And on and on the river rolled, displaying
Its grand march to their gaze.

Then came La Salle his water-chariot driving
Triumphal down the tide,
And, hard against the imprisoned currents striving,
Rode on the ocean wide.

Oh cross that marched into the sunset gleaming,
Down from the northern seas,
That nations followed wondering and dreaming, —
The silvery fleur-de-lis,

The red cross flags, the cour-de-bois, the ranger,
The knight, the chevalier,
The poor of earth, the exile freed from danger,
The lonely pioneer, —

Faith still beholds thee on the waters glowing
In twilight's amber air,
While Marquette walks the uncertain waves, yet knowing
That God is with him there !

Unlike De Soto, Marquette is a lively character to associate with Mississippi Day. "He was," says an historian, "of a cheerful, joyous disposition, playful even in manner, and universally beloved."

The death scene of Marquette which we have described in another

volume is one of the most poetic incidents of early American history.

There is a singular correspondence in the dates of two great local holidays, — Bunker Hill Day in the East, and Mississippi Day in the Middle West, — both of which fall on June 17. The expedition under Marquette found the Mississippi by the way of the Wisconsin River. The Great River came into view at the point now called Prairie du Chien. The scenery of the Wisconsin delighted Marquette; and when the Mississippi rolled across his way on that glorious June day, there must have come to him one of those moments of joy that only great souls can know.

The scene of Marquette at the mouth of the Wisconsin, and that of the finding of the two Dragons pictured on the rocks, are the ones that linger most in the mind of the poet of history. The time will be likely to come when a sense of the worth and meaning of these scenes will give them place in art. But the world must see the harvest before it can know the value of the worth of the sower, and empires and cities must grow before they can crown their founders.

A STRANGE LEGEND OF THE FIRST DISCOVERER OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

“THE country of gold lies before you; but there are dark rivers to cross. I have learned these things from living among the caciques.”¹

The Spaniard who uttered these words to Fernando de Soto was stately and handsome, of middle age, and of unquestioned bravery.

“I am sure that I can pilot you there.”

The cavalier gazed upon him.

“You were left here in this land of Florida on the first expedition,” said De Soto. “That was ten years ago.”

“Yes.”

“And you have come to love these children of Nature and the palm-lands?”

“Yes, Señor. Why have you brought these bloodhounds and these chains?”

¹ Cas-seeks’.

"To hold kings captive, as I have done before; to conquer new Incas, and to guard them in their own temples. You say that the temples of gold are on the hills of the Ocali."

"I said that there were dark rivers to cross."

"But what Indian girl is this that follows you?"

"She is the daughter of a cacique and my wife."

"You must leave her behind."

"She saved my life. Listen! My name is Otiz, and I am a trusty soldier. When I found myself left by the expedition, I sought the friendship of the cacique. The old chief pitied me, and received me as his son. I found him more humane than our own people had been. I was happy for a time, but these children of the palm-lands are jealous and superstitious, and they at last began to distrust me and look upon me as dangerous, and they sought to kill me. I was brought before a council of their wise men, and was condemned to die. The cacique pitied me still, and sought to save me; but the wise men were all against me.



DE SOTO.

"The day for my death was appointed. I was to be tortured. A scaffold was built over faggots that were to be made sacrificial fires. I was to be stretched upon this scaffold, and to perish at a fire-dance.

"The day came. I was led out, and tied to the trees of the scaffold. The fires were kindled under me, and the dance began. The painted savages circled around me to the sound of war-drums and the blowing of shells. May you never suffer such tortures as I then was made to feel! The tongues of flame pierced my naked body like swords. My nerves crept in agony. I thought of Spain, of my kindred and my old home. I cried out for water.

"The daughter of the cacique heard my cry. She fell down before her father, and begged him to spare my life. The cacique loved this beautiful girl. He listened to her; he appeased the tribe, and unbound me, and gave me to the tender princess as her slave.

"She came to love me, as I served her faithfully. I arose to honor among the people. I love this people; and if I leave my wife here, I must return to her again. I must be true to her on the honor of a conquistador."

Fernando de Soto was a proud man. He had come from the conquest of the incarial realms, and his own share of the captured wealth had been millions. He had landed near Tampa, with a cavalcade of golden cavaliers. He did not doubt that another Peru lay before him.

The conquistadors under the lead of Ortiz marched up the hills of the Ocali. The land blazed in the pure white sunlight; but no golden domes gleamed in the sun.

They chained caciques, and hunted the chief men of the region with the bloodhounds. They compelled captive chiefs to guide them from one tribe to another. De Soto made slave wives of beautiful princesses, and amid all his cruelty and wrong-doing compelled masses to be said.

“The hills of the Ocali are not Peru,” he said to Ortiz.

“I said that there were dark rivers to cross.”



DE SOTO'S EXPEDITION IN FLORIDA.

The conquistadors moved on. They came to dark rivers and cypress swamps. One after another of the golden cavaliers began to sicken and die.

“There are indeed dark rivers to cross,” said De Soto.

The palm lances burned in the feverish heats. But the thirst for gold led the conquistadors on. They came at last to the banks of a majestic river. The volume of water showed that it must be long. Masses were said. The visions of De Soto were revived again: “The river is dark and long.”

They crossed it, and lay down under the live-oaks streaming with moss. The air was full of birds. There was beauty everywhere; but in all the brightness lurked poison, — the men sickened and died.

But the expedition moved on. The river that they had seen, and discovered to be dark and long, was the Mississippi. In the fevered palm-shades appeared no temples or incarial palaces.

They came at last to the dark land of cypresses through which flows the Red River of the South. Here De Soto himself began to feel the chill that had swept so many of the other adventurers away.

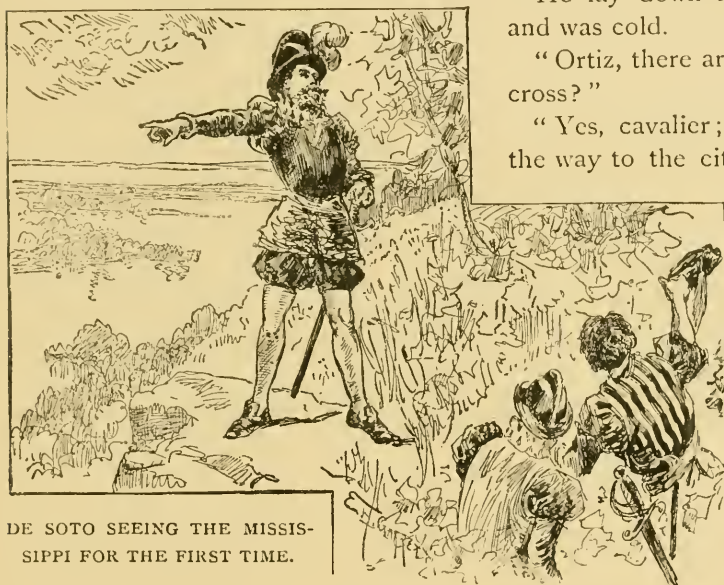
He lay down amid burning heats, and was cold.

"Ortiz, there are still dark rivers to cross?"

"Yes, cavalier; dark rivers lie in the way to the cities of gold."

De Soto shook. "The fever is on me."

He lay burning and freezing in the cypress swamps. Prayers were said, and the fiery days moved on. The sun rose in fire, and set in what looked to be the conflagration of



DE SOTO SEEING THE MISSISSIPPI FOR THE FIRST TIME.

the world. De Soto became oblivious to all. The fires of the fever were consuming him. One flaming sunrise came, and he was dead.

"He has crossed the dark river," said Ortiz. They hollowed a log for his body. But the savages were watching them. They could not give the conquistador a burial that would be undisturbed on the land; even amid the gray-bearded cypresses.

"Let us sink him for his final rest in the dark river," said Ortiz.

They did so by night. Torches gleamed; silent prayers were said. There were low beatings of oars; a rest in the black river under the moon and stars; a splash; the dark river opened, and a body went down. It was De Soto's.

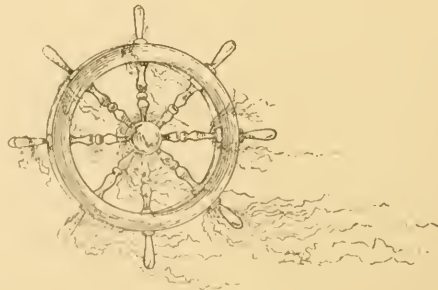
In a white temple in Havana, which is only opened once a year, the picture of De Soto may be seen among the heroes of the Great Discovery. On the 14th of November — Columbus Day in Cuba — a great procession leaves the old faded cathedral, in the wall of the altar of which Columbus's remains are

entombed, and amid chanting choirs, military music, and the booming of the guns from the Castle, march to this white temple, and here *glorias* are chanted, and thanksgivings said. The procession moves through the chapel, which is



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.

shaded by a tree which is supposed to be a remnant of the grove where Columbus himself stood. They look upon the pictured faces of the conquistadors on that one day; and the American, who follows the banners and music, gazes also, and wishes in his heart that some of these heroes whose bravery rendered such services to his country had been better men. Character is everything.



CHAPTER XV.

AMONG THE ISLANDS OF THE GREAT DISCOVERY.



IT had been the intention of the class to go to Tampa, and thence to Havana, cross the island of Cuba, a ten hours' ride (fare \$16), and take the Ward Line of steamers at Cienfuegos for Nassau. The Ward Line of steamers from New York to Cienfuegos *via* Nassau passes close to the two disputed islands of the discovery, — San Salvador and Watling. There is little to be seen on these islands now, and the view of them from the steamer deck reveals nearly all the remains of historical interest.

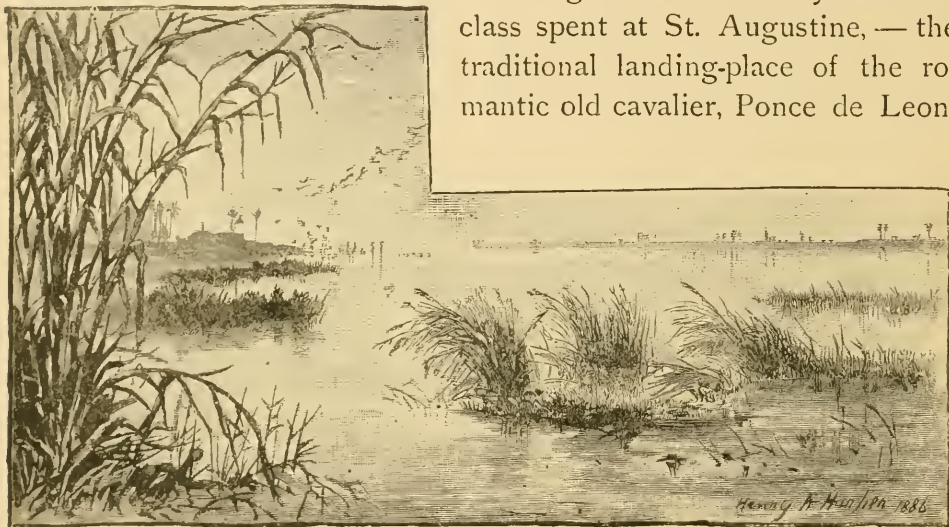
But at St. Augustine, Florida, the plan was changed. Mr. Green found at this old city of beautiful Spanish hotels a friend by the name of Watson, who owned a steam yacht. Mr. Watson was a New York merchant, of ample means and with a large heart, and a lively sense of friendship. He became greatly interested in the plan and purpose of the class.

“Friend Green,” said he, one morning, “don't go to the islands by the way of Cienfuegos: I will take you to Nassau in my yacht. You can there take the Ward Line steamer for Santiago de Cuba and Cienfuegos. It passes the islands of the discovery in the daytime, and usually in calm water. From Cienfuegos you can cross by rail to Havana, and so end your journey at the Park of Isabella and the Tomb of Columbus. I can accommodate your whole party, if you will

submit to a little crowding. The passage will be a safe one. I have made it before."

The class gladly accepted Mr. Watson's hearty invitation.

Delightful were the days that the class spent at St. Augustine, — the traditional landing-place of the romantic old cavalier, Ponce de Leon.



A BIT OF FLORIDA.

The Spanish hotels here are among the most beautiful public houses in the world. They form as it were a Spanish town of the Middle Ages. Here the odors of rose gardens and orange groves flood the air, and the soft sea-winds play among the mosses of the trees. They studied old Fort Maria, with its thrilling traditions and antiquities.

Arthur here found such stores of *curios* for his home museum that his collections took his last dollar. The narrow streets of St. Augustine are full of stores that offer souvenirs to tourists. They are in this respect the most tempting places we have ever visited. These *curios* or souvenirs consist of shells, sea-mosses, historic relics, Mexican images, grass-work, and *live* alligators.

The shells delighted Arthur. They were the most curious and beautiful that he had ever seen. He purchased many varieties, and as



SCENES IN FLORIDA.

many kinds of sea-mosses. After his money was gone, he went to his father to ask a new and generous supply.

"Shoo, lad," said hearty Captain Watson; "I'll show you, when we are afloat, how to get sea curiosities for nothing!"

"How would you do it?" asked Arthur, his own curiosity being at once excited.

"Set snares for them."

Arthur's wonder grew: to collect *curios* was his life, and nothing interested him so much as how to find new and rare things.

"I will tell you. I have some lead-sinkers with hollow bottoms on my yacht. Fill the hollows with soap, and let them down into



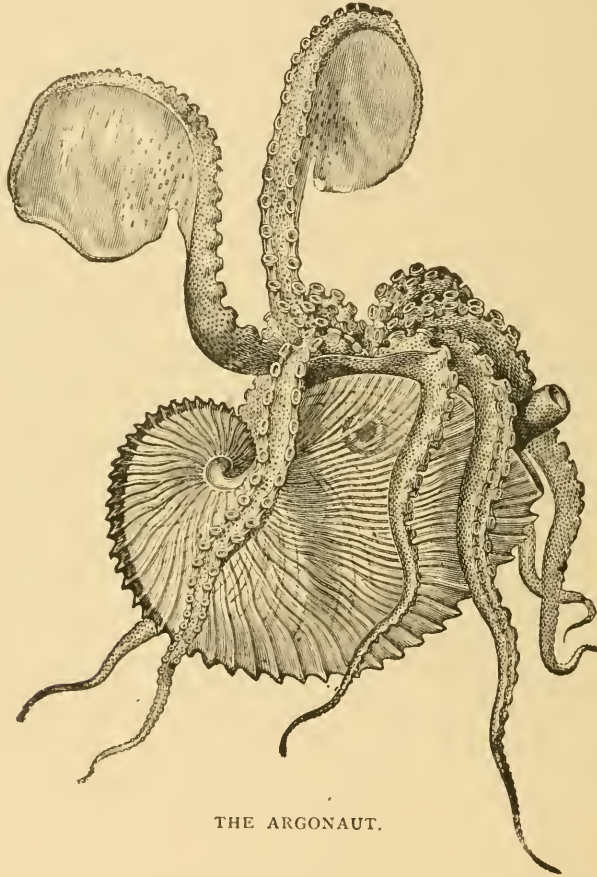
THE OLD GATE, ST. AUGUSTINE.

the sea in shallow water, and you can secure curiosities enough in one voyage to the Bahamas to fill a room. *Fish for them*; that is the way to do it."

This was joyful intelligence to Arthur. He saw the plan, and thanked the captain. Nor was he disappointed. He *fished* for specimens in this way wherever there was shallow water, and his

discoveries in the beds of the Bahama seas were more to him than Columbus's among the islands of the seaweeds, or Saragossa seas.

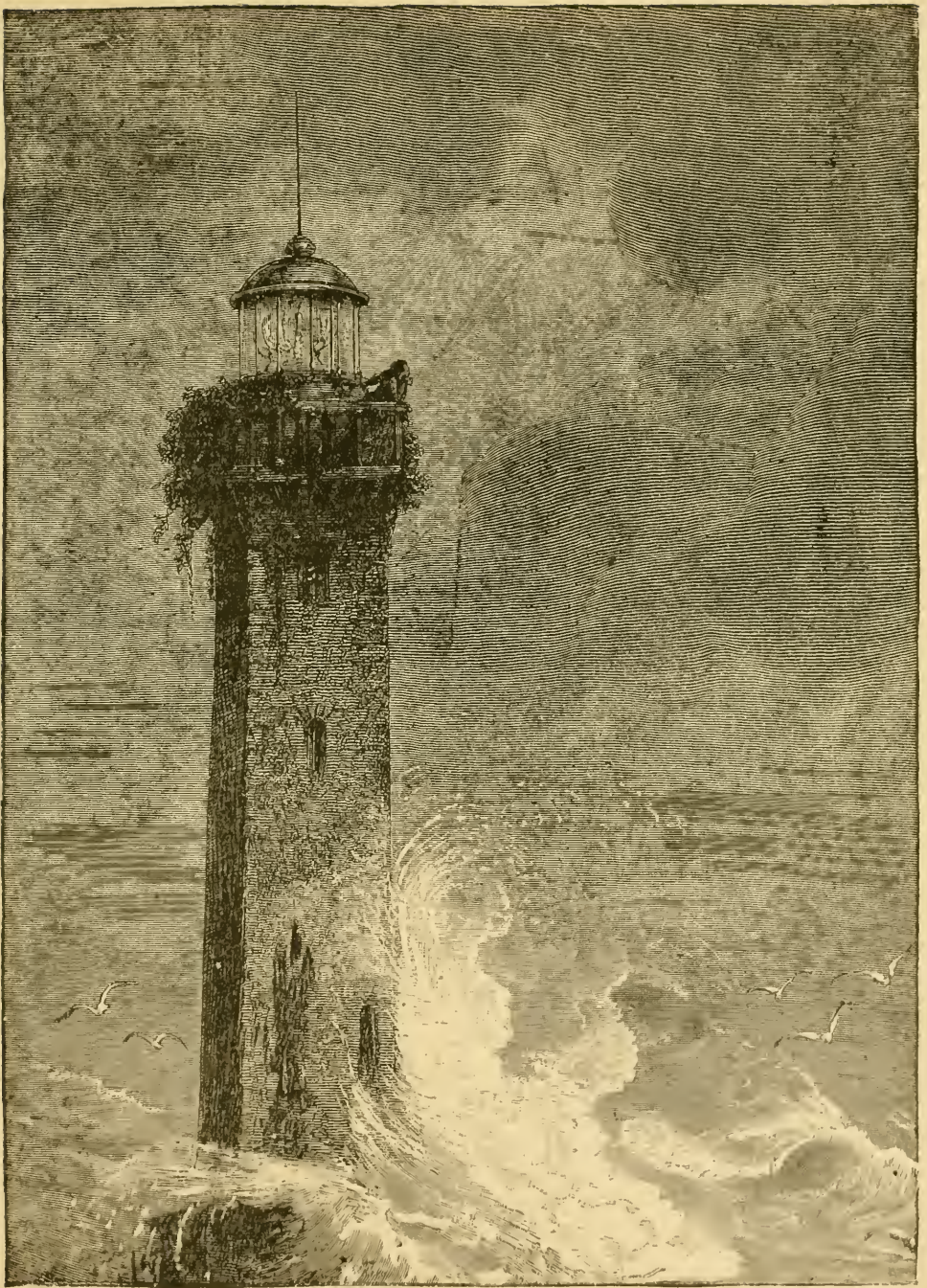
Mr. Green had prepared a literary entertainment for all the journey. He studied the historical colorings of all the places that the



THE ARGONAUT.

class expected to visit; and his literary "lunch basket," as he called one of his trunks, was stored with books, magazines, and poems that related to the places of the tour.

Among these stores was a very interesting and rare letter. It was originally written in Latin, and had been issued by the Boston Public



A LIGHTHOUSE ON THE FLORIDA COAST.

Library, in one of the catalogues of the institution. It was the story of the Discovery as related by Columbus, and was the narrative selected for the use of the European courts. It contained some picturesque accounts of the isle of Juana, and recalled in this way the unhappy daughter of Isabella. This letter, as follows, Mr. Green read to the class, on departing for the Bahama Seas.

FIRST VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

A Letter addressed to the noble Lord Raphael Sanchez, Treasurer to their invincible Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella,¹ King and Queen of Spain, by Christopher Columbus, to whom our age is greatly indebted, treating of the islands of India recently discovered beyond the Ganges, to explore which he had been sent eight months before under the auspices and at the expense of their said Majesties.

KNOWING that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it. Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz,² I reached the Indian sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession without resistance in the name of our most illustrious Monarch, by public proclamation and with unfurled banners. To the first of these islands, which is called by the Indians Guanahani, I gave the name of the blessed Saviour [San Salvador], relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands; to each of these I also gave a name, ordering that one should be called Santa Maria de la Concepcion,³ another Fernandina,⁴ the third Isabella,⁵ the fourth Juana,⁶

¹ Mr. Major's translation of the letter itself is faithful to the text of this edition. Variations, however, exist in the title and colophon; no original, for instance, is to be found for the words "and Isabella" in the translated title. All notes, with the exception of the present one, are borrowed from Mr. Major.

² A strange mistake has crept into the Latin versions of this letter; in all the editions of which it is stated that Cadiz was the point from which Columbus sailed on his first voyage. In the journal of that voyage published by Mr. Navarrete, as well as in the accounts given by Don Fernando Columbus and all other historians, it is distinctly said that he sailed from Palos, on the 3d of August. The mistake evidently consists in the word "Gadibus" having been by some circumstance, at which we can only guess, carelessly exchanged for Gomera, whence Columbus started, according to the journal, on the 8th of September.

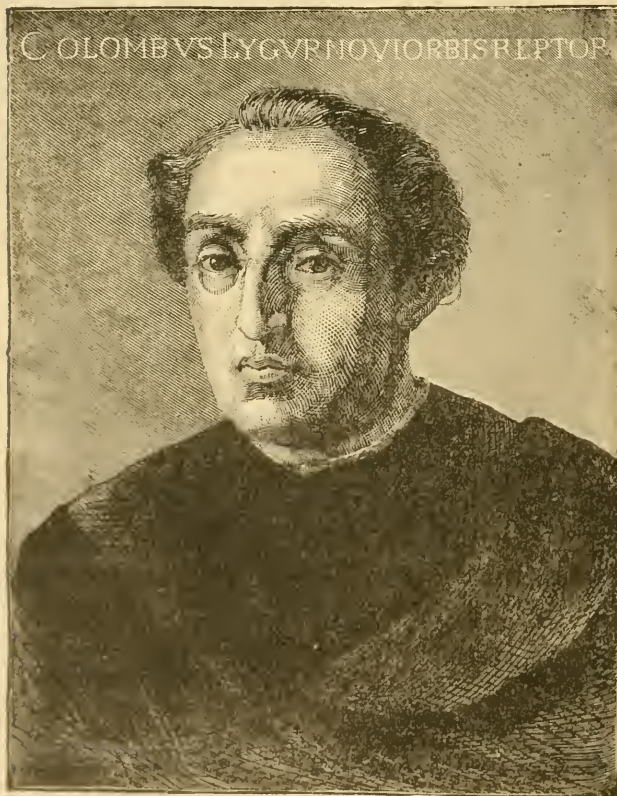
³ North Caico.

⁴ Little Inagua.

⁵ Great Inagua.

⁶ Cuba.

and so with all the rest respectively. As soon as we arrived at that, which as I have said was named Juana, I proceeded along its coast a short distance westward, and found it to be so large and apparently without termination, that I could not suppose it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay. Seeing, however, no towns or populous places on the sea-coast, but only a few detached houses and cottages, with whose inhabitants I was unable to communicate, because they fled as soon as they saw us, I went further on, thinking that in my progress I should certainly find some city or village. At length, after proceeding a great way and finding that nothing new presented itself, and that the line of the coast was leading us northwards (which I wished to avoid, because it was winter, and it was my intention to move southward; and because moreover the winds were contrary), I resolved not to attempt any further progress, but rather to turn back and retrace my course to a certain bay that



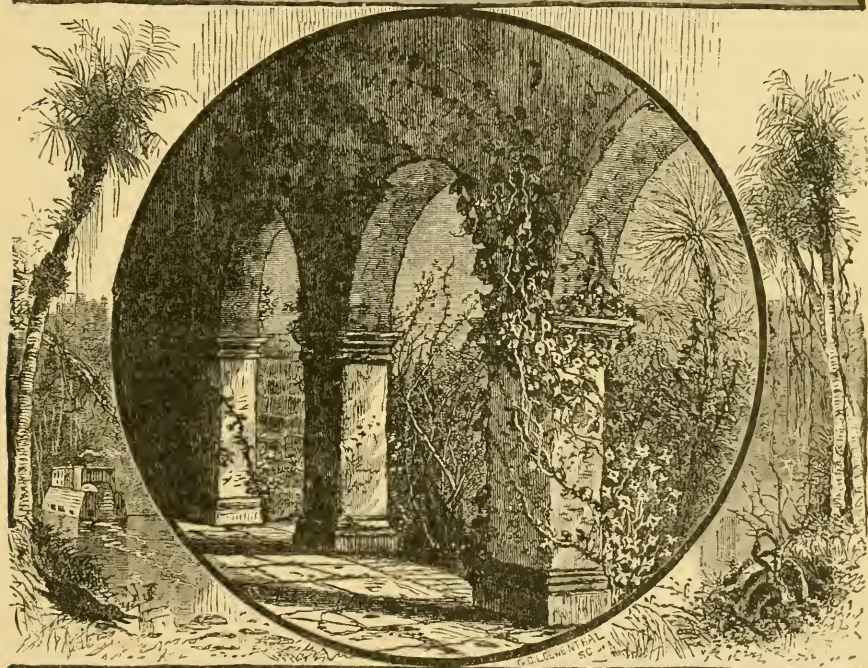
I had observed, and from which I afterwards dispatched two of our men to ascertain whether there were a king or any cities in that province. These men reconnoitred the country for three days, and found a most numerous population, and great numbers of houses, though small, and built without any regard to order; with which information they returned to us. In the mean time I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized, that that country was certainly an island; and therefore I sailed towards the east, coasting to the distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles, which brought us to the ex-

tr extremity of it; from this point I saw lying eastwards another island, fifty-four

miles distant from Juana, to which I gave the name of Espanola:¹ I went thither, and steered my course eastward as I had done at Juana, even to the distance of five hundred and sixty-four miles along the north coast. This said island of Juana is exceeding fertile, as indeed are all the others; it is surrounded with many bays, spacious, very secure, and surpassing any that I have ever seen; numerous large and beautiful rivers intersect it, and it also contains many very lofty mountains. All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery; they are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, and which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons; for when I saw them they were as verdant and luxuriant as they usually are in Spain in the month of May, — some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth, and the nature and quality of each; yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there. There are besides in the same island of Juana seven or eight kinds of palm-trees, which, like all the other trees, herbs, and fruits, considerably surpass ours in height and beauty. The pines also are very handsome, and there are very extensive fields and meadows, a variety of birds, different kinds of honey, and many sorts of metals, but no iron. In that island also which I have before said we named Espanola, there are mountains of very great size and beauty, vast plains, groves and very fruitful fields, admirably adapted for tillage, pasture, and habitation. The convenience and excellence of the harbors in this island, and the abundance of the rivers, so indispensable to the health of man, surpass anything that would be believed by one who had not seen it. The trees, herbage, and fruits of Espanola are very different from those of Juana, and moreover it abounds in various kinds of spices, gold, and other metals. The inhabitants of both sexes in this island and in all the others which I have seen, or of which I have received information, go always naked as they were born, with the exception of some of the women, who use the covering of a leaf, or small bough, or an apron of cotton which they prepare for that purpose. None of them, as I have already said, are possessed of any iron, neither have they weapons, being unacquainted with, and indeed incompetent to use them, not from any deformity of body (for they are well formed), but because they are timid and full of fear. They carry however in lieu of arms canes dried in the sun, on the ends of which they fix heads of dried wood sharpened to a point, and even these they dare not use habitually; for

¹ Hispaniola, or San Domingo.

it has often occurred when I have sent two or three of my men to any of the villages to speak with the natives, that they have come out in a disorderly troop, and have fled in such haste at the approach of our men, that the fathers forsook their children and the children their fathers. This timidity did not arise from any loss or injury that they had received from us; for, on the contrary, I gave to all I approached whatever articles I had with me, such as cloth and many other things, taking nothing of theirs in return: but they are naturally timid and fearful. As soon however as they see that they are safe, and have laid aside all fear, they are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all they have; none of them refusing anything they may possess when he is asked for it, but on the contrary inviting us to ask them. They exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves: they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little or nothing in return. I however forbade that these trifles and articles of no value (such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps) should be given to them, although if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world. It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles, and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, especially newly coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required; as, for instance, an ounce and a half or two ounces of gold, or thirty or forty pounds of cotton, with which commodity they were already acquainted. Thus they bartered, like idiots, cotton and gold for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles, and jars; which I forbade as being unjust, and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable articles which I had brought with me, taking nothing from them in return; I did this in order that I might more easily conciliate them, that they might be led to become Christians, and be inclined to entertain a regard for the King and Queen, our Princes and all Spaniards, and that I might induce them to take an interest in seeking out and collecting, and delivering to us such things as they possessed in abundance, but which we greatly needed. They practise no kind of idolatry, and have a firm belief that all strength and power, and indeed all good things, are in heaven, and that I had descended from thence with these ships and sailors; and under this impression was I received after they had thrown aside their fears. Nor are they slow or stupid, but of very clear understanding; and those men who have crossed to the neighbouring islands give an admirable description of everything they observed; but they never saw any people clothed, nor any ships like ours. On my arrival at that sea, I had taken some Indians by force from the first island that I came to, in order that they might



A GLIMPSE OF FLORIDA.

learn our language, and communicate to us what they knew respecting the country; which plan succeeded excellently, and was a great advantage to us, for in a short time, either by gestures and signs or by words, we were enabled to understand each other. These men are still travelling with me, and although they have been with us a long time, they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven; and on our arrival at any new place they published this, crying out immediately with a loud voice to the other Indians, "Come, come and look upon beings of a celestial race:" upon which both men and women, children and adults, young men and old, when they got rid of the fear they at first entertained, would come out in throngs, crowding the roads to see us, some bringing food, others drink, with astonishing affection and kindness. Each of these islands has a great number of canoes, built of solid wood, narrow and not unlike our double-banked boats in length and shape, but swifter in their motion; they steer them only by the oar. These canoes are of various sizes, but the greater number are constructed with eighteen banks of oars, and with these they cross to the other islands, which are of countless number, to carry on traffic with the people. I saw some of these canoes that held as many as seventy-eight rowers. In all these islands there is no difference of physiognomy, of manners, or of language, but they all clearly understand each other, a circumstance very propitious for the realization of what I conceive to be the principal wish of our most serene King, namely, the conversion of these people to the holy faith of Christ, to which, indeed, as far as I can judge, they are very favourable and well-disposed. I said before, that I went three hundred and twenty-two miles in a direct line from west to east, along the coast of the island of Juana; judging by which voyage, and the length of the passage, I can assert that it is larger than England and Scotland united; for independent of the said three hundred and twenty-two miles, there are in the western part of the island two provinces which I did not visit; one of these is called by the Indians Anam, and its inhabitants are born with tails. These provinces extend to a hundred and fifty-three miles in length, as I have learnt from the Indians whom I have brought with me, and who are well acquainted with the country. But the extent of Espanola is greater than all Spain from Catalonia to Fontarabia, which is easily proved, because one of its four sides which I myself coasted in a direct line, from west to east, measures five hundred and forty miles. This island is to be regarded with especial interest, and not to be slighted; for although as I have said I took possession of all these islands in the name of our invincible King, and the government of them is unreservedly committed to his said Majesty, yet there was one large town in Espanola of which espe-

cially I took possession, situated in a remarkably favourable spot, and in every way convenient for the purposes of gain and commerce. To this town I gave the name of *Nabidad del Senor*, and ordered a fortress to be built there, which must by this time be completed, in which I left as many men as I thought necessary, with all sorts of arms, and enough provisions for more than a year. I also left them one carabel, and skilful workmen both in ship-building and other arts, and engaged the favour and friendship of the island in their behalf, to a degree that would not be believed, for these people are so amiable and friendly that even the King took a pride in calling me his brother. But supposing their feelings should become changed, and they should wish to injure those who have remained in the fortress, they could not do so, for they have no arms, they go naked, and are moreover too cowardly; so that those who hold the said fortress, can easily keep the whole island in check, without any pressing danger to themselves, provided they do not transgress the directions and regulations which I have given them. As far as I have learned, every man throughout these islands is united to but one wife, with the exception of the kings and princes, who are allowed to have twenty: the women seem to work more than the men. I could not clearly understand whether the people possess any private property, for I observed that one man had the charge of distributing various things to the rest, but especially meat and provisions and the like. I did not find, as some of us had expected, any cannibals amongst them, but on the contrary men of great deference and kindness. Neither are they black, like the Ethiopians: their hair is smooth and straight: for they do not dwell where the rays of the sun strike most vividly, — and the sun has intense power there, the distance from the equinoctial line being, it appears, but six and twenty degrees. On the tops of the mountains the cold is very great, but the effect of this upon the Indians is lessened by their being accustomed to the climate, and by their frequently indulging in the use of very hot meats and drinks. Thus, as I have already said, I saw no cannibals, nor did I hear of any, except in a certain island called *Charis*,¹ which is the second from *Espanola* on the side towards *India*, where dwell a people who are considered by the neighbouring islanders as most ferocious: and these feed upon human flesh. The same people have many kinds of canoes, in which they cross to all the surrounding islands and rob and plunder wherever they can; they are not different from the other islanders, except that they wear their hair long, like women, and make use of the bows and javelins of cane, with sharpened spear-points fixed on the thickest end, which I have before described,

¹ Query, *Carib*, the Indian name of *Porto Rico*.



FLORIDA, THE HOME OF THE HERON.

and therefore they are looked upon as ferocious and regarded by the other Indians with unbounded fear; but I think no more of them than of the rest. These are the men who form unions with certain women, who dwell alone in the island Matenin,¹ which lies next to Espanola on the side towards India; these latter employ themselves in no labour suitable to their own sex, for they use bows and javelins as I have already described their paramours as doing, and for defensive armour have plates of brass, of which metal they possess great abundance. They assure me that there is another island larger than Espanola, whose inhabitants have no hair, and which abounds in gold more than any of the rest. I bring with me individuals of this island and of the others that I have seen, who are proofs of the facts which I state. Finally, to compress into few words the entire summary of my voyage and speedy return, and of the advantages derivable therefrom, I promise, that with a little assistance afforded me by our most invincible sovereigns, I will procure them as much gold as they need, as great a quantity of spices, of cotton, and of mastic (which is only found in Chios), and as many men for the service of the navy as their Majesties may require. I promise also rhubarb and other sorts of drugs, which I am persuaded the men whom I have left in the aforesaid fortress have found already and will continue to find; for I myself have tarried nowhere longer than I was compelled to do by the winds, except in the city of Nabadad, where I provided for the building of the fortress, and took the necessary precautions for the security of the men I left there. Although all I have related may appear to be wonderful and unheard of, yet the results of my voyage would have been more astonishing if I had at my disposal such ships as I required. But these great and marvellous results are not to be attributed to any merit of mine, but to the holy Christian faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereigns; for that which the unaided intellect of man could not compass, the spirit of God has granted to human exertions, for God is wont to hear the prayers of his servants who love his precepts even to the performance of apparent impossibilities. Thus it has happened to me in the present instance, who have accomplished a task to which the powers of mortal men had never hitherto attained; for if there have been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and conjectures, and no one has ever asserted that he has seen them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables. Therefore let the king and queen, our princes and our most happy kingdoms, and all the other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who

¹ One of the Virgin Islands — which, is uncertain.

has granted us so great a victory and such prosperity. Let processions be made, and sacred feasts be held, and the temples be adorned with festive boughs. Let Christ rejoice on earth, as he rejoices in heaven at the prospect of the salvation of the souls of so many nations hitherto lost. Let us also rejoice, as well on account of the exaltation of our faith, as on account of the increase of our temporal prosperity, of which not only Spain, but all Christendom will be partakers.

Such are the events which I have briefly described. Farewell.

LISBON, the 14th of March.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,
Admiral of the Fleet of the Ocean.

A CURIOUS SPANISH LEGEND OF THE DISCOVERY.

THERE is in Spain a very picturesque legend of an event that led to the Great Discovery, which if of less educational value than the story of the egg, is worth repeating here.

After Columbus had spent some seven years in endeavors to secure the patronage of the Court of Spain, he resolved to leave that country, and to lay his plans before Charles VIII. of France. He accordingly called on Ferdinand and Isabella, to announce his purpose and to take a formal leave of the Court. The legend says that this took place at Cordova, though there would seem to be some historical difficulty with this statement.

Columbus found the King at a game of chess with his grandees. The game had become very absorbing, and the heart of the King seemed to have entered into it.

Columbus obtained an audience with Queen Isabella. Her heart was already committed to the great expedition, and when he announced to her his purpose of going to France, she at once sought the King, and found him absorbed at the chess-board.

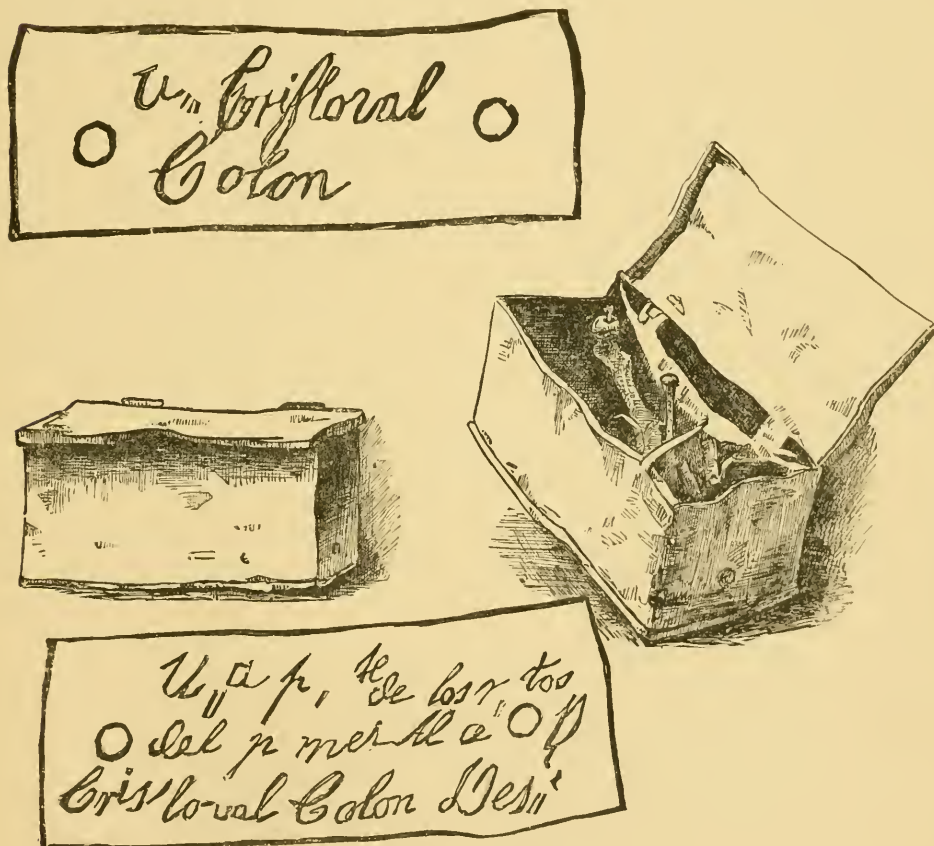
She forced the matter on his attention.

"Do not interrupt me," he said. "Confound these visionary mariners, and of all of them confound this Italian Columbus!"

She stood silent; the game grew worse for the King, and he became much excited. On the point of what seemed utter failure, he turned to Isabella, and said, —

“If I win the game, you may have the ships for your adventure.”

The Queen’s mind had been intent on the chess-board, and the



RELICS OF COLUMBUS.

game went on. The Queen became as excited as the King. At last she leaned over his shoulder and said, —

“You can checkmate him in four more moves.”

She was right. The King won the game triumphantly, and turning to Isabella said, —

"Columbus may go; I will commission him as Admiral of the Elect."

We give this story as a legend merely. It would make a pretty tableau.

The voyage to Nassau on the yacht was a delight. The sky was serene, the sea blue, and the winds were merciful. The class read and



NASSAU HARBOR.

related stories, or listened to the tales of Captain Watson; and Arthur fished with his lead and soap, and in deep water prepared his specimens.

His delight in this voyage was made perfect when a fish came flying on board.

He secured some beautiful specimens of the chambered nautilus at several points of the voyage. In the clear green waters off the Bahamas the ocean seemed to offer him everything that his imagination could picture or his heart could wish.

The class rested for several days at Nassau, and there waited the steamer from New York.

Arthur visited the sea gardens at Nassau. The emerald waters here are a world of life as clear as the air and as beautiful as the sky. He obtained a large collection of corals and shells and sponges in these towns of the turtles. He also purchased a tarantula in a bottle at the hotel.

Mr. Green pursued his literary and historical studies at Nassau as studiously as Arthur sought after curious specimens of life in the sea.

One day Arthur said to him: "We are told that Columbus caused a hymn to be sung on the ships on every night of the outward voyage. What was that hymn?"

"I have asked that question myself," said Mr. Green. "According to the ancient authorities, it was the 'Salve, Regina,' a Latin hymn of great strength and beauty. But the popular tradition says that it was 'Gentle Star of Ocean.' The 'Salve, Regina' is a composition that is rare, but the hymn called 'Gentle Star of Ocean' may be found in many Catholic collections of hymns. The general thought and prayer of each is the same, though the form is different, and one may have grown out of the other. Mrs. Hemans's 'Italian Girl's Hymn to the Virgin' bears a marked resemblance to 'Gentle Star of Ocean.'

"Read to me the hymn called 'Gentle Star of Ocean,'" said Arthur, "as that is the traditional Columbus Hymn."

Mr. Green read the common version.

AVE MARIS STELLA.¹

GENTLE Star of Ocean !
 Portal of the sky !
 Ever Virgin Mother
 Of the Lord most high !

Oh ! by Gabriel's Ave,
 Utter'd long ago,
 Eva's name reversing,
 'Stablish peace below.

Break the captive's fetters,
 Light on blindness pour,
 All our ills expelling,
 Every bliss implore.

Show thyself a Mother,
 Offer him our sighs,
 Who for us Incarnate
 Did not thee despise.

Virgin of all virgins !
 To thy shelter take us ;
 Gentlest of the gentle,
 Chaste and gentle make us.

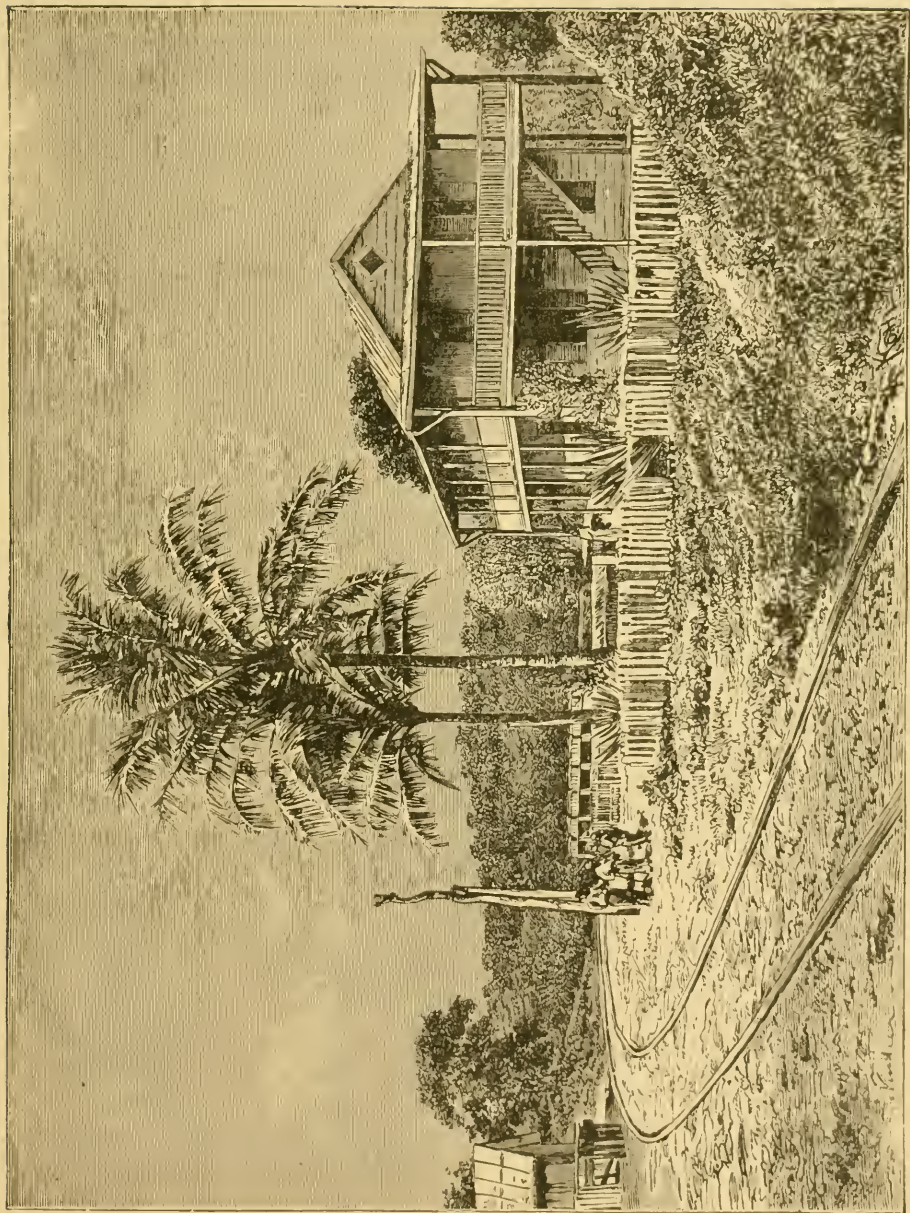
Still as on we journey,
 Help our weak endeavor ;
 Till with thee and Jesus
 We rejoice forever.

Through the highest heaven,
 To the Almighty Three,
 Father, Son, and Spirit,
 One same glory be.

Another question asked by Arthur received an interesting answer from his father.

“ Why was not America called Columbia ? ”

¹ The evening hymn of the crews of Columbus, sung on every night during the outward voyage, was the “ Ave Maris Stella.”



HOUSE OF A CUBAN PLANTER.

“The continent of America seems to have been discovered by Americus Vesputius, or Amerigo Vespucci, an Italian explorer, at Para, or near the island of Trinidad. This bold mariner explored the coast of Brazil, and on his return published a chart that greatly interested geographers. One of these geographers applied the name ‘Americi Terra,’ or the land of Americus, or Amerigo, to the discovered continent, and other writers employed this same name. So the New World became known in Europe as the land of Amerigo, or America. Vespucci was a friend of Columbus, and had no purpose to deprive him of the honors due to his achievements. The name was the result of accidental usage. Had the geographer put upon his map or chart ‘The Land of Columbus,’ we would have now been the inhabitants of Columbia.”

The hotel at Nassau is beautifully situated, and the hours spent here seemed to the class as almost beyond the usual horizons of life. The sky, the sea, the sea gardens, — everything had an air of bright serenity about them. Most of the members of the class read and studied, as a preparation to passing the Islands and visiting the Tomb at Havana.

Mrs. Green related here some beautiful stories of scenes at the Court of Isabella. Mr. Diaz endeavored to picture in verse the scene at Palos on the return of Columbus. He read the description to the class; and we hope it was historic, for it aimed to make picturesque a very thrilling event: —

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

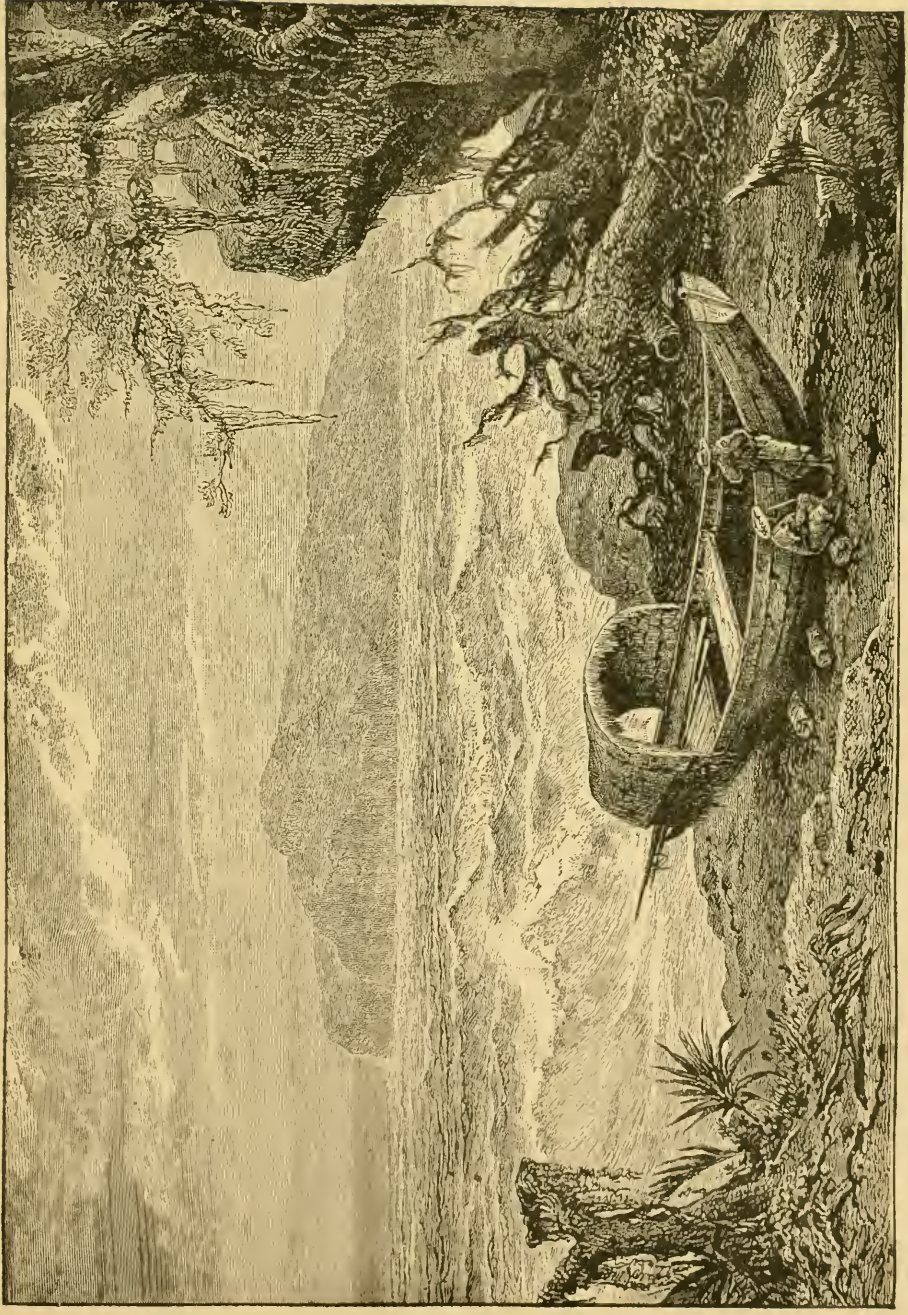
IN Granada bells were ringing,
 In Granada altars burned,
 Herald's swept on palfreys gleaming,
 Shouting: “Praise the Lord forever,
 Colon, Colon has returned!”
 Open stood the church of Palos,
 Struck the bells, now loud, now low;
 Landward, off the Gaudiana,
 Higher rose the star-crowned banner,

Neared the acclaiming port of Palos,
 Neared the weeping port of Palos,
 Ancient Palos,
 Long ago.

Higher rose the sea-wet banner
 While the far hills smoked and burned,
 And the couriers, trumpets blowing,
 Shouted : " Praise to Isabella ;
 Colon, Colon has returned ! " —
 Shone the smoke-red sun on Palos,
 In the seas of clouds aglow ;
 And the flag of crowns grew clearer,
 As the caravel drew nearer
 The acclaiming port of Palos,
 The rejoicing port of Palos,
 Ancient Palos,
 Long ago.

Lands the viceroy, throngs acclaiming,
 Walks the time-worn streets again,
 Hears the gray cathedral's towers,
 Answers : " Praise the Lord forever,
 Hither, mariners of Spain ! " —
 To the church with open portals,
 Glad bells ringing, blow on blow,
 Andalusian banners under,
 Leads he, 'mid the eyes of wonder,
 All his faithful men through Palos,
 All his sun-browned crew through Palos,
 Ancient Palos,
 Long ago.

Hark, — what music fills the temple !
 Stops his feet beside the door ?
 " Hush ! — they sing the hymn of Mary. —
 Listen, sailors of Hispania,
 Praise the Lord forevermore ! " —
 Far within the church they heard it,
 The Magnificat sung low ;
 Heard : " The humble He upraiseth,"
 Heard : " His holpen servant praiseth," —
 As arose the hymn of Mary,
 Far within the church of Palos,
 Ancient Palos,
 Long ago.



ISLANDS OF THE BAHAMAS.

Groinèd aisle and mullioned window,
 Choir escutcheoned, golden cross,
 Met his eye as there he listened ;
 Tonsured monks from old Cordova,
 Palmers gray from Badajos,
 Singers sweet from sweet Sevilla,
 'Neath the altar lamp aglow,
 'Mid the odorous oil ascending,
 Like the fiery cloud attending
 Israel's march of trump and censer,
 O'er the great sea of the Desert, —
 So he listened,
 Long ago.

On the cool quays of Genoa,
 Once that anthem he had heard.
 As the night stars gleamed above him,
 And the palaced air around him
 Seemed by mystic angels stirred,
 Was the earth a star, like Hesper,
 In the halls of space aglow ? —
 While those prisoned monks were chanting
 What strange prophecies came haunting
 His young soul in old Genoa,
 On the cool quays of Genoa,
 White Genoa,
 Long ago ?

Now — how grand the monks were singing
 That same hymn of hope again ! —
 “ Ho, — advance, lead on the banner
 Of the crown of Isabella ;
 Forward, mariners of Spain ! ”
 And the viceroy at the altar,
 Kneeling by his captives low,
 Bowed to praise the Lord of heaven,
 For the world that he had given
 To the sceptre of Fernando,
 To the crowns of Isabella,
 To the cross of Christ forever !
 So arose the First Thanksgiving,
 For the New World,
 Long ago !

The captain interested Arthur greatly by telling him of the capture by a French steamer of a large Cuttle-fish, or Devil Fish as it is often called.

These monsters, full-grown, are so seldom seen that everything relating to them inspires one with a deep feeling of awe.

Arthur had found tanks of little alligators in several stores in St. Augustine. These little alligators were offered for sale, and by paying one dollar and expressage, one of them would be forwarded to the North to any address. He had expressed two of these to young friends of his in Massachusetts as a surprise.

He talked of this curious matter often, and once in the presence of Captain Watson. The Captain was interested in the novel surprise, and related the following story:—

A PRESENT OF AN ALLIGATOR.¹

THERE were so many curiosities in St. Augustine and the rest of Florida that Dr. James Munro, amateur naturalist, conchologist, and entomologist, had found the days all too short for his delightful work.

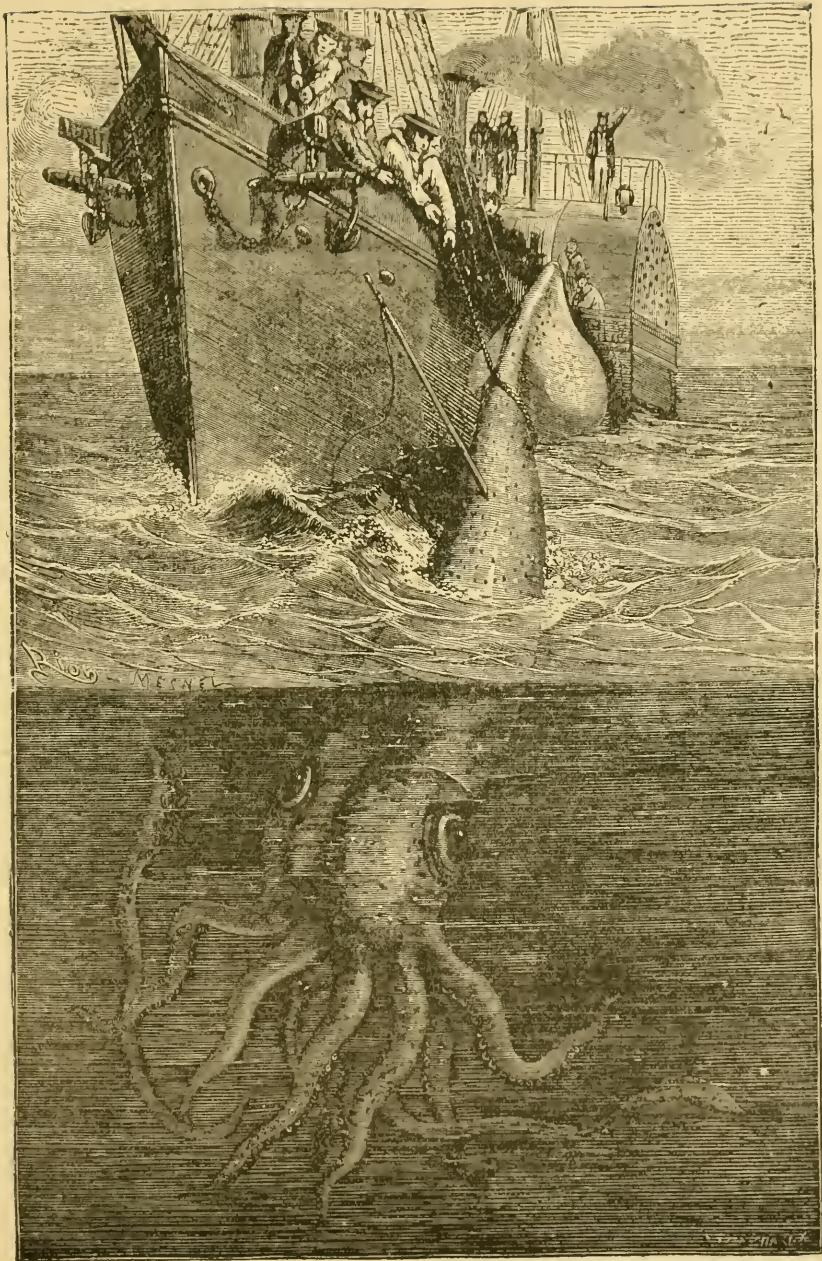
The trip undertaken for his health, exhausted as he was by his professional labors, not only accomplished the desired end, but gave him an opportunity of riding his scientific hobby to his heart's content.

He was an excellent and successful physician; but I doubt if his most extraordinary cases awakened the keen interest which the discovery of a new specimen gave him. And there was his friend, Professor Virchow, of the Lincoln Institute, so grateful to him for the rare insects, and shells, and skeletons of extinct animals he had sent him.

In fact, in the pamphlet on which the professor was engaged, he had spoken with warm gratitude of Dr. Munro as a scientific laborer whose researches had been invaluable to him. Grateful to the doctor was this incense, and it spurred him to fresh efforts.

He spent the winter in Florida, and spring found him turning his face homeward. He was strolling through Jacksonville when he was accosted by a dealer in many of the specimens which went to enrich the Lincoln Institute.

¹ This story was suggested by the author to Mrs. Murie B. Williams, who wrote it. It originally appeared in the "Household."



CAPTURING A CUTTLE-FISH.

"Halloo, doctor," he cried; "I've got something at my place you've been wanting for ever so long.

"What's that, Collins?"

"Come along and see."

Collins took him to a large tank back of his warehouse. A large alligator, with a young one frisking about on the water, greeted the doctor's delighted eyes.

"There's your baby alligator, doc', that you've been honing for ever since you came to Florida. It's a frisky little creature, ain't it? and it'll make the nicest kind of a pet for a year or two. If you don't want him, there's been three fellows from Boston who do; but I promised you the first 'gator that come to hand, and here he is."

"Of course I want him;" and the doctor gazed ecstatically at the playful young saurian. "Are you sure, Collins, you can box him up so that he'll reach New York alive and safe?"

"Alive and safe!" exclaimed Collins, laughing. "Why, doctor, I've shipped hundreds of alligators, big and little, to the North, and I've never heard that one of them died on the way. But look here; let's strike a bargain. I'm expecting three or four big fellows, and I'll be glad to get the mother 'gator out of the way. They're ugly customers when they have young ones, and I'm afraid she'll fight the strangers. Come now, take the mother 'gator, and I'll let you have them both at a bargain."

The doctor pondered a moment. What a boon the alligators would be to his friend Virchow, who was now engaged in writing up the habits of saurians!

"Well, I'll take her, Collins," the doctor said at last, "if you guarantee she'll arrive in good condition."

What will a Florida dealer not guarantee, when he is making a trade with a Northern traveller crazy for the curious productions of that strange land? The trade was soon made, for the doctor was in a hurry.

"I'll have them ready for shipment this evening," Collins said. "Halloo, doctor, you're going without giving me the address."

"I'll be back in a couple of hours," the doctor called out. "I start home to-morrow myself, and I've got to have a box of fruit packed and shipped to my family. I'll get home in time to receive my alligator when it reaches New York."

"Don't forget to come back," Collins called after him anxiously. He knew too well that the doctor was one of the most absent-minded of men, and would

forget his own head if it could be detached from his shoulders. It was therefore a great relief to him, when, about noon, the doctor's bald head was popped into his office.

"I'm in the greatest possible hurry, Collins," he panted, "for I'm off in a couple of hours. There's the address," pitching a card on the desk. "Good-by; see you next winter, if I live."

Dr. Munro's handsome house on Dash Street, New York, was one morning a scene of delightful anticipation. A telegram had been received from him — "Will be at home by noon train. Was detained a day at St. Augustine. Shipped large box of fruit."

And the box of fruit had just been received, — a tremendous box, which took several men to drag into the basement, for it could not be carried up the staircase. And in the basement the family assembled, waiting for John, the carriage-driver, who had gone for an axe.

"Oh, there's barrels upon barrels of fruit in there!" cried ten-year-old Mamie, clapping her hands, and dancing round the box. "Charlie, what did they bore all these holes in the box for?"

"To keep the fruit from spoiling, goosey," answered Charlie, who was seventeen, and given to lording it over his sisters.

"I dare say there's mangoes and sapodillos and guavas in there," said Ella, a rather sentimental young miss. "Papa said he would send us specimens of every species of Florida fruit. What a delicious fruity odor!" snuffing the air. "I can close my eyes, and fancy myself under intense blue skies, and reclining amidst the beautiful orange-groves of that lovely land."

"Mighty musky groves," Charlie answered. "Smells as if a catfish was somewhere round. Well, John, you've been long enough after that hatchet. Get to opening it, will you? And Norah, you help him to prize off the lid."

"Now, look here, children," cried Mrs. Munro, — a fat, comely dame, who bustled in, — "don't snatch the fruit when the box is opened. There's enough and to spare for all. It's just like your father to go and send a great box of fruit that will spoil on our hands."

"And I'm thinkin' it's spiled already, ma'am," Norah said, pulling at the lid. "It smells like — Och, blessed saints!" and with a loud screech she fell backwards as the lid came off, and a black monster, lifting his frightful snout in the air for a second, lurched heavily over the side of the box.

Screaming in every variety of key, the Munro family fled to the only door which would give them egress.



A GIANT ALLIGATOR.

But between poor Norah and the door the hideous monster lay. There was a small window which opened on the sidewalk, the grating of which had been removed that morning for some repairs. Scrambling up with difficulty, Norah tried to push herself through. But the window was small, and Norah was stout, and she stuck.

"Help, help!" she shouted. "Och, Mister Murphy," as a policeman ran to see what caused the uproar, "pull me out, darlint; fur the fiery dragon is afther me. Och, he's ate up all av 'em, pore crathurs! Pull me hard." And Mister Murphy pulled with such vim that he not only dislodged her, but brought her full weight upon him, and together they sprawled on the ground.

He was up in a minute and peering through the window.

"It's a big alligator, be jabbers!" he exclaimed. "I've seed 'em in Florida. Keep back!"—to the crowd who were pushing and fighting their way to the window. "He'll get afther ye in a hurry."

"What is all this?" and Dr. Munro, valise in hand, stood in the midst of them. "What are you crowding about my premises for?"

"Oh, doctor, darlint!" Norah shouted to the astonished man, "the dragon has swallowed the misthress up. I heard her screech; and the poor childer—all gone; all eat up. Oh, Holy Peter, comfort him!"

Dr. Munro rushed to the window and looked through.

"How did the alligators get there?" he cried; and then into his dazed mind a solution of the mystery crept. In his hurry he had given Collins the wrong card.

"Are any of them hurt?" he groaned, as he sprang up the steps. His first glance at his demoralized household did not reassure him. His wife lay panting on the lounge. Ella was tapping her heels on the floor, and laughing and crying hysterically. Charlie, as white as a sheet, was going from one to the other with smelling-salts. Only little Mamie seemed to be herself.

"Oh, papa," she cried, catching sight of her father, "we thought the box had fruit, but it did n't. A great, horrid black thing come out, and we all run."

"You've done my nerves a terrible injury, James," said his wife, reproachfully, "with your vile reptiles and things. What did you mean by sending them here?"

The doctor tried to explain, and Ella ceased her tattoo on the floor to listen. Suddenly there was a loud pistol-shot.

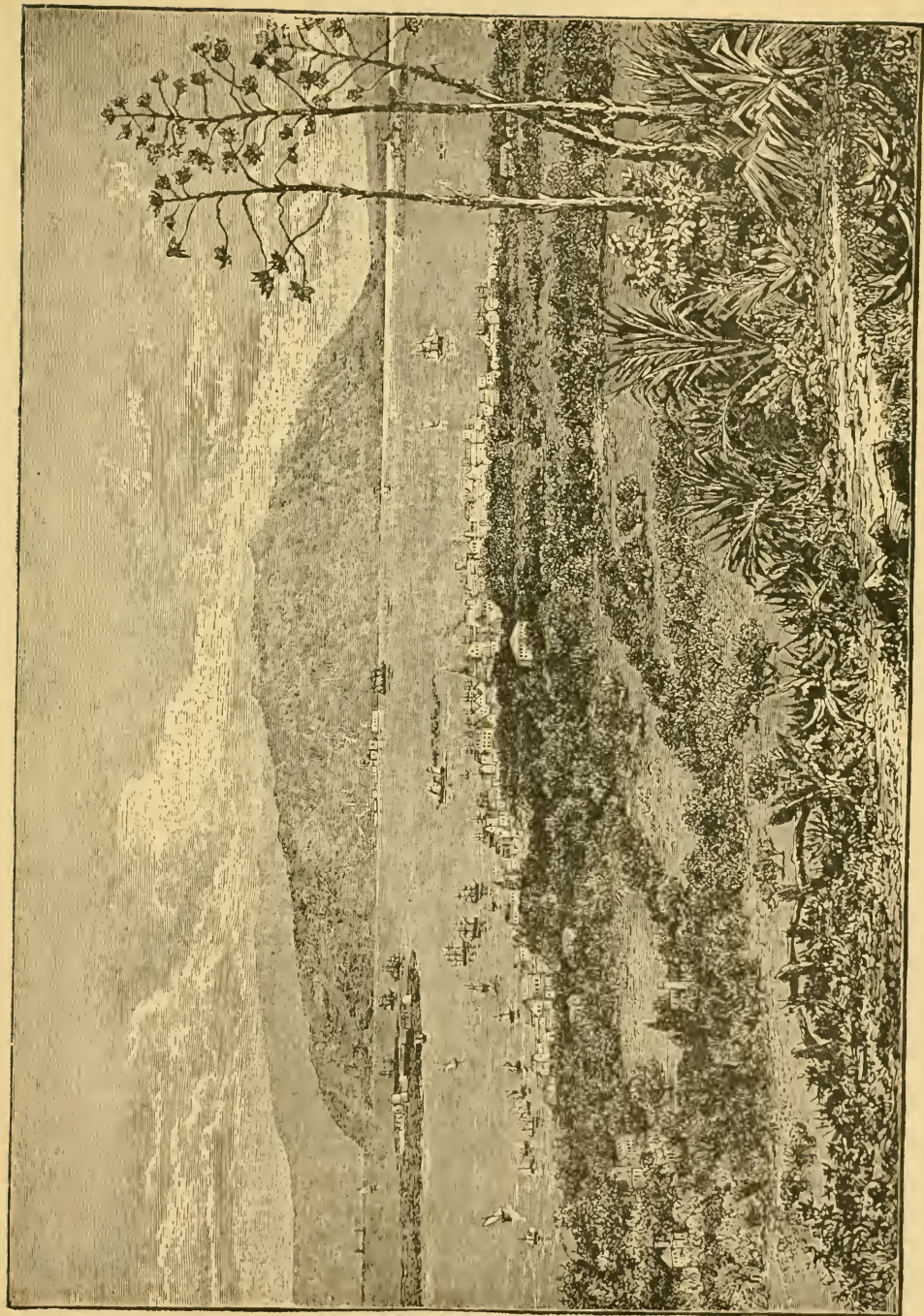
"Mercy!" cried Mrs. Munro, clutching her husband wildly; "is that the alligator?"

"It's the policeman shooting the alligator, I presume," he answered grimly

"I saw him fixing his pistol; but Norah gave me such a fright I did n't stop to see about it. Well, Virchow will have to do without it, unless he chooses to stuff the skin. I hope the idiot has n't shot the young one;" and he hurried down to see about his pet.

It was months before the nerves of the family recovered their tone.

"I'm all in a trimble," Norah would say at every new smash of crockery from her awkward hands. "I dreme about the monster, and when the rale box av fruit did came from the institute, I could n't eat one. On my word, they choked me."



KINGSTON HARBOR, JAMAICA.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT THE TOMB OF COLUMBUS.



THE Bahama Sea, or the sea of the Lesser Antilles, is beautiful in midwinter and early spring. The days here are living splendors, and at night the Southern Cross, like the jewelled hand of heaven, is lifted over the glimmering waves. The serenity of night among these islands is impressive. There is a spirit of beauty everywhere. One feels its presence as it were a guardian wing.

The steamer passed full in view of San Salvador, — the old traditional island of the Great Discovery. This island is about forty-three miles long and three miles broad, and rises to the height of some four hundred feet. It does look to-day like the landfall described by Columbus.

The true island of the discovery would seem to be Watling. This is thirteen miles long, and rises to a height of some one hundred and forty feet. Neither island has any considerable population. Each seems to form a part of a broken body of land, and stands far out at sea. Each is as white as snow.

The situation of these two islands in the sea is beautiful; but neither is so especially interesting as to answer to the Paradise pictured by the discoverers. One must see them with historic eyes for sentiment, and even then one looks in vain for any worthy monument of the great event that is associated with them.

On to the beautiful harbor of Santiago, and then to Cienfuegos. A day from the latter port found the class in Havana, in the Hotel Pasaje.

The first walk that the class took was to the statue of Isabella. An incident occurred here that interested Arthur.

"A fine statue," said an English tourist to him, with a curious look in his benevolent face. "But I think that there was another woman that deserves a monument more than the Queen."

"Do you?" asked Arthur, in surprise. "Who was it?"

"Mrs. Columbus." The portly old gentleman looked inquiringly and comically at Arthur.

"I never heard of *her*," said Arthur. "Who was she?"

"She died young, but it was she who interested him in the expedition. Boy, get a good wife, — that's what does it."



CUBAN BEGGAR.

The fine old gentleman moved slowly away, leaving Arthur puzzled. That evening, at the Pasaje, he learned from his mother for the first time the touching story of the wife of Columbus, who brought the great mariner maps and charts, and interested him in lands that sailors had seen

in the great ocean world.

Arthur from his first landing at a Cuban port had been quick to catch Spanish words and phrases. He had in moments of rest studied the Spanish phrase-book in all the journey from Chicago. Of all the members of the party, except Mr. Green, teacher, and Mr. Diaz, he best understood the Spanish-speaking servants at the hotel.

At a breakfast in the *café*, the party were surprised to hear Arthur say to a waiter who had asked him what he would have, —



D'ANGELOT

HAVANA.

“Huevos?” (Eggs?)

“Sí, Señor,” was the answer.

“Huevos con jamon?” (Eggs and ham?)



STATUE OF COLUMBUS.

“Sí, Señor.” The waiter added, —

“Huevos rellenos?” (Stuffed eggs?)

This last answer puzzled Arthur. Stuffed eggs was a dish unknown to him. He asked, —

“Pescado frito?” (Fried fish?)

“Sí, Señor.”

“Papás fritos?” (Fried potatoes?)

“Sí, Señor.”

“Plántanos?” (Bananas?)

Arthur was puzzled again, and still more so, when the waiter asked, —

“Fritos?” (Fried?)

“No,” said Arthur.

“Asados?” (Roasted?)

Bananas fried or roasted! Arthur had never heard of such a dish before.

Arthur finally ordered “pollo asado” (roast chicken) and “buniatos” (sweet potatoes) and “café.”

These were quickly brought. The young ladies looked on with wonder, and each of them said, “Arthur, you may order for me!”

Early in the morning after their arrival at Havana, the party went to the old Cathedral, where the remains of Columbus are supposed to be. It is now claimed that a wrong body was brought here, and that the bones of Columbus still lie in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo. Be this as it may, the Cathedral of Havana is traditionally the tomb of the prophet pilot, and is justly regarded as one of the most sacred places of the world on account of that noble association.

The old Cathedral stands facing an open square at the corner of Empedrado and San Ygnacio Streets, at the northeastern part of the city. It is constructed of a mellow-colored brown stone, and its two quaint towers each holding aloft a slender cross, its façade of pillars, niches, mouldings, give it a historic and venerable appearance. It was erected in 1724.

The church is shown to visitors at all hours of the day. It is well to visit it at the morning mass, when the white light falls upon the devotees and first illumines the beautiful shrines and chapels.



A CUBAN BEAUTY.

The remains of Columbus are in a simple but heroic tomb near the altar. Columbus died at Valladolid, Spain, on Ascension Day, May 20, 1506. His funeral was conducted with great pomp. His remains were removed to Seville in 1513, and his tomb was honored by the following inscription, by order of Ferdinand and the Court: —

“A CASTILE Y LEON
NUEVO MUNDO DIO COLON.”¹

He was mariner even after death. In 1536 his body and that of his son were removed to Santo Domingo, to rest in the New World that his inspiration had found.

In 1796 his remains were embarked for Havana.

It was a grand holiday when they arrived in port. A writer says, “Havana wept for joy.” They were deposited in an urn in the cathedral, and a monumental bust placed before them. The appearance of the tomb may be imagined from the herewith illustration.

COLUMBUS.

“God made me the messenger of the new heavens and new earth, and told me where to find them. Reason, charts, and mathematical knowledge had nothing to do with the case.”—COLUMBUS.

Here, 'mid these paradises of the seas,
The roof beneath of this cathedral old,
That lifts its suppliant arms above the trees,
Each clasping in its hand a cross of gold,
Columbus sleeps, — his crumbling tomb behold!
By faith his soul rose eagle-winged and free,
And reached that Power whose wisdom never fails,
Walked 'mid the kindred stars, and reverently
The light earth weighed in God's own golden scales.
A man of passions, like to men's, was he.
He overcame them, and with hope and trust
Made strong his soul for highest destiny,
And, following Christ, he walked upon the sea:
The waves upheld him, — what is here is dust.

¹ To Castile and Leon Columbus gave a new world.

“We shall be better able to appreciate the World’s Fair after this journey,” said Mr. Green, as the party went out of the Cathedral into the bright sun. “I am glad that we have made it.”



TOMB OF COLUMBUS AT HAVANA.

“Mil gracias, Señor,” said Arthur.

The class wandered back through white streets, and rested at noon under the palms near the Statue of Isabella.

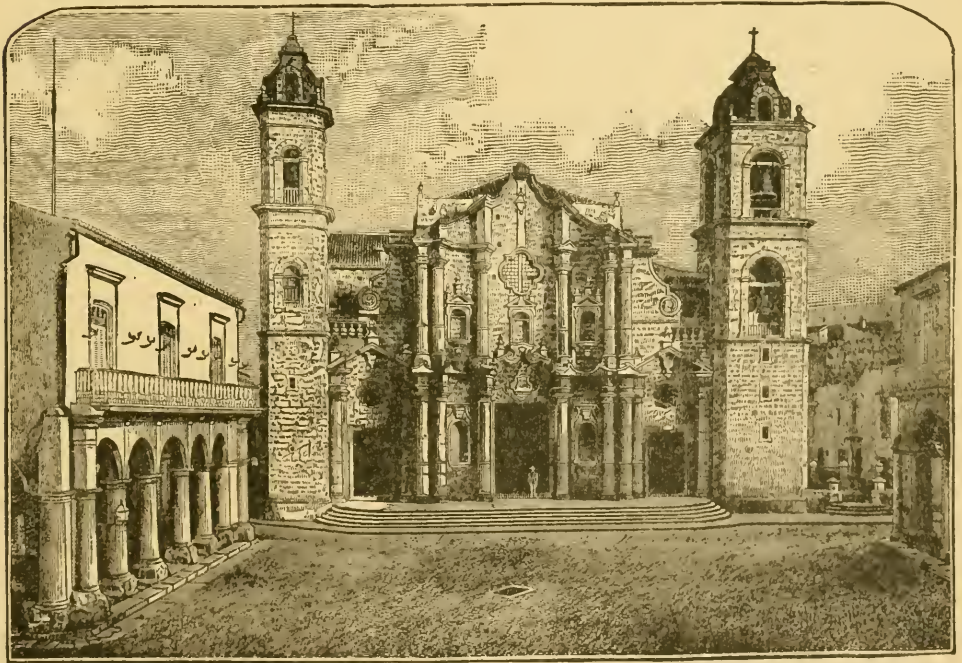
Here amid bright sea airs, and breathing palms, Arthur asked :

“Father, what were Columbus’s own views of the powers that led him to make the great discovery? Did he think that he was a bold man, a great genius, or an inspired prophet?”

“Columbus,” said Mr. Green, “once wrote to a family servant: ‘I serve the same God that exalted David.’”

“Again in his ‘Profecías,’ he says, ‘The Lord endowed me nobly with knowledge of everything relating to the sea.’”

“And again, in a letter to the Castilian sovereigns he said, ‘God



THE OLD CATHEDRAL, HAVANA.

made me the messenger of the new heavens and new earth, and told me where to find them. Charts, maps, and mathematical knowledge had nothing to do with the case.’

“So you well see Columbus thought that his ideas were divine

inspirations. He once dreamed, as you have been told, that the Prophet Isaiah appeared to him, and he believed in angelic suggestions. Whatever there may have been in these views, one thing is certain, that Columbus himself thought that an inward inspiration was his guide; and for this gift he gave God the glory. It was following the inward spiritual light, and schooling the best gifts, and being true to his best self, that made Christopher Columbus the first man of his age and the leader of mankind."

Genoa la Superba! Genoa that rises white from the purple sea and covers the hills with churches and palaces!

There is one spot in Genoa to which all feet of travellers first turn. It is not to the white palaces,—not to the remains of royalty or knight-hood, or to any hall of art. It is to the Statue of Columbus, which is the pride of the city, and the crown of all the achievements of Italy: Columbus the mariner, Columbus the missionary, Columbus the vice-roy, Columbus the leader of the Progress of Mankind!

It is of white marble, and the legend on the face surface reads, —
A Cristoforo Colombo, la Patria.

Above the base rise four figures, representing Strength, Wisdom, Geography, and Religion. Between these figures are bas-reliefs of scenes in Columbus's life. Crowning the whole is the statue of him whom "God made the messenger of the New Heaven and the New Earth, and told where to find them."

The tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella are in Granada. We have never seen them; but the graceful and picturesque pen of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton thus describes them: "The Alhambra *is* Granada; and yet if the Alhambra were not there, how much else there would be!

"There is the *Generaliffe*, with its lovely tropical garden, its old pictures; its superb view, and down in the town there are churches and convents, and the grand Cathedral where Isabella, the Catholic,



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA.

— the great Isabella, who sent Columbus forth to find our New World, — lies buried, with her husband, King Ferdinand, beside her. Sump-
tuous indeed is their tomb, with their effigies resting side by side upon
the lofty marble sarcophagus. Near by is the tomb of their daughter,
Queen Juana, with her handsome, worthless husband, Philip of Bur-
gundy; and in the vault beneath, the four royal coffins may be seen.

“The coffin of Philip is that very one which his crazed, fond wife
kept with her everywhere during the forty-seven years of her long
widowhood.”

The most beautiful of Columbus's statues in America is on the
Paseo, Mexico, and one of the most commanding is at St. Louis.

Chicago will make her swift highway to the Gulf, and connect
South America with her by Port Tampa; and Jackson Park will for-
ever hold the grandest monuments to Columbus in the New World,
and wear them like a crown at the head of that empire of noble energy,
— the Great Mississippi Valley. It is the most earnest that wins: the
men who dare and sail, and the cities that aspire, trust, and march.

In the Art Museum, Boston, there is a delicate marble statue of
a boy, which bears the title, “The Early Inspiration of Columbus.”
It represents the young mariner sitting abstracted on a pier-post in
Genoa. The face is wonderfully beautiful, as one might fancy that
of the young shepherd of Latmos when the goddess said to him, —

“Endymion, one day thou shalt be blessed.”

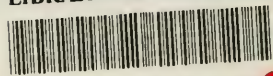
There is *faith* in the dream of that picture of marble. It recalls
Columbus's words to the old nurse to whom he wrote: “I serve the
same God that exalted David.” Blessed is the youth that dreams
and has faith in his dream. He shall be haunted by ideals that will
change into realities. To such a one all things are possible.

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